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THE  
R E T R O S P E C T I V E  
R E V I E W

CONSISTING OF

CRITICISMS UPON, ANALYSES OF, AND EXTRACTS  
FROM CURIOUS, VALUABLE, AND  
SCARCE OLD BOOKS.

VOL. I.



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## P R E F A C E.

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THE periodical, of which we have now the satisfaction of presenting the first volume to the public, was commenced in the belief, justified by the many inquiries made on the subject, that there was not only room for, but that there was really want of a publication of this kind. Surely with so many reviews of the literature of the present day, that vastly more extensive field of the past might furnish abundant materials for one which should not be inferior in interest to any of its contemporaries.

A retrospect of this kind is useful, as well as agreeable. Even while in the contemplation and enjoyment of modern improvements, we can learn something by comparing them with what was defective years ago, and by contemplating their past progress which may encourage us to look forward to new advances in the future. The number of books written in past ages which are still commonly read is very small indeed compared with those which are only to be met with on the shelves of large libraries seldom seen, or which are only seen at all at rare intervals. There are many beautiful passages of old writers which are buried in masses of what is now unreadable matter; there are many scraps of curious information, interesting traits of manners or character, valuable patches of history, which are unknown because they are concealed in books which, from their general character, are seldom looked into; there are, moreover, whole classes of literature, which, having long gone out of fashion, are entirely forgotten by the world in

general, and which nevertheless, for their own peculiar character or for the influence they have exerted on periods of our history, deserve to be made known.

To describe these, to cull from forgotten books the beauties or the useful facts which are worthy of preservation, to restore forgotten knowledge, as well as to give our readers bibliographical notices of old books, is the particular object of our **RETROSPECTIVE REVIEW**, and we trust that we shall be enabled, by encouragement from the public, to carry out our design continually more effectively through each succeeding volume. We will only add that, on our own part, it will be our study to carry out that design fully and effectually.

*London, Oct. 1853.*

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## ERRATA.

- Page 47, line 7 from bottom, } for Squiers read Squier.  
 53,     6 from top,     } for Squiers read Squier.  
 146,    14 from top, for Lord Allen's, read Lord Ullin's.  
 175,    25 from top, for H. Burton, read J. H. Burton.  
 231,    5 from bottom, } for Ullen's, read Ullin's.  
 232,    9 ditto,  
 233,    5 from bottom, for Smallholm, read Smailholm.  
 262,    13 from top, for Lilly, read Lely.  
 274,    18 from bottom, for enumerated, read enunciated.  
 287,    10 from bottom, for Goodall, read Goodall.  
 291,    passim, for Dariorda, read Dalriada.  
 347, line 4 from top, for Thadwell, read Shadwell.

THE  
RETROSPECTIVE REVIEW.

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ART. I.—**Mrs. Behn's Dramatic Writings.**

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*Plays written by the late ingenious Mrs. BEHN. In four volumes. The third edition.* London: Printed for Mary Poulson, and sold by A. Bettesworth, in Paternoster Row, and F. Clay, Without Temple Bar. M. DCC. XXIV.

THE literature of the Past has for us a varied interest, which increases in its bearings as it becomes more remote from our own times. Beauty of composition, intelligence, and sentiment, are qualities which depend upon circumstances that are not altogether regulated by the ordinary course of historical events, and they appear at times as individual cases of unusual development, or as more general developments produced at periods by unusual encouragement or excitement. The great mass of the literature of the past is forgotten, because it contained either none of these qualities, or to so small an amount in proportion to its bulk, that it will not repay the general reader the labour of seeking for them. But there are other points of view in which this literature has a more general interest, which increases according to its antiquity, or, perhaps we may say, according to its rarity. Our knowledge of social condition and social manners, by tradition, goes back but a short distance, and no contemporary chroniclers have drawn up, or indeed could have drawn up, pictures of society which would have satisfied our inquiries. It would have required a mind more comprehensive than that which was enough to mark down the mere historical or political events of the day. These at once struck every one; but the features of social condition and social progress were too familiar to the mind of contemporaries to excite that attention which would lead the annalist to record them. It is only by closely studying the popular literature of the time, which deals in what were then familiar and trivial objects, that we can gain a knowledge of that which thus passed unheeded by the chronicler.

This popular literature varies in character at different periods,

and naturally becomes less abundant the farther we go back. In the middle ages it consists chiefly of popular poetry, and of stories. Even then, in the religious mysteries and miracle plays, it was found necessary to humour so far the taste of the vulgar, as to introduce humorous scenes from popular life; and the few examples of these scenes which are preserved are amongst the most valuable illustrations of contemporary manners. They were, in fact, the first rude attempts at Comedy in the modern acceptation of the term. After the Reformation, these religious plays were succeeded by the regular drama. This was itself at first a mere representation, on the stage, of historical subjects; and even the comedies were but similar representations of the old medieval novelettes, selected from writers like Boccaccio, with no intention of depicting contemporary manners; although, as was the case with the older religious plays, when the dramatist attempted to paint domestic scenes, or popular manners at all, he was compelled of necessity to copy what he saw going on around him. This was the case even with Shakespeare. Gradually, however, the practice became more and more prevalent, of taking the whole plot of the play from contemporary events, or contemporary manners, making it in fact a newspaper or a satire; for the idea of bringing contemporary history on the stage does not belong exclusively to modern times. Comedy, employed to caricature contemporary manners and vices, took a great extension under our first James and Charles, and was revived in all its force after the restoration. In the earlier part of the reign of Charles the Second, the popular taste appears to have had a leaning towards tragedy, but this did not last long; and the number of comedies printed, between the restoration and the end of the seventeenth century, was very great. Many of them are full of talent, admirable in plot, and sparkling with wit; but the very circumstance which makes them most interesting to the historian has caused them to be forgotten. They represent manners and sentiments which people no longer understand, and books which need a commentary can never be really popular. Moreover, the dramatic writings of the latter half of the seventeenth century labour under another difficulty; they partake, in an extraordinary degree, in the looseness of that proverbially loose age, and they are calculated only to shock the delicacy of the present day.

It is principally with a view to their interest, as making us acquainted with the manners and sentiments of the age to which

they belong, that we take up the dramatic writings of Mrs. Behn. Aphra Behn was a woman of diversified talent, for she shone in her day, not only as a dramatist, but as a poet and a novelist. Bred up in the gallantries of the age of Charles the Second, she seems to have lived a free and easy life, devoted to literature, amid a crowd of admirers attracted by her beauty and wit, both of which she is said to have possessed in no ordinary degree, reckoning among those admirers most of the great geniuses of her day—an Aspasia of the seventeenth century. And, like Aspasia of old, she had a turn for politics too; for she was actually sent as a sort of petticoat ambassador to Amsterdam, where she proved her capability in intrigues of all descriptions. That she was a woman deeply acquainted with the world is evident from her dramatic writings, which, perhaps, give us a more vivid picture of English society in the latter half of the seventeenth century, than those of any other writer of the same class. In fact, they may be taken as the best types of this class of the literature of that period; often loose, in an extraordinary degree, in language and sentiment, they exhibit a brilliance of conversation in the dialogue, and a skill in arranging the plot and producing striking situations, in which she has few equals. Her taste, as well as her talent, lay in comedy, and not in tragedy. We may regard her indeed as our earliest English female comic writer of any worth.

The two objects against which comedy at this time chiefly bent its satire, were political and religious parties, and the follies of society. In the former, as might be expected, we find an extreme exaggeration of caricature, which responds to the bitterness of political feeling which then existed, and which has been preserved traditionally almost to our times. Roundheads and non-conformists, of all descriptions, are made the butt of the bitterest ridicule; while the cavaliers, or the "heroics," as they were called in the slang of the day, are always, even in their wildest extravagance, treated with indulgence. It would be difficult to point out a more absurd libel on history than the comedy of 'The Roundheads; or, the good old cause;' yet it seems then to have been considered as within the limits of legitimate satire, and no doubt drew shouts of applause. It was indeed, at that time, the fashion to picture all the heroes of the commonwealth in the most vulgar colours possible. We will venture on an illustration from the comedy just quoted, the scene of which is laid at the moment of the intrigues which preceded the arrival of Monk in the metropolis. The state council-chamber is here degraded to the level of a pot-house; and Lambert, Fleetwood,

Desborough, Hewson, Duckenfield, Wariston, and Cobbet, the leading members of what was called the Rump, are supposed to be in council, over their glasses, and half drunk. The dialogue proceeds as follows:—

"*Hews.* What think ye now, my Lords, of settling the nation a little? I find my head swim with politics, and what ye call umps.

*War.* Wons, and wad ya settle the nation when we reel ourselves?

*Hews.* Who, pox! shall we stand making children's shoes all the year? No, no, let's begin to settle the nation, I say, and go through-stitch with our work.

*Duc.* Right, we have no head to obey; so that if this Scotch general do come whilst we dogs fight for the bone, he runs away with it.

*Hews.* Shaw, we shall patch up matters with the Scotch general, I'll warrant you. However, here's to our next Head—one and all. [*All drink.*]

*Fleet.* Verily, Sirs, this health-drinking savoureh of monarchy, and is a type of malignancy.

*War.* Bread, my lord! no preaching o'er yer liquor; wee's now for a cup o' th' creature.

*Cob.* In a gaudy way you may; it is lawful.

*Lam.* Come, come, we're dull; give us some music. Come, my lord, I'll give you a song. I love music as I do a drum; there's life and soul in't—call my music.

*Fleet.* Yea, I am for any music, except an organ.

*War.* Sbread, sirs! and I's a hornpipe. I've a faud theefe here shall dance ye Dance tol a Hornpipe, with any statesman a ya aud.

*All.* He, he, he!

*Duc.* I know not what your faud theefe can do; but I'll hold you a wager Colonel Hewson and Colonel Desborough shall dance ye the saint's jig with any sinner of your kirk or field conventicler.

*War.* Wons, and I's catch 'em at that sport, I's dance tol 'em for a Scotch pound: but farst your song, my lord; I hope 'tis boody, or else 'tis not werth a feart.

*All.* He, he, he!"

Lambert then sings a vulgar song, after which the scene continues—

"*War.* The diel a me, wele sung, my lord; and gen aud trades fail, yas make a quaint minstrel.

*All.* He, he, he!

*War.* Noo, sirs, yer dance! [*They fling cushions at one another, and grin. Music plays.*]—Marry, sirs, an this be yer dancing, tol dance and ne'er stir stap, the diel lead the dance for Archibald.

[*When they have flung cushions thus awhile to the music time, they beat each other from the table, one by one, and fall into a godly dance; after a while Wariston rises, and dances ridiculously awhile amongst them; then to the time of the tune, they take out the rest, as at the cushion-dance, or in that nature. Wariston being the last taken in, leads the rest.*]

—Haud, minstrels, haud; bread a gued! I's fatch ad ladies in—lead away, minstrels, tol my lady's apartment. [*Music playing before all. Ex. dancing.*]"

This was the sort of satire to which the old republicans were exposed in the merry days of Charles the Second. ‘The Rover; or the Banished Cavaliers,’ a long but well composed comedy, full of clever intrigue and amusing embarrassments, though, like most of the others, extremely loose, is a picture, with much less of caricature, of the lives and manners of the cavaliers when the triumph of the Commonwealth obliged them to remain in banishment. It shows us whence came in that flood of licentiousness which overwhelmed this country at the return of the Stuarts.

‘The Widow Ranter’ is a satire on the management of our colonies, which was then miserable in the extreme. Mrs. Behn had spent her youth in Surinam, where she was the intimate friend of the American prince Oroonoko, and she might therefore consider as in a manner her own province whatever related to the colonies on the other side the Atlantic. At this time occurred the insurrection in Virginia, which, from its leader, Colonel Nathaniel Bacon, is known as Bacon’s rebellion, and which was no doubt the consequence of mis-government. The old writers on the subject acknowledge that the origin of the rising was wrapped in a considerable degree of mystery, and perhaps Mrs. Behn’s history of it is as good as any other. It seems to have excited much interest in England; and the comedy of ‘Widow Ranter’ shows us how early our dramatists adopted the practice of benefiting by the excitement of the moment, in bringing such subjects on the stage. We learn from the popular literature of that and the following age, that it was the common practice of broken down fortune-recruiters to repair to the West Indies and the slave colonies, in the hope of marrying rich widows of planters: on this custom the plot of the comedy just alluded to chiefly turns. The cowardice and ignorance of the men to whom the management of the affairs of the colony was left are painted, as usual, in broad caricature, yet it covers no doubt a considerable portion of truth. It is perhaps one of the wittiest of Mrs. Behn’s comedies. The following is an admirable caricature on the self-importance of colonial magistrates. It must be premised that Timorous, Whimsey, Whiff, and Boozer, are four Virginian justices of the peace; and in the scene from which we are going to quote, Timorous and a Virginian captain, named Dullman, are carousing at the Widow Ranter’s.

“*Dull.* So—I see, let the world go which way it will, widow, you are resolved for mirth;—but, come—to the conversation of the times.

*Ran.* The times! why, what a devil ails the times? I see nothing in the times but a company of coxcombs that fear without a cause.

*Tim.* But if these fears were laid, and Bacon were hanged, I look upon Virginia to be the happiest part of the world, gads zoors,—why, there's England,—'tis nothing to't. I was in England about six years ago, and was showed the Court of Aldermen; some were nodding, some saying nothing, and others very little to purpose; but how could it be otherwise? for they had neither bowl of punch, bottles of wine, or tobacco before 'em, to put life and soul into 'em, as we have here: then for the young gentlemen—their farthest travels is to France or Italy; they never come hither.

*Dull.* The more's the pity, by my troth.

[Drinks.]

*Tim.* Where they learn to swear mor-blew, mor-dee—

*Friend.* And tell you how much bigger the Louvre is than Whitehall; buy a suit à-la-mode, get a swinging —— of some French marquise, spend all their money, and return just as they went.

*Dull.* For the old fellows, their business is usury, extortion, and undermining young heirs.

*Tim.* Then for young merchants, their exchange is the tavern, their warehouse the playhouse, and their bills of exchange billet-doux, where to sup with their wenches at the other end of the town. Now, judge you what a condition poor England is in: for my part I look upon it as a lost nation, gads zoors.

*Dull.* I have considered it, and have found a way to save all yet.

*Tim.* As how, I pray?

*Dull.* As thus: we have men here of great experience and ability: now, I would have as many sent into England as would supply all places and offices, both civil and military, d'ye see; their young gentry should all travel hither for breeding, and to learn the mysteries of state."

Next we have a picture of the judicial proceedings of a Virginian bench of magistrates; Hazard is an Englishman, who has come to Virginia to mend his fortune, and has got into trouble through his ignorance of the place. Friendly is another Englishman, his acquaintance, but who has been longer in the colony.

"*Tim.* Mr. Clerk, let my cause come next.

*Clerk.* The defendant's ready, sir.

[Hazard comes to the Board.]

*Tim.* Brothers of the Bench, take notice, that this hector here, coming into Mrs. Flirt's ordinary, where I was with my brother Dullman and Lieutenant Boozer, we gave him good counsel to fall to work: now, my gentleman here was affronted at this forsooth, and makes no more to do but calls us scoundrels, and drew his sword on us; and had not I defended myself by running away, he had murdered me, and assassinated my two brothers.

*Whiff.* What witness have you, brother?

*Tim.* Here's Mrs. Flirt and her maid Nell; besides, we may be witness for one another; I hope our words may be taken.

*Clerk.* Mrs. Flirt and Nell are sworn.

[They stand forth.]

*Whim.* By the oaths that you have taken, speak nothing but the truth.

*Flirt.* An't please your worships, your honours came to my house, where you found this young gentleman; and your honours invited him to drink with your honours; where, after some opprobrious words given him, Justice Dullman and Justice Boozer struck him over the head; and after that indeed the gentleman drew.

*Tim.* Mark that, brother, he drew.

*Haz.* If I did, it was *se defendendo*.

*Tim.* Do you hear that, brothers; he did it in defiance.

*Haz.* Sir, you ought not to sit judge and accuser too.

*Whiff.* The gentleman's i'th' right, brother; you cannot do't according to law.

*Tim.* Gads zoors, what, new tricks, new quarks?

*Haz.* Gentlemen, take notice, he swears in court.

*Tim.* Gads zoors, what's that to you, sir?

*Haz.* This is the second time of his swearing.

*Whim.* What, do you think we are deaf, sir? Come, come, proceed.

*Tim.* I desire he may be bound to his good behaviour, fined, and deliver up his sword; what say you, brother? [Jogs Dull., who nods.

*Whim.* He's asleep; drink to him, and waken him:—you have missed the cause by sleeping, brother. [Drinks.

*Dull.* Justice may nod, but never sleeps, brother:—you were at— deliver his sword—a good motion; let it be done. [Drinks.

*Haz.* No, gentlemen, I wear a sword to right myself.

*Tim.* That's fine, i'faith; gads zoors, I've worn a sword this dozen years, and never could write myself.

*Whiff.* Ay, 'twould be a fine world if men should wear swords to right themselves; he that's bound to the peace shall wear no sword.

*Whim.* I say, he that's bound to the peace ought to wear no periuke; they may change 'em for black or white, and then who can know them?

*Haz.* I hope, gentlemen, I may be allowed to speak for myself.

*Whiff.* Ay, what can you say for yourself: did you not draw your sword, sirrah?

*Haz.* I did.

*Tim.* 'Tis sufficient; he confesses the fact, and we'll hear no more.

*Haz.* You will not hear the provocation given?

*Dull.* 'Tis enough, sir, you drew —

*Whim.* Ay, ay, 'tis enough; he drew—let him be fin'd.

*Friend.* The gentleman should be heard; he's kinsman too to Colonel John Surelove.

*Tim.* Hum—Colonel Surelove's kinsman?

*Whiff.* Is he so? Nay then, all the reason in the world he should be heard, brothers.

*Whim.* Come, come, Cornet, you shall be friends with the gentleman; this was some drunken bout, I'll warrant you.

*Tim.* Ha, ha, ha! so it was, gads zoors.

*Whiff.* Come, drink to the gentleman, and put it up.

*Tim.* Sir, my service to you; I am heartily sorry for what's passed, but it was in my drink. [Drinks.

*Whim.* You hear his acknowledgment, sir, and when he's sober he never quarrels. Come, sir, sit down; my service to you."

When affairs become serious in the colony, the justices of the peace, who by their offices are also commanders in the colonial army, are drawn out and encamped under the deputy-governor, Colonel Wellman, and we have a picture of colonial courage equally

to the advantage of the Virginian magistrates with the above sample of colonial justice.

*"Enter Dull., Tim., Whim., and Whiff, all in buff, scarf, and feather.*

*Down.* So, gentlemen, I see you're in a readiness.

*Tim.* Readiness! What means he? I hope we are not to be drawn out to go against the enemy, major.

*Dull.* If we are, they shall look a new major for me.

*Well.* We were debating, gentlemen, what course were best to pursue against this powerful rebel.

*Friend.* Why, sir, we have forces enough, let's charge him instantly; delays are dangerous.

*Tim.* Why, what a damned fiery fellow is this?

*Down.* But if we drive him to extremities, we fear his siding with the Indians.

*Dull.* Colonel Downright has hit it: why should we endanger our men against a desperate termagant? If he love wounds and scars so well, let him exercise on our enemies—but, if he will needs fall upon us, 'tis then time enough for us to venture our lives and fortunes.

*Tim.* How! we go to Bacon! under favour I think 'tis his duty to come to us, an you go to that, gads zoors.

*Friend.* If he do, 'twill cost you dear, I doubt, cornet.—I find by our list, sir, we are four thousand men.

*Tim.* Gad zoors, not enough for a breakfast for that insatiate Bacon, and his two lieutenant-generals, Fearless and Daring.

[Whiff sits on the ground, with a bottle of brandy.]

*Whim.* A morsel, a morsel.

*Well.* I am for an attack, what say you, gentlemen, to an attack?—What, silent all? What say you, major?

*Dull.* I say, sir, I hope my courage was never in dispute. But, sir, I am going to marry Colonel Downright's daughter here, and should I be slain in this battle, t'would break her heart: besides, sir, I should lose her fortune.

*Well.* I'm sure here's a captain will never flinch.

[Speaks big.]

[To Whim.]

*Whim.* Who, I, an't like your honour?

*Well.* Ay, you.

*Whim.* Who, I? Ha, ha, ha! Why, did your honour think that I would fight?

*Well.* Fight! yes; why else do you take commissions?

*Whim.* Commissions! Oh, Lord, O Lord, take commissions to fight! Ha, ha, ha! that's a jest, if all that take commissions should fight—

*Well.* Why do you bear arms then?

*Whim.* Why, for the pay; to be called captain, noble captain; to show, to cock and look big, and bluff as I do; to be bowed to thus as we pass; to domineer and beat our soldiers. Fight, quoth a! Ha, ha, ha!

*Friend.* But what makes you look so simply, cornet?

*Tim.* Why a thing that I have quite forgot; all my accounts for England are to be made up, and I'm undone if they be neglected—else I would not flinch for the stoutest he that wears a sword—

[Looking big.]

*Down.* What say you, Captain Whiff?

[Whiff almost drunk.]

*Whiff.* I am trying, colonel, what mettle I'm made on; I think I'm

valiant ; I suppose I have courage, but I confess 'tis little of the d— breed ; but a little inspiration from the bottle, and the leave of my Nancy, may do wonders."

All this is broad caricature ; it shows us rather how the wits in the mother country despised the colonists, than the true character of the colonists themselves ; it was the stage pandering to the taste of the multitude. But in those comedies which represent society in England the picture is more truthful ; and in reading scene after scene, we feel ourselves involuntarily carried back to the days of Charles the Second. All the social vices of that period, rather highly painted no doubt, especially when political prejudice steps in, are brought before our eyes. Aphra Behn is especially severe on the foibles of her own sex. Her estimate of the female character is certainly not a high one, and she takes no pains to conceal it. Most of her female characters are vain, selfish, and intriguing—few of them are chaste. They are loose in their discourse, and licentious in their manners. It was nevertheless a true picture of the times. Marriage was a despised covenant, entered into merely for the sake of obtaining fortunes and procuring heirs. Hear the method in which the covenant was arranged, as told in Mrs. Behn's comedy of 'The Town Fop.'

"*Sir Tim.* That's all one, sir ; the old people have adjusted the matter, and they are the most proper for a negociation of that kind, which saves us the trouble of a tedious courtship.

*Friend.* That the old people have agreed the matter, is more than I know.

*Sir Tim.* Why, lord sir, will you persuade me to that ? Don't you know that your father (according to the method in such cases, being certain of my estate) came to me thus :—Sir Timothy Tawdry, you are a young gentleman, and a knight ; I knew your father well ; and, my right worshipful neighbour, our estates lie together ; therefore, sir, I have a desire to have a near relation with you.—At which I interrupted him, and cried, Oh, lord sir, I vow to fortune, you do me the greatest honour, sir, and the rest—

*Bel.* I can endure no more—He marry fair Celinda !

*Friend.* Prithee, let him alone.

[*Aside.*]

*Sir Tim.* To which he answered, I have a good fortune—have but my son Ned, and this girl, called Celinda, whom I will make a fortune suitable to yours ; your honourable mother, the Lady Tawdry, and I have as good as concluded the match already. To which I (who, though I say it, am well enough bred for a knight) answered the civility thus :—I vow to fortune, sir—I did not swear, but cried—I protest, sir, Celinda deserves—no, no, I lie again, 'twas merits—Ay, Celinda merits a much better husband than I.

*Friend.* You speak more truth than you are aware of.

[*Aside.*]"

With such sentiments we can easily imagine what were fashionable wives and fashionable husbands. In the same play, which is one of

Mrs. Behn's pictures of London society, Sir Timothy, being presented to the lady to whom his parents have so kindly betrothed him, proceeds somewhat rudely to interrogate her as to her qualities. Among the rest, he asks—

*"Sir Tim.* Can you love ?

*Cel.* O yes, sir, many things : I love my meat ; I love abundance of adorers ; I love choice of new clothes, new plays ; and, like a right woman, I love to have my will.

*Sir Tim.* Spoke like a well-bred person, by fortune ! I see there's hopes of thee, Celinda ; thou wilt in time learn to make a very fashionable wife, having so much beauty. I see attracts, allurements, wanton eyes, the languishing turn of the head, and all that invites to temptation.

*Cel.* Would that please you in a wife ?

*Sir Tim.* Please me ! Why, madam, what do you take me to be ?—a sot—a fool ?—or a dull Italian, of the humour of your brother ? No, no, I can assure you, she that marries me shall have franchise. But, my pretty miss, you must learn to talk a little more.

*Cel.* I have not wit and sense enough for that.

*Sir Tim.* Wit ! O la, O la ! Wit ! as if there were any wit required in a woman when she talks. No, no matter for wit or sense ; talk but loud, and a great deal to show your white teeth, and smile, and be very confident, and 'tis enough—Lord, what a sight 'tis to see a pretty woman stand right up an end in the middle of a room, playing with her fan, for want of something to keep her in countenance. No, she that is mine, I will teach to entertain at another rate."

In another of Mrs. Behn's comedies, 'Sir Patient Fancy,' a courtier very much after the fashion of Sir Timothy, is made to give the lady, to whom his parents have betrothed him, a watch. This leads to the following conversation, in which we have an interesting picture of the way in which a woman of fashion spent her days and nights.—

*"Lod.* Now, sister, you must know there's a mystery in this watch ; 'tis a kind of hieroglyphic that will instruct you how a married woman of your quality ought to live.

*Sir Cred.* How, my watch mysteries and hieroglyphics ! the devil take me if I knew of any such virtues it had. [They are all looking on the watch.]

*Lod.* Beginning at eight, from which down to twelve you ought to employ in dressing, till two at dinner, till five in visits, till seven at play, till nine in the park, ten at supper with your lover, if your husband be not at home, or keep his distance, which he's too well bred not to do ; then from ten to twelve are the happy hours, the bergere, those of entire enjoyment.—

*Sir Cred.* Say you so ? Hang me if I shall not go near to think I may chance to be a cuckold by the shift.

*Isab.* Well, sir, what must she do from twelve till eight again ?

*Lod.* Oh ! those are the dull conjugal hours for sleeping with her own husband, and dreaming of joys her absent lover alone can give her.

*Sir Cred.* Nay, an she be for sleeping, zoz, I am as good at that as she can be for her heart, or snoring either."

The lady of fashion, moreover, was a great drinker in those days. Pepys has told us how the court ladies rivalled the other sex in this particular; but Mrs. Behn, in one of her plays ('The False Count'), gives us something like a rule in this matter.

"*Guil.* Come, ladies, sit. Come, Isabella, you are melancholy—Page, fill my lady a beer-glass.

*Isab.* Ah, heavens, a beer-glass!

*Guil.* O, your viscountess never drinks under your beer-glass; your citizens' wives simper and sip, and will be drunk without doing credit to the treater; but in their closets they swinge it away, whole slashes i'faith, and egad, when a woman drinks by herself, glasses come thick about. Your gentlewoman or your little lady drinks halfway, and thinks in point of good manners she must leave some at the bottom; but your true-bred woman of honour drinks all, *supernaculum*, by Jove !

*Isab.* What misfortune it was that I should not know this before, but should discover my want of so necessary a piece of grandeur.

*Jac.* And nothing but being fuddled will redeem her credit."

In a piece, entitled "The Emperor of the Moon," which is called a farce, but which is really a sort of extravaganza, partaking in some degree of the character of a modern pantomime, Mrs. Behn has treated us with a still more minute satire on the prevailing sins of contemporary society. Harlequin is supposed to come from the empire of the moon, on an embassy to Dr. Baliardo, whose daughter the emperor demands in marriage. The Doctor wishes to know something of the manners of the emperor's subjects.

"*Doct.* Do the women of your world drink hard, sir?

*Har.* According to their quality, sir, more or less; the greater the quality the more profuse the quantity.

*Doct.* Why, that's just as 'tis here; but your men of quality, your statesmen, sir, I presume they are sober, learned and wise.

*Har.* Faith, no, sir; but they are, for the most part, what's as good, very proud and promising, sir; most liberal of their word to every fawning suitor, to purchase the state of long attendance, and cringing as they pass; but the devil of a performance, without you get the knack of bribing in the right place and time; but yet they all defy it, sir.

*Doct.* Just, just, as 'tis here. But pray, sir, how do these great men live with their wives?

*Har.* Most nobly, sir; my lord keeps his coach, my lady hers; my lord his bed, my lady hers; and very rarely see one another, unless they chance to meet in a visit, in the park, the mall, the tour, or at the basset-table, where they civilly salute and part, he to his mistress, she to play.

*Doct.* Good luck! just as 'tis here.

*Har.* —Where, if she chance to lose her money, rather than give out, she borrows of the next amorous coxcomb, who, from that minute, hopes, and is sure to be paid again one way or other, the next kind opportunity.

*Doct.* —Just as 'tis here.

*Har.* As for the young fellows that have money, they have no mercy upon their own persons, but wearing nature off as fast as they can, swear, and whore, and drink, and borrow as long as any rooking citizen will lend, till having dearly purchased the heroic title of a bully or a sharper, they live pitied of their friends, and despised of their whores, and depart this transitory world, diverse and sundry ways.

*Doct.* Just, just as 'tis here!

*Har.* As for the citizen, sir, the courtier lies with his wife; he in revenge, cheats him of his estate, till rich enough to marry his daughter to a courtier, again gives him all—unless his wife's over-gallantry breaks him: and thus the world runs round.

*Doct.* The very same 'tis here.—Is there no preferment, sir, for men of parts and merit?

*Har.* Parts and merit! what's that? a livery, or the handsome tieing a cravat? for the great men prefer none but their footmen and valets.

*Doct.* By my troth, just as 'tis here."

Mrs. Behn's plots are simple enough in the groundwork, but they are always so contrived as to give room for an infinite complication of intrigues and cross-purposes. There is always some matrimonial arrangement (sometimes more than one) which is disagreeable to the parties most concerned in it; and a succession of love intrigues which are counter to it. All the ladies have gallants, who are generally "wild young fellows, of a small fortune," the lady who is without one is an exception to the rule. Country knights and country gentlemen are mere stupid boobies. A rich city alderman is one of her favourite characters,—his lady is young and pretty, and invariably faithless. The Londoners, indeed, are a mere set of republicans and puritans, whose wives and daughters, and purses, were only made to be the prey of every man of fashion who chose to attempt them. 'The Lucky Chance, or the Alderman's Bargain,' and 'The City Heiress, or Sir Timothy Treatall,' are examples of comedy which turns on the peculiarities of the citizens. The latter is an excellent example of the style of our authoress, as well as of her prejudices, or rather, perhaps, of the prejudices of her age. Sir Timothy Treatall is "an old seditious knight, that keeps open-house for commonwealthsmen, and true-blue protestants." He has discarded his nephew, Tom Wilding, for being a tory. Wilding is the object of three passions, of different descriptions: he is loved by Lady Galliard, a rich city widow; by Charlotte, the city heiress; and by Diana, who is his kept mistress. Then we have an old tory knight of Devonshire, named Sir Anthony Meriwill, whose nephew, Sir Charles, is a friend of Wilding, and is in love with Lady Galliard. The political prejudices of the writer are manifested in the circumstance that another of the characters in the piece, a

Mrs. Clacket, is described as "a city bawd *and puritan.*" Sir Timothy has threatened to disinherit his nephew, Wilding, unless he marries a fortune, and changes his politics; and the leading intrigue of the piece is to outwit the uncle, and to obtain possession of the papers by which Wilding is made his uncle's heir. Charlotte, as might be expected, is jealous of Lady Galliard, and of Diana, and is shocked at her lover's vices; yet she cannot help loving him. Lady Galliard, while coqueting with Wilding, is embarrassed with the pursuits of the Meriwills. Wilding's marriage with Charlotte depends on his obtaining the title-deeds which make him his uncle's heir; and afraid to make the city heiress herself known to his uncle too soon, he determines to pass Diana upon him in disguise. Sir Timothy gives a great feast, and the following characteristic dialogue will explain the cause of Wilding's cautions.—

"Enter Sir Timothy Treatall and Jervice."

*Sir Tim.* Here, take my sword, Jervice. What have you inquired, as I directed you, concerning the rich heiress, Sir Nicholas Gettall's daughter?

*Jer.* Alas, sir, inquired! why, 'tis all the city news that she's run away with one of the maddest tories about town.

*Sir Tim.* Good Lord! Ay, ay, 'tis so: the plaguy rogue, my nephew, has got her. That heaven should drop such blessings in the mouths of the wicked! Well, Jervice, what company have we in the house, Jervice?

*Jer.* Why truly, sir, a fine deal, considering there's no parliament.

*Sir Tim.* What lords have we, Jervice?

*Jer.* Lords, sir, truly none.

*Sir Tim.* None! What ne'er a lord! Some mishap will befall me, some dire mischance! Ne'er a lord! Ominous, ominous! our party dwindles daily. What, nor earl, nor marquess, nor duke, nor ne'er a lord! Hum, my wine will lie most villainously upon my hands to-night. Jervice, what have we store of knights and gentlemen?

*Jer.* I know not what gentlemen there be, sir; but there are knights, citizens, their wives and daughters.

*Sir Tim.* Make us thankful for that! our meat will not lie upon our hands then, Jervice; I'll say that for our little Londoners, they are as tall fellows at a well-charged board as any in Christendom.

*Jer.* Then, sir, there's Nonconformist parsons.

*Sir Tim.* Nay, then we shall have a clear board; for your true Protestant appetite in a lay elder does a man's table credit.

*Jer.* Then, sir, there's country justices and grand jurymen.

*Sir Tim.* Well enough, well enough, Jervice."

But it will be explained better still by what follows; as he gives directions for the entertainment, Wilding has been announced,—

"Enter Wild. with Diana and Betty.

*Wild.* Sir, I have brought into your kind protection the richest jewel all London can afford, fair Mrs. Charlotte Gettall.

*Sir Tim.* Bless us, she's ravishing fair ! Lady, I had the honour of being intimate with your worthy father. I think he has been dead——

*Dia.* If he catechise me much on that point, I shall spoil all. [Aside.] Alas ! sir, name him not ; for if you do [weeping] I'm sure I cannot answer you one question.

*Wild.* For Heaven's sake, sir, name not her father to her ; the bare remembrance of him kills her.

*Sir Tim.* Alas, poor soul ! Lady, I beg your pardon. How soft-hearted she is ! I am in love ; I find already a kind of tickling of I know not what run frisking through my veins. [Aside.]

*Bet.* Ay, sir, the good alderman has been dead this twelvemonth just, and has left his daughter here, my mistress, three thousand pound a year. [Weeping.]

*Sir Tim.* Three thousand pound a year ! Yes, yes, I am in love. [Aside.]

*Bet.* Besides money, plate, and jewels.

*Sir Tim.* I'll marry her out of hand. [Aside.] Alas, I could even weep too ; but 'tis in vain. Well, nephew, you may be gone now ; for it is not necessary you should be seen here, d'ye see. [Pushing him out.]

*Wild.* You see, sir, now, what Heaven has done for me ; and you have often told me, sir, when that was kind you would be so. Those writings, sir, by which you were so good to make me heir of all your estate, you said you would put into my possession, whenever I made it appear to you I could live without them, or bring you a wife of fortune home.

*Sir Tim.* And I will keep my word ; it is time enough. [Putting him out.]

*Wild.* I have, 'tis true, been wicked ; but I shall now turn from my evil ways, establish myself in the religious city, and enter into the association. There want but these same writings, sir, and your good character of me.

*Sir Tim.* Thou shalt have both, all in good time, man. Go, go thy ways, and I'll warrant thee for a good character, go.

*Wild.* Ay, sir, but the writings, because I told her, sir, I was your heir ; forced to swear too, before she would believe me.

*Sir Tim.* Alas, alas ! how shrewdly thou wert put to it !

*Wild.* I told her too, you'd buy a patent for me ; for nothing woos a city fortune like the hopes of a ladyship.

*Sir Tim.* I'm glad of that ; that I can settle on her presently. [Aside.]

In continuation of his plot, Wilding disguises himself as a foreigner, and proceeds to Sir Timothy's, to announce to him, as an ambassador from Poland, that the Poles, in admiration of his political principles, have elected him their king. This intelligence, working on the knight's vanity, gives rise to some amusing scenes, under cover of which the different lovers pursue their intrigues. A masquerade, which follows, affords still greater room for intrigue ; and Charlotte herself comes in disguise to watch the proceedings, and is thus a witness to a tender scene between her lover and Lady Galliard, who gives him an assignation. In the subsequent interview, in the chamber of Lady Galliard, who is in undress, Wilding unfolds the following doctrines on the subject of love, which were, it appears, the accepted creed of the time of Charles II.

"*L. Gal.* Unreasonable man ! because you see  
I have unusual regards for you,  
Pleasure to hear, and trouble to deny you ;  
A fatal yielding in my nature toward you,  
Love bends my soul that way—  
A weakness I ne'er felt in any other ;  
And would you be so base ? and could you have the heart  
To take th' advantage on't to ruin me,  
To make me infamous, despis'd, loath'd, pointed at ?

*Wild.* You reason false :  
According to the strictest rules of honour,  
Beauty should still be the reward of love,  
Not the vile merchandize of fortune,  
Or the cheap drug of a church-ceremony.  
She's only infamous, who to her bed,  
For interest, takes some nauseous clown she hates :  
And though a jointure or a vow in public  
Be her price, that makes her but the dearer whore.

*L. Gal.* I understand not these new morals.

*Wild.* Have patience I say, 'tis clear :  
All the desires of mutual love are virtuous.  
Can Heav'n or man be angry that you please  
Yourself and me, when it does wrong to none ?  
Why rave you then on things that ne'er can be ?  
Besides, are we not alone, and private ? who can know it ? "

This scene is a long one, but we will venture to give the conclusion, as a slight example of what could then be borne with on a public stage, and written for that purpose by a lady. Wilding gradually overcomes the scruples of Lady Galliard.

"*L. Gal.* Said you most easily ! Oh, inhuman !  
Your cruel words have wak'd a dismal thought ;  
I feel 'em cold and heavy at my heart,  
And weakness steals upon my soul apace ;  
I find I must be miserable—

I would not be thought false. [In a soft tone, coming near him.

*Wild.* Nor would I think you so : give me not cause.

*L. Gal.* What heart can bear distrust from what it loves ?  
Or who can always her own wish deny ? [Aside.  
My reason's weary of unequal strife ;  
And love and nature will at last o'ercome.

—Do you not then believe I love you ? [To him, in a soft tone.

*Wild.* How can I, while you still remain unkind !

*L. Gal.* How shall I speak my guilty thoughts ?  
I have not power to part with you ; conceal my shame, I doubt  
I cannot ; I fear I should not any more deny you.

*Wild.* Oh, heavenly sound ! Oh, charming creature !  
Speak that word again, again, again ! for ever let me hear it.

*L. Gal.* But did you not, indeed ? and will you never, never love  
Mrs. Charlotte, never ?

*Wild.* Never, never.

*L. Gal.* Turn your face away, and give me leave  
To hide my rising blushes : I cannot look on you,

[*As this last speech is speaking, she sinks into his arms by degrees.*  
But you must undo me if you will—  
Since I no other way my truth can prove,  
— You shall see I love.

Pity my weakness, and admire my love.

*Wild.* All heaven is mine, I have it in my arms,  
Nor can ill fortune reach me any more.  
Fate, I defy thee, and dull world, adieu.  
In love's kind fever let me ever lie,  
Drunk with desire, and raving mad with joy.

[*Exeunt into the bed-chamber ; Wild. leading her with his arms about her.*”

Well might Pope say of our fair authoress, under her assumed poetic name of Astrea,—

“ The stage how loosely does Astrea tread,  
Who fairly puts all characters to bed.”

The play of which we are speaking ends in Wilding's marrying Charlotte, and becoming reconciled to his uncle, whom he has already contrived to rob of the writings ; while Sir Timothy marries, by mistake, the kept-mistress, Diana.

In the comedy of ‘Sir Patient Fancy,’ the principal materials for the plot are a Lady Nowell, a rather far-gone blue-stocking, who is in love with Leander Fancy, Sir Patient’s son ; while there is a warm and mutual attachment between Leander and her daughter Lucretia, who has been promised by her mother to a “foolish Devonshire knight,” named Sir Credulous Easy. Lucretia’s brother, Lodwick, is in love with Isabella, the daughter of Sir Patient Fancy ; while the lady of this knight, as a matter of course, has a gallant. With these materials the intrigue of the piece is kept up with great spirit. The attempts of the learned Lady Nowell, to seduce Leander from her daughter ; the intrigues of Lady Fancy, and the hypochondriacal temper of Sir Patient, whose belief that he is a hopeless invalid is taken advantage of to deceive him, lead to many scenes that are highly comic. The same remarks will apply to ‘The Town Fop; or, Sir Timothy Tawdry,’ although the scenes here are coarser, if not more licentious, than in the former. A marriage has been negotiated between Tawdry and Celinda, who is the sister to Friendlove, and the lover of Bellmour, the nephew of Lord Plotwell. Friendlove is in love with the Lady Diana, Lord Plotwell’s niece. It is a play of interminable cross-purposes and

mistakes, which must have told with admirable effect on the stage, at a time when the low scenes, between Sir Timothy and his worthless companions of both sexes, were not contrary to public taste. In ‘The Lucky Chance; or, the Alderman’s Bargain,’ the prejudices against the citizens are again brought into play. Sir Feeble Fainwood is an old alderman, who is married, contrary to her sentiments, to a young lady named Leticia. She has been contracted to Belmour, who is supposed to have died in Holland, but who is present throughout most of the piece in disguise. Sir Cautious Fulbank is an old banker, married to a young wife, Julia, who is in love with Gayman, “a spark of the town.” Bredwell, Leticia’s brother, and apprentice to Sir Cautious, is in love with Sir Feeble’s daughter, Diana. It is evident that, with such materials for a plot as these, a writer like Mrs. Behn would produce an infinite variety of stirring scenes; and such is the case. Gayman’s pursuit of Julia, and Belmour’s intrigues, in concert with herself and her maid, to hinder the possession of Leticia by the old alderman, run through the piece. On the night of his marriage, while Belmour takes his place, Sir Feeble is allured away from his young bride, by a false message, purporting to come from Sir Cautious, announcing a tumult in the city, and requiring his presence. Sir Cautious, at the same time, is kept up by the alarm of thieves, while Gayman is with his wife. The alderman, armed from top to toe, proceeds to the bankers; and the misunderstanding between them leads to one of the most comic scenes in Mrs. Behn’s writings; but its length, as well as the coarseness of some parts, precludes us from quoting it. From this great skill in conducting the intrigue of her pieces, the longest of all Mrs. Behn’s comedies, “The Rover,” never flags in interest.

Such, as a writer of Comedies, was Mrs. Aphra Behn, and she certainly held no low place in English literature. Of her Novels we may perhaps speak at length on some future occasion. Her comedies certainly possess great merit; and, were it not for their licentiousness, do not deserve to be forgotten. They may be cited as the most perfect models of the drama of the latter half of the seventeenth century, possessing, in a high degree, both its merits and its defects. In her coarse licentiousness, she perhaps rather pandered to the depraved state of the town, than obeyed her own feelings. Her subject is constantly love, and that love is always sensual; yet we trace, from time to time, the existence of tenderer and purer sentiment, which always betrays the heart of the writer.

We learn, from one of her contemporaries, that she was both loved and respected. "Those," he tells us, "who had the happiness to be personally acquainted with her, were so charmed with her wit, freedom of temper, and agreeable conversation, that they, in a manner, adored her." A lady, who enjoyed her intimacy, has left the following character of her. "She was of a generous, humane disposition; something passionate; very serviceable to her friends in all that was in her power; and could sooner forgive an injury than do one. She had wit, humour, good-nature, and judgment; she was mistress of all the pleasing art of conversation; she was a woman of sense, and consequently a lover of pleasure."—This consequence, whatever it may have been in the days of Charles the Second, is not so evident to us now.—The female writer we are quoting adds, "For my part, I knew her intimately, and never saw aught unbecoming the just modesty of our sex; though more gay and free than the folly of the precise will allow." This character is probably an indulgent one, and we must make an allowance for the age in which it was written. The comedies she has published can hardly have come from a mind that was uncorrupted with vice. That she possessed genius, all who read her writings must agree; and, like many other men and women of genius, she seems to have passed an eventful and chequered life, at the end of which her remains found a resting-place in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey.

From the defects mentioned above, Mrs. Behn's dramatic writings cannot now be generally read—at all events, they could not be given to the public in a popular form, but, if any one would form an exact notion of the manners of the British capital in the latter half of the seventeenth century, we could recommend him nothing better than to study the comedies of Aphra Behn.

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ART. II.—**Bishop Berkeley on Tar-Water.**

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*Siris: a chain of Philosophical Reflexions and Inquiries concerning the Virtues of Tar-Water, and divers other subjects, connected together and arising one from another.* By the Right Reverend Dr. GEORGE BERKELEY, Lord Bishop of Cloyne, and Author of *The Minute Philosopher*.—Second Edition. London : 1744.

*Remarks on the Bishop of Cloyne's Book, entitled Siris, &c., as far as it relates to Tar-Water.* By RISORIUS, M.A. Oxon.—London : 1744.

*Siris in the Shades: a Dialogue concerning Tar-Water, between Mr. Benjamin Smith, lately deceased, Dr. Hancock, and Dr. Garth, at their Meeting upon the Banks of the River Styx.*—London : 1744.

*Anti-Siris, or English Wisdom, exemplify'd by various Examples, but particularly the present general demand for Tar-Water, on so unexceptionable authority as that of the R——t R——d Itinerant Schemist, and Graduate in Divinity and Metaphysics. In a Letter from a Foreign Gentleman at London to his Friends Abroad.*—London : 1744.

*A Cure for the Epidemical Madness of Drinking Tar-Water, lately imported from Ireland.* By a certain R——t R——d Doctor. In a Letter to his L——p. By T. R., M. D.—London : 1744.

*A Letter to the Right Reverend the Bishop of Cloyne, occasioned by his Lordship's Treatise on the Virtues of Tar-Water. Impartially examining how far that Medicine deserves the Character his Lordship has given of it.*—London : 1744.

*Reflexions concerning the Virtues of Tar-Water, wherein is proved, by experience, that its present Preparation is not founded on Philosophical principles; and that, as now prepared, it may probably occasion more Diseases than it can possibly cure; with Hints for its Improvement, so as to make it a most efficacious and pleasant Medicine.* By H. JACKSON, Chemist.—London : 1744.

*An Account of some Experiments and Observations on Tar-Water: wherein is shown the Quantity of Tar that is therein: and also a Method proposed, both to abate that quantity considerably, and to ascertain the strength of the Tar-Water: which was read before the Royal Society.* By STEPHEN HALES, D.D., F.R.S.—London : 1745.

*A Letter to T—— P——, Esq., from the Author of 'Siris,' containing some further Remarks on the Virtues of Tar-Water, and the Methods for preparing and using it.*—London : 1744.

*Remarkable Cures perform'd by Tar-Water; collected out of the ' Gentleman's Magazine,' &c.—To be had of the Proprietor of the Tar-Water Warehouse, in Painter's Court, Bury Street, St. James.*

*The Bishop of Cloyne Defended; or Tar-Water proved Useful, by Theory and Experiments: in Answer to T. R., M.D., Author of 'Epidemical Madness Cured.' By PHILANTHROPIC.—London.*

**M**EDICINE, although pre-eminently an art of observation and experience, is, to this present day, so conjectural and uncertain, as to leave a constant opening to quackery and empiricism. This is in part owing to the subtle and complex character of the animal functions; which, when an abnormal state is superadded, baffle all experience in the ordinary action of medicines, or therapeutic agents; but it is also still more frequently owing to a too hasty and careless diagnosis, founded upon imperfect observation, or deficiency in minute knowledge of pathological anatomy.

Regular professional men are too sensible of their deficiencies and difficulties, and are too keenly alive to the uncertainty of the power of their art, backed even by the most powerful chemical and mechanical agents, to venture to speak boldly and decisively, so as to gain the entire confidence of their patients. On the other hand, the bold and unblushing assertion of the empiric, of a never-failing remedy, constantly reiterated, inspires confidence in the invalid; and not unfrequently tends, by its operation on the mind, to assist in the relief, if not in the eradication, of disorder. Such is the general history of the origin and success of quackery and empiricism; for we do not allude here to the philosophy which was in this infancy of science, promulgated in combination with the marvellous. The 'Admirable Secrets' of Albertus Magnus; the 'Natural Magic' of Baptista Porta; the 'Demones' of Cornelius Agrippa; the 'Elixir of Life' of Van Helmont; or the 'Fairy' of Paracelsus:—these were chemical, or rather alchemical, quacks, who first introduced powerful therapeutic agents, as mercury, antimony, or opium, or who rebelled against the long prevalent doctrines of the ancients, on principles, in which the light of a new science—chemistry—was struggling fantastically enough into day, from amidst the hideous phantasms of a wonder and miracle loving age. We allude to simple quackery, in which the observation of all times, and the experience of all ages, are coolly put aside, to give way to some new, and almost untried, remedy or nostrum. "Man," said Southey, "is a dupeable animal. Quacks in medicine, quacks in

religion, and quacks in politics, know this, and act upon that knowledge. There is scarcely any one who may not, like a trout, be taken by tickling." The credulity of man is unfortunately too strong to resist the impudent assertions of the quack; and to his fatal hand he is still ever ready to entrust the most precious gifts of Heaven.

It is not a little remarkable, that some of the gravest errors in medicine, have either originated, or have acquired notoriety, through the adhesion of persons of rank, or the speculative conceits of men of superior capacities. Such has been pre-eminently the case in the progress of recent quackery, as in the instance of homeopathy and hydropathy; just in the same way that St. John Long's system of external irritation gained its reputation, till it went a step too far; and that kineopathy, or the mechanical treatment of disease, is attempting to occupy the ground which homeopathy, hydropathy, and mesmerism, by superseding the influence of all medicinal remedies, have left vacant.

It is stated, in Burton's 'Life of Hume,' that a Jansenist, distinguished by his sanctity and the wide circle of his charities, the Abbé Paris, having died, a tomb was erected over his remains, in the cemetery of St. Medard. Thither the poor repaired, to bless his memory, and pray for the state of his soul. But it was discovered that this devotion was speedily rewarded; for the sick were cured; the blind saw; all manner of miracles were performed; and the evidence of their genuineness was considered so satisfactory, that the Jesuits were never able to impugn them. At length the series of miracles became offensive to the government—it was resolved, that there should be no more miracles at the tomb of the Abbé Paris, the gates of the cemetery were closed, and the miracles came to an end.

This occurred in the year 1732, two years before Hume's visit, and was the constant subject of conversation. He states, "that many of the miracles of the Abbé Paris were proved by witnesses, before the Bishop's Court, at Paris, under the eye of Cardinal Noailles. His successor in the archbishopric was an enemy to the Jansenists; yet, twenty-two rectors, or curés, of Paris, pressed him to examine into these miracles, which they asserted to be known to the whole world. No less a man than the Duke of Chatillon, a peer of France, of the highest rank and family, gave evidence of a remarkable cure performed on a servant of his, who had lived several years in his house, with a visible and palpable infirmity."

And have we not, in our own country, seen rank and title, and even literary genius, thrown into the scale to uphold systems of quackery? There was no Diognetus in our day to condemn such things; and if there had been, the modesty of an Antoninus was wanting to accept such teachings: "Not to busy himself about vain things; not to credit the great professions of such as pretend to work wonders; or of sorcerers, about their charms, and their expelling demons; and the like."

Yet great evils have ensued from this upholding of false doctrine, by talent and authority. The blunders of the weak, it has been not inaptly remarked, are short lived; but a false theory, with a semblance of nature, struck in the mint of genius, often deceives the learned, and passes current through the world. It sometimes happens that genius, carried away for a time by the love of theory, is enabled to set itself right by its own strong sense and clear judgment. Such was the case with Sir Humphrey Davy, who, in his young days, assisted Dr. Beddoes, at that time bent on curing all diseases by the inhalation of gases. It so happened that Davy was accustomed, before applying the inhaler, to ascertain the temperature, by placing a thermometer under the tongue. While thus employed on a countryman, who fancied this was the wonderful process he had heard of, the man exclaimed that he already felt better. Davy took the hint, left the thermometer in its place some time, and re-applied it every morning—his patient improved in health, and ultimately got quite well, without any other treatment.

How many, indeed, have been cured by faith and hope alone! From the times when the touch of royalty was efficacious, to those of a prince's (Hohenlohe) prayers, this has been the most fruitful of all empiricisms. The cures effected by mesmerism, may be explained, in most instances, by the influence of the emotions, and of a highly excited imagination.

Among the instances of false theories upheld by talent, few are more curious, or more remarkable, than the powerful advocacy given to the nostril virtues of TAR-WATER, by the well-known, learned, and clever Bishop Berkeley. This in defiance of the admirable diction of another learned divine, "Death is the cure of all diseases: there is no *catholicon* or universal remedy I know but this, which, though nauseous to queasy stomachs, yet to prepared appetites is nectar, and a pleasant potion of immortality."—*Browne's Religio Medici.*

The title of the work, in which the learned bishop's discoveries and experiences were first enunciated to the public, was as quaint as its argument, and still more unintelligible. It was designated as 'SIRIS : a chain of Philosophical Reflections and Inquiries, concerning the virtues of Tar-Water; and divers other subjects, connected together, and arising one from another.' By the Right Rev. Dr. George Berkeley, Lord Bishop of Cloyne; and author of 'The Minute Philosopher.' Dublin printed, London re-printed, second edition, 1744.

Had the title, by which such important inquiries were ushered into the world, from under mitral incubation, been Siren, "*nullam Sirena flagellis comparat,*" we could have exclaimed with the Roman satirist. . . . Had it been Sirius, we could have also found something equally pertinent; even Sirus would have been suggestive of a fitting place wherein to dispose of the Right Rev. Doctor's lucubrations; but Siris remains a puzzle for future generations. Can it be that the doctor's ideas, flowing all into one channel, reminded him of the junction of the blue and white Nile, and which united streams were called Siris, according to Pliny? (s. c. 9.) Or was it a kind of protest against possible consequences—an abbreviation of *si risisti*?

It would be difficult to imagine, if the story of the apple's fall was not present in every English mind, how small an incident led to such great results. If we understand the Rev. Doctor rightly, it was the circumstance of a cold infusion of tar having been used in some of our colonies, as a preservative, or preparative, against the smallpox, that induced him to try it in his own neighbourhood, at a time when the smallpox raged with great violence. The trial, he relates, fully answered his expectations. All those who took the tar-water either escaped the distemper, or had it very favourably. Several were preserved from taking the smallpox by the use of this liquor: others had it in the mildest manner; and so powerful was this elixir, that some, it is seriously stated, were obliged to intermit drinking the tar-water, that they might be able to take the infection!

Thus encouraged, the Rev. Doctor says, "It seemed probable that a medicine of such efficacy, in a distemper attended with so many purulent ulcers, might be also useful in other foulnesses of the blood;" and he accordingly tried it on several persons infected with cutaneous eruptions and ulcers, "who were soon relieved, and soon after cured." The panacea was next tried, in a tedious and painful ulceration of the bowels, in a consumptive cough, and (as appeared

by expectorated pus) an ulcer in the lungs, and a pleurisy and *perpineumony* (peripneumony, from *peri* round, and *pneo* I breathe); and that with success beyond hopes.

"I never knew," says Bishop Berkeley, "any thing so good for the stomach as tar-water; it cures indigestion, and gives a good appetite. It is an excellent medicine in an asthma. It imparts a kindly warmth and quick circulation to the juices, without heating; and is, therefore, useful, not only as a pectoral and balsamic, but also as a powerful and safe deobstruent in cachectic and hysterick cases. As it is both healing and diuretic, it is very good for the gravel. I believe it to be of great use in a dropsy, having known it to cure a very bad anasarca in a person whose thirst, though very extraordinary, was in a short time removed by the drinking of tar-water."

All these different deductions, it will be observed, are founded, with one or two exceptions, upon the simple observations of the writer. The exceptions are, that as Tar-Water imparts a kindly warmth, without heating, it is not only pectoral, but a powerful deobstruent, by which we suppose we must understand a sudorific; and that, as it is "healing," it is good for the gravel! The strange inconsistency of asserting tar-water to be at once heating and cooling, did not escape the critics of the day, who attacked the bishop unsparingly upon the weak point. The doctor fought the battle, however, as we shall afterwards see, gallantly, bringing up all that ancient mythology, pseudo-philosophy, alchemy, and Christianity, could be made to contribute, in elucidation of this obscure subject. The word healing is, it is also to be observed, not used in its present accepted sense, when it is made to refer to the cure of gravel. The chemical language of the Rev. Doctor is also naturally that of the last century; but it is rendered by him still more obscure and incomprehensible than it ought to have been, at a time when the light of a true science was beginning to break upon the absurd phlogistic theories which succeeded to the crude, imaginative views of the alchemists. Witness the following, the absurdity of which speaks for itself.

"The usefulness of this medicine," says Bishop Berkeley, "in inflammatory cases is evident, from what has already been observed. And yet some, perhaps, may suspect, that as tar is sulphurous (!) tar-water must be of a hot and inflammatory nature. But it is to be noted, that all balsams contain an acid spirit, which is, in truth, a volatile salt. Water is a menstruum that dissolves all kinds of salts, and draws them from their subjects. Tar, therefore, being a balsam, its salutary acid is extracted by water, which yet is incapable of dissolving its gross resinous parts, whose proper menstruum is spirit of wine. Therefore, tar-water, not being impregnated with resin, may be safely used in inflammatory cases: and in fact it hath been found an admirable febrifuge, at once the safest cooler and cordial."!!

The following is equally ingenious, and is characterised by the same spirit of assuming facts, instead of proving them, which would establish the practice of medicine upon the basis of a series of episcopal *ipse dixits*.

"The leaves and tender tops of pine and fir, are, in our times, used for diet drinks, and allowed to be anti-scorbutic and diuretic. But the most elaborate juice, *salt* and spirit, of those evergreens are to be found in tar, whose virtues extend not to animals alone, but also to vegetables. Mr. Evelyn, in his Treatise on Forest Trees, observes with wonder, that stems of trees, smeared over with tar, are preserved thereby from being hurt by the envenomed (!) teeth of goats, and other injuries; while every other thing of an unctuous nature is highly prejudicial to them."

Upon the same principle, spirits of turpentine ought to be still more efficacious than tar.

Having shown, however, to his own satisfaction, that the specific virtues of tar consist in its "volatile salts," the Rev. Doctor goes on to discuss how, and whence, tar is produced, which again carries him away into a very desultory discussion, upon the subject of vegetables in general, and the wonderful structure of trees in particular; and he arrives at the very unsatisfactory conclusion, that a fine subtle "spirit" is the distinguishing principle of all vegetation, and that juices produced with the least violence are the best.

These little philosophical difficulties being thus encompassed, the bishop returns to the charge, to prove that tar-water can warm and cool at the same time. This is, in reality, the great object of his work—the pivot, upon which all other arguments are, as before observed, made to turn. To prove that tar-water is efficacious in scurvy, which, by the bye, he divides into acid, alkaline, and *muriatic* (as if the same thing could be at once acid and alkaline, except to a mind prepared to argue that a thing can be at once hot and cold!) the Doctor says, "As it (the tar-water) contains a volatile acid, with a fine volatile oil, why may not a medicine cool in one part, and warm in another?" It might undoubtedly; for example, by producing a genial glow of warmth, attended by a profuse perspiration, and consequent cooling of the surface; but the secret principle of the hot and cold qualities of tar-water is, according to Bishop Berkeley, attached to far more mysterious and more important operations of nature.

Pure ether, or invisible fire, is, we are told, the spirit of the universe, which operates in every thing. It only required to go a step farther, and aver, with Heraclitus of Ephesus, that fire is the substratum of all, and the universal agent—that the world itself is

an ever-living fire, the work neither of God nor of man; or with Pythagoras, that the soul is an emanation of the central fire, and a compound of hot and cold ether.

Bishop Berkeley appears indeed to have been deeply embued with the doctrines of the pagan philosophers of old. "The pure ether," he says, "or invisible fire, contains parts of different kinds, that are impressed with different forces, or subjected to different laws of motion, attraction, repulsion, and expansion, and endued with divers distinct habitudes towards other bodies. These seem to constitute the many various qualities, virtues, flavours, odours, and colours, which distinguish natural productions." Then again he says, elsewhere, "As the soul acts immediately in pure fire, so pure fire operates immediately on air." And again, "The element of ethereal fire, or light, seems to comprehend, in a mixed state, the seeds, the natural causes, and forms, of all sublunary things." So, also, having first of all argued that fire is the animal spirit, he adds, "The animal spirit in man is the instrumental or physical cause, both of sense and motion." He does not appear to disavow that this was the doctrine of the Pythagoreans, Platonists, and Stoics, but he cautiously reduces fire and ether to the position of an inferior instrumental cause, acting under a mind that governs and actuates the mundane system.

"Such," says the learned divine, "are the bright and lovely signatures of a divine mind, operating and displaying itself in fire and light throughout the world, that, as Aristotle observes, in his book *De Mundo*, all things seem full of divinites, whose apparitions on all sides strike and dazzle our eyes. And it must be owned, the chief philosophers and wise men of antiquity, how much soever they attributed to second causes, and the force of fire, yet they supposed a mind or intellect always resident therein, active or provident, restraining its force, and directing its operations."

It is allowed by all, that the Greeks derived much of their philosophy from the Eastern nations. It was the doctrine of the Egyptians that fire was the principle of all action. The Chaldean Magi likewise said of God, that he had light for his body, and truth for his soul. In the Chaldaic oracles, all things are declared to be governed by an intellectual fire, and the creative mind is said to be clothed with fire: as also in the Psalms, "Thou art clothed with light, as with a garment." The Chinese also made *Tien*, ether or heaven, the sovereign principle, or cause of all things.

Bishop Berkeley, having got over this first part of his argument, he goes on to illustrate it by the worship of fire in more modern times, as when the doctrines of Zoroaster were superadded to those

of the Chaldean and Assyrian Magi, and fire was worshipped at Delphi by the Greeks, and in the Temple of Vesta by the Romans.

"*Nec tu aliud Vestam quam vivam intellige flammam.*"

He even argues in his fervour that there are many passages in Holy Writ, that would make one think the Supreme Being was, in a peculiar manner, present and manifest in the element of fire; and he illustrates this position by reference to the apparition in the bush, at Mount Sinai, and in the tabernacle; in the cloven tongues; by the visions of Ezekiel and Daniel; by the transfiguration, and other well known miracles; to which he adds, that of late years, Bishop Patrick gives it as his opinion, that in the beginning of the world, the Shechinah, or Divine presence, which was then frequent and ordinary, appeared by light or fire.

Our readers may think, that philosophy is carrying us out of our depth, and that in tar-water. What, they may justly enquire, have the doctrines of the first races of men, and of the philosophers of old, to do with the medical efficacy of tar; and the worship of fire, with a tar barrel? A great deal, according to Bishop Berkeley, as we shall expound, if they will grant us their patience a little longer. Fire being, according to the earliest dogmas of philosophy and religion, the element of all things, so modern chemistry upholds the same great and fundamental doctrine. This the Rev. Doctor argues at length, demonstrating, at the same time, that the sulphur of Homberg, and the acid of Sir Isaac Newton, "are, at the bottom, one and the same thing; to wit, pure fire or ether."

But how does this fire manifest itself in the human frame? This is explained by Hippocrates; and there is nothing like going to the fountain-head, even of tar-water. "Hippocrates, in his book concerning the heart, observeth, that the soul of man is not nourished by meats and drinks from the lower belly (or stomach, in modern fashionable parlance, which is as regardless of anatomy as Molière's physician), but by a pure and luminous substance, darting its rays, and distributing a new natural nourishment, as he terms it, in like manner as that from the intestines is distributed to all parts of the body."

From this the doctor argues, that "the principles of motion and vegetation, (growth?) in living bodies, seem to be *deliberations* from the invisible fire or spirit of the universe;" and "that there is really such a thing as vital flame, actually kindled, nourished, and extinguished, like common flame; and by the same means," adds the

doctor, "is an opinion of some moderns, particularly of Doctor Willis, in his tract, *De Sanguinis Accensione.*"

All this then being admitted, we come to the main point of the whole argument—the relation of tar-water to the elemental fire; and it appears, that instead of acting like other water, and putting out the fire, which we are expressly told is extinguished like common flame, tar-water actually serves as a vehicle, and fosters this subtle principle!

"As different kinds of secreted, light or fire," Bishop Berkeley propounds, "produce different essences, virtues, or specific properties, so also different degrees of heat produce different effects. Thus one degree of heat keeps the blood from coagulating, and another degree congeulates the blood. Thus, a more violent fire hath been observed to set free and carry off that very light, which a more moderate fire had introduced, and fixed in the calcined regulus of antimony. In like manner, one kind or quantity of this ethereal fiery spirit may be congenial and friendly to the spirits of a man, while another may be noxious.

"And experience sheweth this to be true. For the fermented spirits of wine in other liquors produceth irregular motions, and subsequent depressions in the animal spirits; whereas, the luminous spirit, lodged and detained in the native balsam of pines and firs, is of a nature so mild and benign, and proportioned to the human constitution, as to warm without heating; to cheer, but not inebriate; and to produce a calm and steddy (*sic*) joy, like the effect of good news, without that sinking of spirits, which is a subsequent effect of all fermented cordials.

"Tar-water," adds the worthy bishop, further on, "serving as a vehicle to this benign and comfortable spirit, is both diuretic and diaphoretic, but (and) seems to work its principal effect by assisting the *vis vitæ*, as an alterative and cordial, enables nature, by an accession of congenial spirit, to assimilate that which could not be assimilated by her proper force, and so to subdue the *fomes morbi.*"

One would be tempted, in the present day, on reading so much learning, so much philosophy, and so much science, exhausted in evolving "the luminous spirit, lodged and detained in the native balsam of pines and firs," and establishing its virtues as equal, if not superior, to those of the Azoth of Paracelsus, the tincture of life, and the philosopher's stone, to think that the Rev. Bishop of Cloyne had imbibed a little of the congenial spirit of the Dean of St. Patrick's; and that, as the former had indulged his playful satire, in exploding travellers' exaggerations, so the bishop had resolved to give doughty battle, in a true pilgrim's faith, to the dreams and phantasms of quacks and empirics; but it does not appear that this is the case; the learned writer is in earnest to the last, and he illustrates the views above propounded by a mass of arguments, which are far more erudite than convincing. He even goes so far as to argue, that as

the “intellectual and artificial (?) fire,” which he identifies with animal spirit, and natural life (Par. 277), may not, inconsistently with the notions of that philosophy, which ascribed much of generation to celestial influence, be supposed to impregnate animals and plants,—in fact, be what he terms an “ethereal seminary;” so the benign and comfortable spirit, unlodged by the bishop’s labour from the native balsam of pines and firs, may be made to contribute to those mysteries, which have been in different ages associated with Hera, Isis, Astarte, Mylitta, the fish god, Venus, and many other less pure semi-deities, and animals, as more especially the crocodile (Kersus), and fish, so remarkable for their powers of fecundation.

This curious suggestion leads us for a moment, like the Rev. Doctor, into a somewhat desultory disquisition; and to inquire whether this luminous and aphrodisiac spirit of the balsam of pines and firs, may not have been figuratively represented in the fruit or cone of the pine, held by the winged figures of the Assyrian monuments; and of which Layard says, “any attempt to explain their use, or their typical meaning, can at present be little better than an ingenious speculation.” It is evident, from their constant occurrence on Assyrian monuments, that they were very important objects in religious ceremonies. The Hera of the Assyrians, the same as Isis, Astarte, Mylitta, and Venus, was represented as the divinity presiding over generation: and although unseemly symbols are rare in the Assyrian monuments, still enough exists, as Layard has shown, to attest that such a worship did exist, even under its most degrading forms. The infamous law, which, according to Herodotus, marked the rites of the goddess at Babylon, is generally known, and is confirmed in the forty-third verse of Jeremiah. M. Lajard, of the Institute of France, has shown, in an elaborate essay, *Nouvelles Annales de l’Institut Archéologique*, vol. xix, the connection between the cone of the cypress and the worship of Venus, in the religious systems of the east. It will be remembered also, that the thyrsus, surmounted by the pine or fir cone, is represented in the mythology of the Greeks and Romans, as having been brought from the east by the Indian Bacchus, and what could be a more fit accompaniment of Bacchus than an emblem of Eros?

Bishop Berkeley himself furnishes abundant proof that the true virtues of the pine and tar were known to the ancients. Pliny tells us, that wines, in the time of the old Romans, were medicated with pitch and resin. Wherefore, but for their aphrodisiac qualities?

Pliny also records, that it was customary for the ancients to hold fleeces of wool over the steam of boiling tar, and squeeze the moisture from them, which watery substance was called *pissinum*. Ray will have this to be the same with the *pisselæum* of the ancients; but Hardouin, in his notes on Pliny, thinks this *pisselæum* to have been produced from the cones of cedars. Bishop Berkeley acknowledged that he was ignorant what use the ancients made of these liquors, but the whole evidence can suggest only one conclusion: it was used as an aphrodisiac; and so powerful is this property, that Jonstonus, in his *Dendrographia*, observes, that it is wholesome to walk in groves of pine trees, which impregnate the air with balsamic particles. The Axiokersian and Eleusinian mysteries appear to have peculiarly affected pine groves; and satyrs and fauns, that dwelt in woods, were notorious for their libidinous propensities.

To return to our subject, however, it is not surprising that so extraordinary an argument, advanced by such high authority, and upheld by such a parade of learning, philosophy, and science, should have created a great sensation, and have given rise to a great deal of controversy.

First on our list is an M.A. of Oxford, who wrote under the title of *Risorius*, and who attempted to be very pungent at the bishop's expense. The extravagance of his conceits, in favour of his new medicine, Risorius deemed but a first article of impeachment. To set up his medicine as a catholicon was a thing never dreamt of but by quacks. His attributing to it contrary and opposite effects, was a still greater breach of philosophy. Equally so his manner of dosing alike for all ages, sexes, and constitutions. Considering these little omissions, it is not surprising that Risorius should advise people to take this tar-water from the bishop only. This, he hints, would also leave the benefits thereof to the Irish solely. The at once cooling and heating effects of tar-water next come under discussion, but that in a manner which is no more creditable to the science of the critic, than is the original statement, as expounded by the person criticised. The reference to nurse juniper, and *aka mirabulus*, is beneath notice. The boasted stomachic effects of the tar-water, as contrasted with its admitted nausea, is scarcely more felicitous. An examination into the bishop's experiences is more amusing. Six children, all in one family, are related to have taken tar-water, as a preservative against smallpox, and yet all six had the disease. A gentleman, of the bishop's purity of life and manners, having had occasion to hold intercourse with persons "fouly diseased," is next

commented upon. Then, again, the bishop cured twenty-five fevers in his own family, with tar-water. "They must," says Risorius, "have been fevers of a most uncommon stupidity, to offer to make such repeated attacks on a family, when the master of it had in his possession such an herculean medicine to combat them with." Risorius also catches the doctor tripping, where he recommends tar-water in one place as the best preservative and cure for gout, and in another says it will change a worse illness into the gout. Tar-water, Risorius also observes, is both an acid and an alkali, just as the bishop pleases. It is also recommended, and that in the same breath, as being good as a soap against viscidity; and good against too great fluidity, as a balsamic. "No wonder," says Risorius, "that it should be so excellent a panpharmacon, in all diseases, as the bishop has acquired the art of changing its properties when and as often as he thinks proper." Nay, it can be made to purge, or to stop purging! And, lastly, as dead bodies are embalmed in tar, so the living body can be embalmed in tar-water, which thus becomes the true elixir of long life!

Disciples of Siris, after such a discovery, ought never to have been in the shades; but one is so represented by an anonymous author, the second in our list, and who also published in 1744. One Mr. Benjamin Smith, *lately deceased*, is made to complain vehemently to the Rev. Dr. Hancock, a renowned advocate of water, of being prematurely sent to the shades, when a remedy had been discovered to cure all diseases, and prolong man's life to the age of Methuselah. Dr. Hancock, on his side, avers that Bishop Berkeley has only stolen his arcana—cold water—with the additional corruption of "that nauseous ingredient," tar. Dr. Garth comes to decide the dispute. Smith sums up ably and succinctly the virtues of tar; and Dr. Garth proves ultimately, to the satisfaction of the three shades, that the design of the Bishop of Cloyne's book was, as the bishop himself openly professes, "to surprise people into certain reflections, for which they have no curiosity." "It is past a doubt," insists the poet and physician, "that the bishop's book was wrote with no other view, but to make converts to his philosophy; and that tar-water was intended only for a bait, to draw worldly-minded people in to read it; or, as one may say, a ladder, by which you may mount up to the Trinity.—This hypothesis at once lets us into his lordship's real design, and clears him from the imputation of quackery; for the book is not, in reality, a treatise of physic, but of metaphysics."

The author of a pamphlet, the third on our list, called *Anti-Siris*, and who needlessly writes himself, “A Foreign Gentleman,” after an attack upon English consistency, and the English constitution—not the ailing constitution that is to be cured by tar-water, but the one that is being perpetually doctored by political quacks,—a long dissertation, most “foreign” to the purpose, on English pride, vain-glory, and spleen; and one still more so on the war then pending between England and France,—makes an onslaught on the unfortunate Bishop Berkeley, whom he charges with upholding doctrines, than which nothing can savour more rankly of the popish doctrine of purgatory. “His Tarrian Lordship,” as the vituperative Gaul calls him, further plainly tells his countrymen, they are all mad, or hypochondriac, which is but a fashionable name for madness; and, lastly, the dignified defamer is also ungallant enough to denounce English ladies as dram-drinkers and drunkards!

The “Foreigner” is manifestly a practiser in physic—he intimates as much; and his irritation, that a new nostrum should have come into vogue, on the bare assertion of “a medical quack,” and of “a right reverend beggar of popularity,” is expressed in the unmeasured terms of Gallic vehemence and dunghill bravado. The cock had not, at that time, been brow-beaten by the eagle. He was sole doughty chanticleer on his own fragrant heap. It is not Bishop Berkeley alone, but his whole nation, that comes in for the same unmeasured castigation. The people are declared to be ever slaves to some passion or other; to be under no restraint, moral or divine. On the other hand, no nation in the world acts more orderly or rationally than the French!

“There is always,” writes Bishop Berkeley’s foreign antagonist, “some one arch quack, that carries the bell in England. If it is not tar-water it is something else.” Then comes a lugubrious lament, that a chariot is essential to a physician’s success. “If old Hippocrates himself had been here, and practised without a chariot, he might visit cellars and garrets out of charity, but could never make his way to the rich.” And after this comes a long desultory disquisition, which fairly rivals his antagonist’s, “divers other subjects, connected together, and arising from one another.” Thus, after recommending the Norwegians to raise the price of tar, by which, he says, their king would be enabled to help “us” against France without a subsidy, he exclaims, “Had this tempest-laying Panacea been known earlier, ‘tis probable we should have had no French war, nor French invasion; for it would have so smoothed

and softened the peccant humours of the nation, that we should have had the old minister still, and consequently no war, or increase of the national debt."

And he concludes with the following sketch of the English, from the pen, he says, of a very honest bottle companion of his. It is evident that the bottle did not contain the benign and comforting—*the smoothing and softening—tar-water.*

" 'The English,' said he, 'are as different from other nations, as they are separated from them; and tho' their intercourse with foreigners be a matter of necessity, they speak them not so fair as even they treat them, when they come amongst them; wherefore they are less beloved than they would be. They are haughty without elevation; luxurious without taste; credulous without faith; querulous without cause; seditious without design; brave without being soldiers; and scholars without being learned. The nation,' continued he 'may be compared to a great animal, with many hands, feet, and tongues, and but one head, and that without brains or eye, but one in the *hind part.*' "

All these compliments *apropos* to "tar-water!" The writer ought to have been tarred and feathered, and scraped clean with a rusty iron hoop, *secundum artem*, by our jolly tars—jolly, no doubt, from their identification with "the luminous spirit lodged and detained in the native balsam of pine and firs." The fourth on our list, another knight-errant in the service of the public, attacks the bishop more rigorously, and a little more to the point.

" In your younger days, my lord," writes this new antagonist, " you made the surprising discovery of the *unreality of matter*; and now, in your riper age, you have undertaken to prove the *reality of a universal remedy*. As none but your lordship's penetration could ever have made the former discovery, so none but you, my lord, should ever have presumed to teach the latter. An attempt to talk men out of their reason, did, of right, belong to that author who had first tried to persuade them out of their senses."

This is no thrust from La Mancha; it is a home hit from a true paladin of intellect. One would have imagined that the doctrine of an universal arcanum could never have stood for a moment before such a champion of truth.

" Philosophical reasonings," he justly remarks, in rebuff of the mode in which the whole of the argument and investigation is carried out, " were long ago, my lord, introduced into the medical art, by ostentatious men, who were fonder of showing their parts than promoting the real good of their profession. But they are now, my lord, justly deemed vain babblings. They have at last shared the same fate with the vain pageantry of the peripatetick philosophy, and given way to sober experiment; which now enjoys that dominion with us, which the great Bacon designed for it in the wide empire of natural philosophy."

Another anonymous assailant, and the fifth on our list, adopts the readier weapon of satire. Pretending to examine impartially

how far the new panacea deserves the character given to it, he professes to send to the bishop a tribute of impartial praise, cautioning, at the same time, the readers of Siris "that while they are reading his lordship's works, they are to take his lordship's judgement of things, and not have the arrogance to think for themselves, or let others think for them." The reason for this is, because as neither they, nor anybody else, ever thought like his lordship, the jarring of opinions would be apt to create confusion.

A second necessary caution "is, that as they are neither to think for themselves, or let their friends think for them, so neither are they to believe the doctrines, systems, and tenets, delivered in the books of chemists, philosophers, and physicians, whether antient or modern, which have heretofore been received as the surest guides to truth and certainty in matters of this kind, or the standards of true knowledge in them." The reason of this is also made very plain, for whoever should read his lordship's work, without such a caution, would rashly think his lordship in the wrong in every article, advancing absurdities, and asserting impossibilities.

"How they have jeer'd," writes the same sly correspondent, "and with a show of reason, imaginarily expos'd and ridicul'd you on your belief in specifick remedies? Sure, they did not consider, that it was necessary for the cause, necessary for the honour of tar-water, that this old doctrine, however with seeming justice laugh'd out of the world an age or two ago, should be reviv'd, and prov'd again to be right. And they must know but very little of your lordship's abilities, who did not plainly see, that your lordship could always prove whatever it was necessary or proper you should prove, however repugnant to the sense of mankind in general, and I had almost said to truth itself."

"Helmont," remarks the same writer, "says myrrh dissolv'd would give immortality. You do not indeed prove tar to be myrrh, which I must own myself surprised at; but you assure us tar will do the same, and water will dissolve it, at least enough of it to answer Helmont's purposes; one part of which assertion I shall only observe, by the way, is just as true as the other."

"And to conclude," he adds, dropping his satirical encumbrances, "in your lordship's own way of speaking: as Bishop of Cloyne, I honour and respect, but, as a physician, I despise and pity you."

Notwithstanding these numerous assaults of physicians, philosophers, men of science, satirists, and splenetic Frenchmen, tar-water had an enormous success. One Jackson, a chemist, wrote a treatise, in which he explained a more scientific and pharmaceutical method of preparing the arcanum; and the distinguished vegetable physiologist, Dr. Stephen Hales, also communicated another method of preparing this invaluable remedy to the Royal Society. Remarkable cures performed by tar-water were also collected out of the 'Gentleman's Magazine,' and from other sources, and published

apart ; this, however, by the proprietor of the tar-water warehouse, in Painter's-court, Bury-street, St. James's. There is no harm in giving the address now. There are not, however, altogether, a dozen cases, not half as many as were required to establish the reputation of cow's urine.

There were not also wanting literary and scientific (?) champions to enter the lists in defence of a Bishop turned quack. One who writes in answer to T. R., M.D., and styles himself *Philanthropos*, proves from Bishop Bull's 'Candidate for Holy Orders,' that a divine *ought to be* acquainted with almost all arts and sciences, especially natural philosophy, of which medicine is only a branch ; and that, consequently, "such men bid fairest for useful and rational practitioners." Bishop Berkeley, he says, at the same time, "never intended people should be so mad about tar-water as they really are ; his main drift was to give hints to the learned."

Another pleader for the Bishop says, "How frequently have physicians turned divines? Where is the absurdity for a divine to become a physician?" "Alas ! it is not the degree, or the robe, the tie-wig, or the gold-headed cane, that makes the physician, any more than *prunella* the parson!"

The Bishop also takes up the cudgels himself, in a letter to T. P. ; but his epistle is mainly taken up in explaining new methods of obviating tar-water being drunk in an undue manner, and in further extolling the specific, which, he at last asserts, he believes will prove useful against the plague, both as a preservative and a cure.

Exploded from the English and Scotch Pharmacopœias, this once renowned medicine still occupies a place in the Dublin Pharmacopœia, probably out of respect to an Irish bishop. It has its medicinal properties and virtues, which time has reduced to their proper standard, and which homeopathists are once more bringing into vogue. So we may still have to say with the episcopal panegyrist :—

"Oh, learned BERKELEY ! who enough can praise  
Thy generous labour ? thy instructive page  
Our steps directing to this source of health.  
The fair and beauteous pine in vain had shed  
Its precious juice, till thou, with curious search,  
Explored its virtuous qualities, and taught  
Mankind the wholesome secret. Thou hast done  
A deed well worthy everlasting fame !"

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## ART. III.—French Pictures of the English in the last Century.

*The Savages of Europe. From the French.* Printed by Dryden Leach, for T. Davies, in Russel-street, Covent Garden. London : 1764.

THE mistakes and prejudices which characterise French authors, when describing the manners of the English, are by no means paralleled by those of our writers when describing French ones. It is true that the vulgar stage type of a Frenchman, with his shrugs, his snuff-taking, and his diet of frogs, is as far from being a true version of the general character of the people as may be ; but a vast deal of this false colouring is attributable to political motives ; and, when they ceased to influence, the English travelled, judged for themselves, and the distorted pictures were banished from our stage and our literature. Not so with our Gallic neighbours, who found our habits and mode of life differ so much from theirs, that they turned repugnant from investigation below the surface of English life, and often believed and propagated the silliest absurdities. Considering the closeness of France and England, and the constant communication between the countries, this fact is not a little surprising, and that France should still possess a living author—Alexander Dumas—who has given full credence to every floating absurdity, and, in one of his most popular plays, introduced them as pictures of ordinary manners in England. Who that has ever seen his play, embodying imaginary adventures in the life of Kean, or read this mass of absurdity, but must have been astonished at the cool detail of moral impossibilities given there, at the caricature of English manners which forms the gist of the story, at the utter falsehood of the entire thing ? The silly inventions of a century ago, founded in ignorance, distorted by prejudice, and passing current when war had interdicted intercourse, are there repeated in all their original strength, and with most amusing effrontery.

When Sully, the great minister of Henri IV, visited England in 1603, he managed to obtain a most unfavourable notion of his sovereign's ally, and has given our forefathers a fair share of vituperation. The constant wars carried on against the French forces, and the success of the English arms later in that century, aided in strengthening the national dislike, and gave any idle tale free admission and constant credence ; the more immoral and absurd it was, the better it was liked ; and its belief was encouraged by rulers

who desired to foster hatred of England. During the wars which resulted from the Revolution of 1789 in France, it is perfectly true that the two nations misrepresented and vilified each other, but nowhere in English literature can we find the same determined mistakes or unadulterated slander as may be seen in the notes on England, published by General Pillet in 1815, after residing as a prisoner of war among ourselves! The work was published to please and serve Bonaparte, during his brief return to Paris in that year, but was afterwards rigidly suppressed by Louis XVIII; an act as well of justice as of gratitude towards a nation which had succoured him. The book is now a great rarity,\* and we give a few extracts:—

“Drunkenness is a vice arising from the nature of the soil or climate, which is almost looked upon as a virtue in England.”

“Englishmen of the better class, or what are commonly called gentlemen, as well as those of the lower orders, are never amorous till they are drunk. Hence the women very naturally take under their special protection drunkards and drunkenness.”

“The sons of George the Third, from the Prince Regent to the youngest brother, are by no means inferior to their countrymen in this respect. It is generally believed that the debauched habits of these princes originated in the manner of their education, planned by Lord Chatham, and followed up by William Pitt, his son, with the view of degrading their characters, rendering them unfit to govern, and preventing their interfering with the views of the oligarchy.”

With regard to our general humanity as a nation, the veracious Pillet's fellow-countrymen are told—“Nothing is more common than to see carriages overturned upon the highways in England; but in such cases assistance must be far-fetched and dear bought. The passers-by, if there chance to be any, gaze stupidly on for a moment, and then proceed on their way.”

With regard to our morals, he says:—“England is a country in which virtue and vice are saleable commodities, and every man deals in that which he thinks the most profitable of the two. The principles of the government are precisely similar.” He gives an example of this morality, which originates in a most ludicrous mistake of his own:—“Theft is even a fashionable accomplishment, particularly amongst women of rank, who are accustomed every morning to go shopping, as they term it.”

\* The title of the book runs thus:—*L'Angleterre, vue à Londres, et dans ses provinces, pendant un séjour de dix années, dont six comme prisonnier de guerre. Par M. le Maréchal-de-Camp Pillet, Chevalier de St. Louis, et officier de la Légion d'Honneur. Paris, chez Alexis Eymery, Libraire, Rue Mazarine, No. 30.—1815, 8vo, pp. 849.*

He accounts for what he terms “the immense consumption of women in England,” by saying, “There are few men who have reached the age of fifty without having three wives.” Such “consumption” being effected by ill-treatment, which “has arrived at such a pitch, that the murder of a woman by her husband is a circumstance of which the courts of justice seldom take any notice, unless to acquit the husband, when the affair has been so atrocious that an inquiry into it is unavoidable.” The General’s gallantry, however, induces him to say, that “it ought to be mentioned, for the honour of the female sex, that murders of husbands by their wives are far less common in England than those of wives by their husbands. They are, nevertheless, very numerous, and in a proportion which would excite universal horror amongst any other people.”

This carelessness about human life, as well as another *trait* in English character, is thus amusingly illustrated in a Paris newspaper of the last century:—“A man fell into the Thames. He struggled and endeavoured to swim, but he swam badly. Will he reach the bank?—will he be drowned? There was at once a wager. Twenty guineas were laid that he would save himself;—this was taken. The bets increased and multiplied, and in two minutes considerable sums were depending on the head of the poor swimmer. He was, however, perceived by some watermen, who rowed towards him, with the intention of saving him. ‘There is a bet! there is a bet!’ was bawled out from every quarter. At these magical words the boatmen stopped, the unfortunate man was drowned, and the bet was gained.”

These, and many similar characterizations of the English, may be traced as the growth of centuries. An embodiment of all our manners and customs, under the form of a tale, unrivalled for its absurdity, may be found in a work entitled, ‘*Les Sauvages d’Europe*,’ the said savages being ourselves. This little work was translated and published in 1764, but is now rare; we shall detail its structure, and give some extracts, as it is a capital exponent of continental belief at that time, and contains some opinions yet held there.

The author begins, by narrating that two young lovers, disgusted by the gay *bardinage* of Paris concerning their union, determine to visit “the land of freedom”—England, and become acquainted on ship-board with a venerable Chinese, who was travelling to the same place, “to civilize the people.” They enter into conversation, and become travelling companions. On landing at Dover, the first thing they see is a number of French captives,

greatly ill-treated by the people. They fly to the rescue; but are attacked with swords and fists, and ultimately carried to a dungeon, from which they are aided to escape by some Dutch sailors:—"They set out immediately for London, Delouaville with his body beat to mummy, and his arm in a scarf; Kin Foe without his full complement of teeth; and Cecilia with not quite the same quantity of ear as she brought out of France."

After a quarrel with an insolent and surly driver—

"They alighted from their wretched carriage at an inn, the air of which was as gloomy as the countenances of the English, who were regaling themselves within.—It was with great difficulty that they could perceive, here and there, a light piercing through the mingled smoke of their coal, and of their pipes.—A party of these smokers were sullenly drinking a kind of dusky liquor out of the same bowl.—The other side of the room was taken up by dirty tables, at which select parties were devouring slices of beef, half raw, and almost unaccompanied with any bread at all. This disgusting object took away the appetites of our strangers.—They ate very little,—paid a great deal,—slept very indifferently, and got up very early to ramble through the streets of London."

In the course of their walk they inquire the way to St. James's-Park, of a person, who, "happening to be of a mild disposition, only laughed in their face, and walked about his business." They are still worse treated by others, so they ramble on until they reach Tyburn.

"Their eyes were now presented with the spectacle of a gallows, a pile of faggots, and scaffolds crowded with spectators, who were prepared to enjoy a bloody execution, in all its horrors. The gloomy and silent air of the standers-by, would have made one imagine that the punishment was intended for every one of them; while, on the other hand, the criminals seemed, by their gaiety and easy behaviour, to think themselves on a party of pleasure. They played off jokes, and seemed to endeavour to amuse the people by their low buffooneries. One of them made a grave harangue, in which he applauded his own courage, and boasted of the many travellers whose purses and lives had been sacrificed to his gallantry; and he exaggerated the greatness of these exploits, which had conducted him to this glorious end; while another, less eloquent, accompanied his comrade with ridiculous gestures. This absurd pair gave some idea of those scenes among the ancients, where one actor repeated the speech, while another supplied it with action. A third malefactor took it in his head to prophesy;—he predicted his own approaching death, (in which he was pretty sure not to be out) and he denounced the ruin of England.—'Unfortunate country! (cried he with an emphasis) wretched city!—What do I foresee? The sea vomits on thy shores an army of flat-bottomed boats! they kill man, woman, and child!—The outlandish men beat the masters of the sea! Woe to Old England! Woe to London! Woe to myself!' At this instant the fatal cord stopped the prophet's rhapsody.—His worthy companions suffered the same fate. The standers-by immediately flung themselves upon them; hung to their legs, struck them on the

breast, and took every method to dispatch them:—not an Englishman present but eagerly endeavoured to perform the duty of the hangman: the very relations of the criminals assisted at this pleasing task with as much spirit as any."

They charitably suppose that these are but the amusements of the *canaille*, so they go to a theatre, to see what is done there; but, alas! it happens to be a place where the professors of the noble art of self-defence exercise with swords, and hack each other frightfully, to the great joy of the spectators. They all decamp, and reach a dramatic theatre at last; but the play has so many barbarities in it, "with murders, ghosts, death's heads, scaffolds, wheels, gibbets, accompanied by a due number of executioners, that they fear they are again at Tyburn." This is succeeded by a ballet, which being executed by French dancers occasions a mutiny among the audience, who demolish the theatre, and our trio again narrowly escape with life.

Dangers of another kind now occur. Delouaville, the hero, makes a conquest, as he thinks, of a fair lady, who entraps him into "a Fleet marriage," to his great horror, and that of her relations, who detest the French. He returns to the Mandarin, whom he finds half-dead, from the effects of a severe beating, given him in return for some "principles of humanity," which he had been preaching; and shortly afterwards is visited by his new wife, when a scene of violence takes place between the French lady and her, the former being the victor. Upon this, the Englishwoman absconds, vowing revenge. The next day he is carried before a magistrate, who decides that he is lawfully married; and he is about to be carried off by his English spouse in triumph, when her relations again appear, and drag her with them. He returns home again, only to find his Cecilia has been carried off by force, by the father of his English wife, Fanny, who had gone there to search for his daughter, and being struck with Cecilia's appearance, "the tender Englishman, to make her sensible of his passion, left no kind of outrage untried. The love of a Briton has the same way of showing itself as the hatred of other people." He does not succeed, neither does Fanny with the Frenchman; and, in an agony of jealousy, she stabs him, and leaves him, as she supposes, dying; rushes home to her father, and beseeches him to destroy her.

"The father stood for some time fixed in a gloomy silence; he embraced his daughter with a sullen composure, turned from her, and in his closet he gave himself up to these reflections:—

' My wretched conduct has ruined my family. My wife and children,

reduced by my prodigality to the utmost distress, curse me. My daughter, rejected by a Frenchman, has cut his throat, and must suffer for it. For myself (whose negligence has caused these evils), I expect every instant to be dragged to prison for my debts; and, to crown my wretchedness, love must interfere; I love to distraction, and am looked upon with horror. Our English remedy for all misfortunes is death, and death I will have recourse to. But what will become of my family?—They shall die with me. I cannot make life agreeable to them; I ought then, as a good parent, to deliver them from it.'

Having settled this point, he made his wife and children (not omitting Cecilia) follow him into a deep, spacious vault, lighted only by the glimmering of a sepulchral lamp.

It was beneath the lamp which hung from the middle of the cellar's roof, that Blickman, with a poignard drawn in his hand, stopped short. His mournful family no longer doubted the purpose of their visiting this gloomy cave. Cecilia, scarcely alive through fear, fell at the savage's feet; the rest of the family, as if they had waited for that signal, formed a kneeling circle around him; while he, untouched by their distress, by his haggard looks confirmed the worst of their apprehensions. When this dreadful silence, interrupted by nothing but the sobs of Cecilia, had lasted a few minutes, this tender parent, with a voice rendered more horrid by the echoes of the vault, spoke as follows:—

' It is now, my children, forty years that I have been teased with the repeated view of the same sun; I am sick of his beams.—The more I see of life, the more I detest it. The one half of it is spent in sleep, the other in trouble. Besides the plagues which one's own wants occasion, there are children to educate,—wives to contend with,—debts to be paid; then one must be tyrannized over by laws—by fashions—by fortune—and by appetites. I am disgusted with such an existence; nor ought any of you to be more attached to it than myself. What, indeed, should make you fond of it? Do you want to follow my example—to place your affections where you ought to point your most inveterate hatred? No, no, let us prevent such calamities;—let us imitate those glorious ancestors, whose examples have shown us that contempt which a true Englishman should entertain for life. Your great grandfather, tired of these absurdities, had recourse to poison, to release him from them; and you may still cast your eyes up to that glorious halter, which delivered your worthy grandmother from the plagues of mortality. 'Twas this vault they chose to honour with their deaths;—and shall not we have the spirit to follow such gallant leaders? Let us at once baffle the hopes of creditors and physicians,—let us leave the world to its misery, while we remain for ever in repose.'

He first stabs Cecilia, and afterwards his own children; but the story is too good to be told in other words than the author's, who says:—

" The whole assembly rejoiced at this opening of the scene, and each disputed the honour of following the common enemy. The hardened savage now produced an old razor, stained with the blood of his ancestors; with this he released from the cares of life, his wife and his children.—There now only remained Fanny; Blickman tenderly embraced her.—' You,' said he, ' are worthy of your father;—you have stabbed that dog of a Frenchman, that had

found means to gain your affections; you shall now receive the last, the greatest proof of my paternal love.'

'Strike, my father (said the resolute daughter), strike, and let me fall on the body of my rival;—let me only form this wish, that my perfiduous spouse may survive his wound, to learn how to dread the resentment of an English-woman, and that he may die in the agonies of despair, for the loss of his mistress, while we are involved in peace and oblivion.' Here her father put an end to her discourse, by bestowing on her that death which she had so eagerly desired.

The truly English parent contemplated with pleasure the slaughtered carcasses around him. Warmed by the carnage, he seemed to wish for more victims. 'Ah,' said he, 'why are not these all French? Why do I not see the perfidious spouse of my daughter extended at my feet? But,—my wife,—my children—'

It was now his fury abated. Remorse succeeded to his rage. The voice of Nature for the first time struck his heart. To deliver himself from reflection, he hastened to share the fate of his family;—he stabb'd himself, he fell furious on the bodies of those he had butchered, and expired in the arms of horror. The lamp burnt out, and darkness, jointly with death, heightened the execrable scene."

And now, the tragedy being concluded, how does our author contrive to make the virtuous French lovers happy? Nothing so easy: the gentleman recovers of his wounds; the lady had been but slightly wounded; fright had thrown her in a fainting fit, and her screams, on her recovery, "had alarmed a legion of creditors who had seized the house," and who carry her to her lover with great alacrity, lest she should expire on the road, they "dreading the expense of her burial." The lovers are reconciled, and slowly recover under the care of a good catholic priest, who is at last seized and carried to prison, simply because he is a priest.

Now comes the last and most amusing scene of all. The lovers sally out, in hopes to gain intelligence of the Chinese philosopher, who has been for some time missing, and the unfortunate priest:—

"One morning they found themselves near Tyburn, and seeing a great mob assembled to view two executions, they turned that way, in hopes of finding, among the crowd, what they wished for. But what was their horror when, in the features of the two sufferers, they could not help recognizing their two dearest friends! What a shock to minds of sensibility! Our hero, as he was unable to relieve them, endeavoured with Cecilia to avoid being a witness of their fate, but in vain, as the crowd was too thick about them. In spite of all endeavours they were forced to be spectators of the death of that good priest, who, but a very little while before, expected to have performed the last offices to them. He gave his blessing to the mob, to their infinite diversion; and he endeavoured to persuade the Chinese to die in the Christian faith. Kin Foe replied, that he would die a philosopher, and a dispute began between them on religion, in which our Mandarin's objections to revelations breathed such a spirit of infidelity and profaneness, that they

interested the populace in his favour. The ecclesiastic was now turned off, but the Mandarin, taking advantage of the English custom, made an harangue to the people. The good philosopher would have quitted life without regret, could he but hope to communicate, even at the last gasp, some spark of humanity to the surrounding Barbarians. He now, with great composure, spoke in favour of the light of Nature, and ridiculed the different religions which prevailed in the world. A murmur now began, 'that this malefactor must be an honest English Protestant, and no Catholic priest, since he made so light of revelation.' The mob arose; in the instant the hangman was knocked on the head, the ordinary overturned in the dirt, the gallows cut to pieces, and the Mandarin set at liberty. For once in their lives our savages took the part of a worthy man in distress, but from a motive exactly suited to their turn of mind. Our lovers lamented their dead friend, but made haste to secure the living one. They embraced him with tears in their eyes, hurried home, and set off for France with the greatest expedition, with firm, but unnecessary protestations, of never revisiting the abominable asylum of The Savages of Europe."

Thus ends a 'Comic Romance,' worthy almost of Scarron himself, plentifully seasoned with grotesque absurdity, rendered all the more *piquante* by the gravity of its relation; and which, no doubt, was gravely read by many of the author's countrymen as a picture of English life and manners, true in the main, but slightly *prononcée* in a few hideous facts, which, however common they might be in England, the inhabitants of the foggy island kept as carefully concealed, as their merits or virtues appear to have been, from the eyes of the redoubtable author of this romance.

It is not unmusing to trace, in the exaggerated incidents of parts of this story, some slight traces of truth—it has been held as an axiom, that no lie can be perfect without it. Such kind of falsehoods as these generally end in forming national prejudices, which can always convert shadows into substance with perfect ease; they have, however, their uses, inasmuch as they teach nations that they are not so immaculate in the eyes of their neighbours as they are in their own; and they should also teach ourselves a charitable forbearance in *believing* much that is imputed, on equally untenable grounds, to our foreign neighbours.

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ART. IV.—Population and Emigration at the beginning of  
the Seventeenth Century.

*A Plaine Path-way to Plantations: that is, a Discourse in generall concerning the Plantation of our English People in other Countries; wherein is declared, That the Attempts or Actions, in themselves are very good and laudable, necessary also for our Country of England. Doubts thereabout are answered: and some meanes are shewed, by which the same may, in better sort than hitherto, be prosecuted and effected.* By RICHARD EBURNE, of Henystridge, in the County of Somerset.—Printed by G. P. for John Marriot, 1624.

AT a time when English emigrants are leaving our shores, like swallows in the wane of summer, and when the need and the end, the good and the gain, of emigration and colonies,—or plantations, as they were called in Mr. Eburne's time,—are so much in our thoughts, and take so large a share in our prints; it cannot be but interesting to see those aspects of emigration at which our forefathers looked the most earnestly more than two hundred years ago.

Although Mr. Eburne writes himself only “Richard Eburne,” it is clear from his book that he was a clergyman. He dedicates the First Part of his book to the Right Reverend Fathers in God, and Honourable Lords, Arthur, Lord Bishop of Bath and Wells; and Robert, Lord Bishop of Bristol; one of whom was his “much and worthily honoured Diocesan,” and the other, his “worthy and favourable Patron;” and he offers a few words in his own behalf, in answer to any that may think it “a point beyond his compasse,” for a divine by profession to deal with plantations, which are commonly taken to be a matter altogether of temporal and secular right. Mr. Eburne’s “much and worthily honoured Diocesan, Arthur, Lord Bishop of Bath and Wells,” was the pious and learned Arthur Lake, who succeeded to his bishopric in 1616, and died in 1626; and his “worthy and favourable patron, Robert, Lord Bishop of Bristol,” was Dr. Robert Wright, who was consecrated in 1622, and translated to Lichfield and Coventry in 1632. Mr. Eburne writes his book in the form of a “conference” between two speakers—*Respire*, a farmer, and *Enrubie* (a kind of anagram of his own name), a merchant; and divides it into Two Parts, “for the more plainnesse, ease, and delight to the reader.” Our copy has a Third Part, which may have been printed after the two others.

Our reverend author strengthens his call to his English brethren in behalf of emigration, with so earnest a cry of *over-population* at home, that it is become no louder even in our times, although one would hardly believe it could have been raised at all in his. In his Dedication he tells his right reverend episcopal friends, that he considered, and viewed, "not without grieve of mind, and sorrow of heart, the great miserie and encumbrance of this our goodly countrie, the countrie of England, by reason of the excessive multitude of people, which therein, at that time present, did swarne and abound." He says elsewhere,—

"Whereas our land even swarmeth with multitude and plentie of people, it is tyme, and high tyme, that like stalls that are overfull of bees, or orchyards overgrowne with young sets, no small number of them should be transplanted into some other soile, and removed hence into new hives and homes."

"The common, that is, the meane sort of people, are even undone, and doe live, in respect of that they did for thirtie or fortie yeeres past, in great needinesse and extremitie; that there is neither hope, nor possibilite of mending this evill, but in the diminution of the number of people in the land."

P. 71. "The multitude that aboundeth in our land, is so exceeding great, that without great riddance, the benefit thereof at home will be little seene and lesse felt."

And again :

"Our land is not able to yeld corne and fruit enough for the feeding of so many as now do lie and live upon it."

To the "Curteous and Christian readers," he says :

"Bee not too much in love with that countrie wherein you were borne ; that countrie which bearing you, yet cannot breed you, but seemeth and is indeed, weary of you. Shee accounts you a burthen to her and incumbrance of her ; you keepe her downe, you hurt her, and make her poore and bare, and together with your owne, you worke and cause, by tarrying within her, her misery and decay, her ruine and undoing."

There is a cry in our days that all trades and professions are overdone, and that the competition for business among craftsmen and tradesmen is so strong, as to be almost a struggle for each other's bread. So was it in Mr. Eburne's time. He says :

P. 63. "There bee so many of all trades, sciences, and occupations ; that one cannot live for another. They that be workmen doe often loyter for lacke of worke, many dayes and weeks together ; and when they can have worke, are faine to doe it better cheape,\* then they can afford, and were wont to doe. So it is with shopkeepers, they hardly can finde any place where to set up shop, all places being already full, and overfull."

\* Compare the French *bon* or *meilleur marché*. *Cheap*, or Saxon *ceap*, meant at first, price or sale.

So strong were the cries of over-population in 1624; and yet the population of England must then have been startlingly small, in comparison with that of the last census. It increased more than 14 per cent. in the ten years between the takings of the census in 1831 and 1841; and, if we could believe that it was always increasing at the same rate, from Mr. Eburne's time to ours, we might reckon that England then bore a population so far less than that which now treads her soil, that it would seem, at first sight, as the result of a false calculation.

The algebraic formula by which we should reach the population of Mr. Eburne's time from the 16 millions of our own, if it had increased at a given rate thenceforth until now, is:—16 millions =  $x \cdot r \cdot n$ ; where  $x$  is the number of millions sought;  $r$  one million with its ratio of increase for the first ten years, and  $n$  the number of tens of years in 224 or 220 years. Now, if our population had increased only after the rate of 5 per cent. every ten years, then  $r$  would be 1.05, and  $n$  would be 22; and the equation would be—

$$\begin{aligned} 16 \text{ millions} &= x \cdot (1.05)^{22}. \\ \text{or, log. } 16 &= \log. x + 22 \log. 1.05; \\ \text{or, log. } 16 &- 22 \log. 1.05 = \log. x. \end{aligned}$$

which, being worked out, would give the population in Mr. Eburne's time much less than half of our 16 millions; and, indeed, in the year 1670, nearly 50 years after the forthcoming of Mr. Eburne's book, the population of England was estimated at only five and a half millions.

What would become of our national burdens and trade, shipping and railways, power and wealth, our post-office system and imported luxuries, and of England herself among nations, if we were now suddenly reduced, by death or emigration, from sixteen to eight or five millions—Mr. Eburne's overwhelming mass of life? We should think England would be undone, through under-population rather than excess of people. Surely a thin population of a hundred or a thousand souls to each county, could not have the same luxuries and commodities, including our penny letter-freight, which we enjoy, whatever others they might share.

Now, either Mr. Eburne's marks of an over-population, and of a need of emigration,—the neediness of the parish-burdening lower ranks, the overwhelming of the land with the poor and their hovels, the disheartening struggle for a livelihood among those whose lives are in their hands, and those who follow trade, with the straitened

incomes of men of all professions,—are tokens of an over-population, or they are not. If they are not, then we have no true marks of an overfulness in our days; for Mr. Eburne's cry of over-population is grounded on the very evils which are said to betoken it to us; and if Mr. Eburne's tokens were not misunderstood, and he was truly living in an over-population, then even the largest emigration of our time can never help us out of our evils; for if more than half the souls of the land were to leave it, we find that the rest would still be an over-population, with all the evils that multitude brings upon us now.

If ours is an over-population, and, as such only, has brought on itself the evils which we hear imputed to it, then we must believe that it has always been increasing since the incoming of the Saxons, so there must have been, somewhere between the days of Victoria and Hengist, a happy ten or twenty or fifty years, when England's population was neither too great nor too small. Yet on what grounds of history can we believe that our land has come through so happy a time, or under what Heaven-favoured king lived the lucky generation with whom want, neediness, and a hard struggle for a livelihood, were wholly unknown? It was not in the time of King James the First, Mr. Eburne tells us. He had an over-population. Neither does the happy golden age seem to have fallen upon the Saxons: for some of them were starving when they were yet few in the land, and when each of them therefore, as we may believe, might have had the produce of a much larger share of it, than the division of the soil could give an Englishman now: for we read of a good lady of those times, Geatflæd, who ordered by her will the manumission of all the poor men who had "bent their heads in the evil day for food," or those who had found themselves starving for want, and had sold themselves to her for a morsel of bread: not because the land could not afford a living to the population she then bore, for she now feeds more souls with her own produce; but because the needy ones, from some other cause, had not won what she was ready to yield them.

Mr. Squiers, in his book on Nicaragua, says of the plain of Leon, (in Nicaragua), that a great quantity of land is cleared, and not more than half of it under cultivation, so that it is not overburdened with men; and yet, even there, some of the *Carreteros*, or draymen, are so poor, that they cannot buy a dray whereby they may win their hard-earned livelihood, but rent drays of their richer brethren of the whip.

A few wretched and half-barbarous tribes of Arabs, or Chaldeans or Turkmans, now occupy the plain of Shinar, where once spread the great city of Nineveh, wherein were six score thousand persons that could not discern between their right hand and their left—children under four or five years old,—and wherein, therefore, we must conclude from the nearly constant proportion of such children to folk of all other ages, that there must have lived a population of nearly two millions of souls; while the land bore smaller towns with multitudes equally thick, and could send forth under Sennacherib, a force of 185,000 men. Must we conclude that if any of that dense population won, with hard struggles, but a scanty living, their neediness was the effect of over-population; when there are now among the miserable tribes of the same land, we are told, “women lean and haggard” and Arabs, who being too poor to buy the black goat-hair cloth of which their tents are made, erect small huts of reeds and dried grass? Whether their need arise from Turkish extortion, or nomadic life, or aught else, it is not because the land is overburthened with them. Indeed it may and does happen, that the earth may have resources of food and wealth, which only a dense population could open. There are found in the plain of Shinar, relics of great works which were built by the thick population of the old Chaldeans, for the watering of the lands from the Euphrates: but those works would call for more labour than could be given by the few little tribes of Arabs, or others who now sit down by the waters of Babylon, though they were easily effected by a dense population of the Chaldeans; and so far increased the fertility of the land as to make it give forth still more freely the food of thousands, if not millions, besides them. It is calculated that a million of human beings exhale into the atmosphere, in twenty-four hours, 165 tons of carbon, one of the greatest pabula of plants: and therefore every additional child born into the world is affording, from the first and every following breath he draws, elements that go to the formation of plants that become human food: if not of the very wheat whose flour shall make the bread of his next year's sop.

What then is an over-population? Nobody has ever told us. It may be a population that is too great. Too great for what? To be fed by the land. What land? The land on which they live, or the land from which they may draw food by traffic?

The population of London is too great for the land of London, but is fed by trade, from other lands within and without England;

and the population of England, if it is too great for the land of England, may be fed by trade from others. It may be said, that an over-population is one so thick that there is too great a competition among its members for the necessaries of life; and many of them are needy, and outwearing themselves with hopeless struggles against each other for a livelihood. This would be begging the question; since it would be presuming what is yet to be shown, that neediness, and competition, with hard struggles for a livelihood, are the consequences only of a thick population. The neediness of the working or lower classes of a community has been more often loosely referred to over-population, than clearly traced to it. If such classes have starved in a thin population, as they may be starving in a dense one, *cadit quæstio*, as they say in the schools,—their need ought not to be imputed to over-population, till it may be clearly seen to be the consequence of it and of nothing else.

It may be said that the men of Mr. Eburne's times were mistaken in their belief of an over-population; but that we are not. Yet, surely, they knew, without mistake, the presence of the evils which they imputed to over-population: and whether they rightly or wrongly imputed them to over-population, we shall allow by that for which we take them now.

The good time gone of moderate population, neither too great nor too small, seemed to Mr. Eburne to have been the population of England, at the beginning of the reign of Queen Elizabeth; and he thinks that “unlesse it may againe be reduced to *that mediocritie at least and there stand*, the land can be in no tolerable estate.” Unluckily, however, for this opinion, Elizabeth was the very Queen whose good heart was so smitten with the great misery of the breadless poor, after the dissolution of the monasteries, to which they had been onhangers, that she made the poor laws, the need of which Mr. Eburne would seem to impute to an over-population.

In Australia we may believe there is an under-population, as they are calling aloud for emigrants to share their land, and thicken their wide-scattered huts; and yet we see by some Melbourne newspapers that there are bankruptcies among them, and that they have a hospital receiving free contributions, and, we should think therefore, receiving unpaying and poor patients.

The cry of over-population has been raised over Ireland; which, in truth, has had more starving or almost breadless children than

England : and yet, if we take the land both in England and Ireland, and divide the acres of each by its population, we shall find that there is more soil, by a half, to a man in Ireland, than there is in England ; and therefore, that at least eleven millions of men, free from that unknown or unconfessed something of evil that withstands Ireland's wealth, would thrive better in Ireland, than her seven or six millions do now.

If it be said that an over-population is one where a workman's handskill and a tradesman's best care cannot win him a good livelihood, we shall find, on one hand, men whose skill and care are now winning them wealth in England ; and, on the other, we shall have known men whose hands have been insufficient for them from known causes, other than over-population. We knew in our youth an old man who had been apprenticed to a pewterer ; and by the time he had become a free workman, pewter was going out of wear, and there was no call for his skill : and we can recollect the good George's days of leather breeches, with some of their thriving makers, and a jolly farmer, who was the wearer of a pair well veneered with a dark coating of grease and dirt, on which, with a wooden style, he worked out his commercial reckonings, as a Roman wrote on the wax-coated tablet : and when the breeches of buck-skin—than which, when they were wet, nothing could fit closer—gave place to the heel-reaching length of the cloth trousers, we knew some of the brotherhood of buckskin stitchers thrown out of bread. A nation's fashions, businesses, and occupations, are always changing, to the evil of some men, though to the good of others.

Some seem to talk as if an increase of population always brought competition for business without increase of business ; but yet one would think that if there were an increase of a thousand to a population of a provincial town, it could not be an unmitigated evil to any one craftsman ; inasmuch as instead of being all makers of his wares, many of them would be consumers of them.

If, however, it should be true that an over-population is such, as it is rated by the land, and that there is always an over-population where there is not a given quantity of land for every soul, reckoning the people one with the other : then it must follow that manufactures, which foster populations beyond the ratio of land, are a nation's greatest evil, and ought to be discouraged. Our own opinion is, however, that both a dense and a thin population, like savage and civilized life, have each sundry forms of good, and com-

modities of well-being, which the other wants; and that every man will more wisely choose one or the other of them as he may most desire those forms of worldly good of which it affords the most.

One blessing which Mr. Eburne thought would follow the plantation of Newfoundland or other colonies, was the conversion of the natives to the Church of Christ. "That by learning their language," he says, "and teaching them ours, by training up their children, and by continual and familiar converse and commerce with them, they may be drawne and induced, perswaded and brought to renounce their owne Heathenisms, Idolatries, Blasphemies, and Devill-worships;" a good thought, which the settlers in North America, and some other colonies, seem to have forgotten; since, unhappily, the whites, and among them the English, have been the cause of bodily death rather than spiritual life, to most of the savage tribes of their colonies. In Pickering's *Races of Men* we read: "The aborigines of our eastern states have been suffered to pass away [an euphemismus, we suppose, for "have been killed or starved off"] with little care taken to preserve a record of their attainments, or of the arts in their possession: another century, and of their implements, some hatchets and arrow-heads will almost alone be left to tell that such a people has existed." And we are told in the same book, (Pickering's *Races of Men*), that it was novel and interesting to perceive one physical race (Chilians) quietly giving place to another (whites) without outrage or oppression." Very interesting, but not so novel, unless the novelty of it was that they were starved off, and not killed by the sword or thong.

The good old Captain Davis, the navigator, writes to Secretary Walsingham, of the conversion of the Americans, with an open-mindness quite pretty. He says, "If these people (the Indians of America) were once brought over to the Christian faith, they might soon be brought to relish a more civilized kind of life, *and be thereby induced to take off great quantities of our coarser woollen manufactures.*"

Of the right of the English to take the lands and livelihood of weak tribes, Mr. Eburne speaks in *one* way with a Christian spirit. He says, the right of the King of Spain, he supposes, "cannot in any equitie or reason be any sufficient barre to any CHRISTIAN PRINCE, why he should not yet, by any lawfull and good meanes, seize into his hands, and hold as his owne right, whatsoever countries and lands are not before actually inhabited or possessed by him, the Spaniard, or some other Christian Prince or State."

Unchristian tribes have no rights in Mr. Eburne's Christian code. Christians may plunder all who are not yet within the fold of the Church. No wonder the American tribes have been starved off instead of being baptized into rights against us.

When Mr. Squiers was in Nicaragua, he was asked by some Indians of Subtraba about the Indian population of the United States; and he says, "I blush to say it, I was ashamed to tell them the truth." Cain was asked for his brother, and evaded the question. A newspaper account of the Crystal Palace says: "Newfoundland contributors do not pretend to an interest in the works of the *lost* people who once inhabited it." These were some of the people of whose conversion Mr. Eburne was thinking. There is not, we believe, a single man left of the aborigines of Van Diemen's Land, or St. Domingo; and Dr. Lang tells us, that a bushranger had confessed, under sentence of death, that he had often shot the black natives to feed his dogs.

At page 10, Mr. Eburne allows to slip from his pen another cause of the misery of the lower classes, besides over-population,—the hardness of naughty landlords; and tells us that matters would mend "if some good course might bee taken for restraint of excessive *fines* and *rents*, whereby landlords now a daies, grinde the faces of the poore, and draw into their own hands all the sweet and fat of the land."

Mr. Eburne imputes much of the vice of the time to idleness, and the idleness to over-population; and says, "that if the superfluous multitude of the land were removed, the idle would, for their owne need, fall to worke, and leave idleness; because that multitude removed, they should have none to do their work for them, while they goe to playing, potting, and otherlike vaine and idle courses." And truly the increase of men, living by their wits, or by professions of bad influence on society, and the increase of begging, and of reckles, if not premeditated, insolvency, are a fearful blight on the fruits of toil. The consumption of a gay and insolvent spend-thrift is most awfully large. His horses and carriage, and wine and grogs, and meats and cigars, and clothing, firing, and travelling, are all most costly, as the production of the labour of many hands; and while he calls upon the community for a large supply of them, he gives no equivalent for them, and therefore all the labour that yielded them is wholly lost, and the wealth is so much less than it ought to be. Mr. Eburne speaks strongly of the idleness of the English of his time, and says, that they were "so given to immo-

derate ease and quietnesse that they could not be stirred to hear of a plantation." Is there much truth in this? Mr. Eburne lived at the latter end of our age of pastoral poetry and madrigal music, which savour much of the love of ease and peace of which he speaks. Some of the idlers of Mr. Eburne's time had "worke enough of their owne to doe; but counted it a disgrace to men of their means to work in their vocation;" and, notwithstanding the badness of the times, hired others to do their work, and they themselves the while did worse than nothing; for Mr. Eburne says of them, "they live idly, spend their time vainely, lye at the alehouse or taverne, bibbing and bowsing beastly, sit at cards or tables loosely, haunt idle and lewd company shamefully, and give themselves to no good practice or exercise commendably, but runne on from ill to worse." Hence we should think that trade could not be very bad, when business that might have been transacted by one man would pay an agent, and still yield the principal a fair gain.

Mr. Eburne thinks plantations would be of great advantage to the State, as the settlers might "within a little while grow rich, and become *subsidy men*, paying taxes into the king's coffers," a thought that was unluckily transmitted from Mr. Eburne's time, if not from himself, into the head of Mr. Pitt, and bred the loss of our American colonies.

For the too-fond lovers of their fatherland, Mr. Eburne quotes a distich of Ovid :

" Omne solum forti patria est, ut piscibus æquor :  
Et volueri vacuo quicquid in orbe patet."

And Englishes it with better reason than rhyme :

" Unto a valiant-minded man each country good is his :  
As is wide world unto the birds, and broad sea to the fish."

Mr. Eburne was dismayed at the shrinking of the woods in his day, and his heart was wrung at the foresight of the fireless houses in which the next generation, unless they should be kept down by emigration, would shiver through the winter for the want of wood firing. Speaking, at p. 22, of the two much desired commodities in all good habitations, *wood* and *water*, in the plantations, he says, in a parenthesis: ("the former whereof so fast decaies with us, that very want of it only, within few yeers, is like to prove exceeding hurtfull to our land, and can be no way repaired, but by transplanting the people.") Little thinking that more than 200 years after his time there would be running up and down the land, and wielding their

mighty limbs in cyclopean labours, hundreds upon hundreds of salamanders of steam-engines, devouring a year's fuel of the little parish of Henstridge, as it were, for a breakfast : though, in some parts of the country, where a squirrel might then leap on the boughs from one village to another, we should now need an arrow to fly from tree to tree of the greatly cleared land.

Such fears as Mr. Eburne's at the wasting of the woods, have, in our time, made some uneasy for the consequences of the fast consumption of coal. "The wood will soon be burnt up, and there will be no fuel," cries Mr. Eburne. The coal will be all consumed, and then what shall we do? cry others now. Let them ask rather what God will do? He knew what He would do when wood was shrinking, and only He knows what He will do for us when the coal is burnt.

In Mr. Eburne's Second Dialogue he names some ways in which he believes money may be gathered for the plantation :

- 1st. By letters patent under the great seal, with briefs directed to the bishops or sheriffs.
- 2d. From the justices of every shire, may be received some part of that money which quarterly at their sessions is received by the name of *Hospital money*.
- 3d. As many recommend in our days, by parish money, appropriated to that end by the overseers, and churchwardens.
- 4th. By a rate or tax ; and,
- 5th. By base moneys of brass or copper.

This, he thinks, would make the settlers strive to work up the commodities of the new land, whereby they might traffic for English goods ; and, therefore would make them follow tillage and stock-breeding, as "silver and gold coins are the very begetters of hoarding covetousnesse ;" and while they would be rich with each other, yet, like honeyless bees, they would have no wealth to draw the plunderer upon them. He recommends that body-strong vagrants and criminal prisoners should be sent to the plantations, and England would be thus "purged of evil weeds." And he hints that "of the infinite store of houses erected in corners and waste plots, under hedges, and by the high-waie sides, contrarie to the Statute of 31 Eliz., vii, some taken by lot, or otherwise, might be pulled down, and the tenants warned to get houses elsewhere,"—it would be hard to do so with decreasing houses and a growing population,—"or else to leave the land." And Mr. Eburne is still harder upon inmates, or poor lodgers in the houses of poor house-

holders, the riddance of whom, he thinks, would be a great disburdening of many a parish of intolerable and annual expense. He had said of the plantation, "that none be constrained thereunto, but only such admitted as of themselves be willing," unless they are lawbreakers. But yet, by his working of a law against wayside cottages, and inmates, he would get the unwilling into his net; for a cottager's house was to be pulled down, and he was to be bidden to get another, *where there was none to be had*, or leave the land. He must, therefore, leave England of his own free will, or become an inmate; and then by the statute against inmates, he was a law-breaker, and was to be transported.

Mr. Eburne recommended that "poor men's children, both boyes and maids, but maids especially, of nine or ten yeeres old and upward, should be taken up, and by Statute 43 Eliz., ii, and 1 James, xxv, be apprenticed to emigrants, and thus carried off to the plantations. *Respire* had intimated that maimed soldiers should be sent to the colonies, as the Romans "made great reckoning of such men in theirs; but *Enrubie* answers, that "the Romans provided liberall maintenance for such as could not labour, but we provide roome in ours for them onely that can labour; maimed souldiers are often-times not serviceable," he says, "and, therefore, will be a burthen to the whole where they come." None are now helped by the government to our colonies unless they can show testimony of a blameless life, and qualities of body and mind with which they might be welcome in the best community. And a worthy speaker, at a meeting in the West of England, has said, "It was no good for any person to come forward to emigrate, who did not intend, by God's blessing, to be an industrious and sober person."

It seems, therefore, to be a common opinion that the unproductive, the old, the insane, the idiotic, the unhealthy, who must eat and drink only the labour of others; the thief, the swindler, the sharper, the sponger, and idler, and beggar, the prostitute and drunkard, the pickpocket, and poacher; and the spendthrift, if not rogue, who may live on his neighbours by the cunning handling of the laws of insolvency, are all to stay in England and feed on the vitals of the community. The good are to be diminished, and the bad are not. We cannot clearly understand what good the home-abiding good men are to receive from this one-sided diminution. Their good brethren, it is true, will go out of competition with them for their livelihood; but then they will leave on their hands

an increased weight of the nation's burthens. To diminish the unproductive would be to ease the shoulders of the workers from a share of their toil; but to diminish the productive and leave the burthen alone, would increase its weight upon them.

The death of every experienced and good officer in an Indian army on the field, might, it is true, afford promotion to the inexperienced and worthless, if only such were left, but still it would impair the army's efficiency; and the death of five out of every twenty sound men, in a parish burdened with cretins, might leave the others under less competition for work, but under an increased weight of cretins to keep.

Mr. Eburne recommends the outsending of clergymen and school-masters with settlers, and the formation of parishes and dioceses; so that he was not far behind the wisdom of our enlightened time. He tells us, at p. 19, that many had of late years removed, to their and England's good, to Ireland. It seems, however, from what he writes elsewhere, that all did not better themselves, as he had heard men of good sense, and substance say, they would be willing to bestow out of their parish ten pounds a year towards the setting forth of some of the poor, "so as they might be assured they should not, after a yeare or two, as from the *Irish* some have done, come home againe, and encumber them worse than before. These emigrations to Ireland seem to have been those of the colonies founded in Donegal, Tyrone, Derry, Fermanagh, Cavan, and Armagh, by James I, when he took the lands from the Irish after the rebellion of the Earl of Tyrone (*Tir-Oen*), in 1595. In the sixth year of King James, 1609, the Earl of Tyrone, Sir John O'Dougherty, and others, lords of six counties, who were impatient of the sitting of the English judges and justices in their lordships, began to gather followers for rebellion against the English power; but being unsuccessful in their rising they fled to Spain, and the king confiscated their lands. The city of London bought a large share of them; and a great colony was set in Ulster, of English, Welsh, and Scots. The king took also a fourth of the lands of the Irish in Leinster; where they had expelled the older English settlers; and in the peace which followed these events, and lasted about forty years, many English became landowners and settlers in Ireland.

The plantations or colonies in hand in 1624, Mr. Eburne tells us, were Newfoundland, the Bermudas or Summer Islands, Virginia, Guiana, New England, and New Scotland.

Mr. Eburne recommended Newfoundland rather than other colonies, for the following among other reasons;

- 1st. Because it was one of the nearest to England, not more than fourteen or fifteen days' sail with a good wind.
- 2d. Because it was most out of the way of pirates.
- 3d. Because it was yearly visited by fishery ships.
- 4th. Because it was not over large.
- 5th. Because it was of temperate and healthy climate.
- 6th. Because its soil was good.
- 7th. Because it was rich in fish and fowl.
- 8th. Because, for the *most part*, it was utterly void of *all* inhabitants, *salvages*, or other.

Plantations had been begun in Newfoundland :

(1.) By the Right Hon. Henry Lord Cary, Vicount Falkland, then Lord Deputy of Ireland.

(2.) The Right Hon. Sir George Calvert, Knight, Secretary to the King's most Excellent Majesty, to whom Mr. Eburne dedicated the Second Part of his Dialogues, had "a godly plantation there, of not above 5 or 6 yeeres undertaking."

(3.) Master John Slang, of London, Merchant, and some others with him, had a plantation in Newfoundland.

(4.) Divers worshipfull citizens of the city of Bristoll, owned a settlement there; and,

(5.) Another belonged to Master William Vaughan, of Tarrocod, in the county of Carmarthen, Doctor of the Civill Law.

Mr. Eburne's book might have helped to bring Poole, and some other places in the county of Dorset, into their trading connexion with Newfoundland. A great deal of swanskin, a thick and close kind of flannel for Newfoundland wear, was formerly woven at Starminster Newton; and some of the Poole shipping has long been engaged in the Newfoundland fish trade.

Speaking of the ease of a summer voyage, Mr. Eburne says, " You may sit in your chaire, or lie in your bed at will, and passe along as delicately as doe our gentlemen that ride in their *coach* :" whence it seems that coaches were not uncommon; though in a "four-years" diary of a gentleman of the west of England, beginning eighty years later, we find only one mention of a coach. *Respire* hints, that the removing of a great number of people would be a great weakening and impoverishing to our land," to which *Enrubie* answers :

" No, none at all, since the multitude whose removall should chiefly be intended, is neither apt, for want of education, being of the ruder sort; nor able for want of means, being for the most part, of the poorer sort; to strengthen us. There may be more doubt of them, rather, lest in time of peace, they raise tumults, and fall to uproars for their bellies sake; and in time of warre, lest they joyne with the enemy; and take parts against us, for our pillage and livings sake."

Mr. Eburne tells his readers, that there are three ways of making a plantation :

(1.) By *Composition*, “ When seeking to gaine a country already *somewhat* peopled, we doe upon faire conditions, as by profering them defence against their enemies, supply of their wants, namely, of apparell, armour, edge-tooles, and the like, allure and winne them to enter league with us, to agree that we shall dwell among them.”

(2.) We plant by *Preoccupation*, he says, “ when finding a country *quite void of people*, as no doubt in America yet there are many, as was the Bermudas, now called Summer Islands, for few yeeres past, and as is at this present, *for the most part*, New-foundland ; we scize upon it, take it, possesse it, and as by the Lawes of God and Nations, lawfully we may hold it as our owne ; and so, till and replenish it, with our people.”

(3.) A plantation by *Invasion* or a taking of a peopled land from its inhabitants by the sword.

The reasoning by which Mr. Eburne places Newfoundland among countries that may be planted by preoccupation, is not fully sound. “ A land quite void of people,” he says, “ may be planted by preoccupation ;” from which affirmative we may take the negative, that a land *not* quite void of people may not be planted by preoccupation : and as he allows that Newfoundland is only for the *most part*, and therefore *not quite* void of people, the conclusion is that it could not be planted by preoccupation. Mr. Eburne’s definitions and his language upon Newfoundland, would show that it should have been colonized by composition.

#### ART. V.—*Remarkable Providences of the Earlier Days of American Colonisation.*

*An Essay for the recording of Illustrious Providences : wherein an Account is given of many remarkable and very memorable events which have happened in this last age ; especially in New England.* By INCREASE MATHER, Teacher of a Church at Boston, in New England. Printed at Boston, in New England, and are to be sold by George Calvert, at the sign of the Half-Moon, in Paul’s Church-yard, London. 1684.

THE early days of the history of the colony of New England were days of imagination and romance. The colonists were most of them men of profound piety, who had carried with them the strong and superstitious feelings which characterised their puritan brethren in England. They were few in number ; settled in a wild and slightly populated country ; exposed to dangers of every description ; and

on precarious terms with the fierce and warlike Indian tribes who surrounded them. Like the monks of the earlier ages of Christianity, who settled in the wilderness, and believed that it was peopled with demons, the pious settlers in the far-west saw the agency of Satan and his imps in everything they suffered; and they were convinced that the immediate interference of God's providence was visible in every event of their daily life. Those events, indeed, were more than usually remarkable, and were not ill-calculated to foster the superstitious feeling they had brought over with them. Very imperfectly acquainted with the seas they had to navigate, they were constantly in perils from storms, which ignorance of the climate hindered them from foreseeing. This very ignorance led them to magnify the dangers, and to attribute every thing to supernatural agency; and a passion for the marvellous led them to import, and study especially, all the treatises and narratives of witchcraft, which issued then abundantly from the press in England; until, in the latter half of the seventeenth century, the sorcery mania transplanted itself to their new land, and scattered its baleful influence in wildest mischief amongst them.

An extraordinary family of divines had been settled in New England, in the time of Charles I. Their name was Mather. Richard Mather, a native of Lancashire, fled from persecution in England, in 1635, and was made minister at Dorchester, in Massachusetts. Of his sons, two, Samuel and Nathaniel, returned to Europe, and were distinguished as ministers of the gospel in England and Ireland. Two others, Eleazer and Increase, were eminent in the same profession, in America. Dr. Increase Mather was one of the most distinguished of the American divines, was president of Harvard College (Cambridge, Massachusetts), and was the author of very numerous publications. His son, Dr. Cotton Mather, who was minister in Boston, was not less celebrated than his father; and he had a son also, Dr. Samuel Mather, who was well known by his preaching and his writings. The weakness and credulity of Cotton Mather contributed not a little to the spread of the sorcery mania, which caused so much mischief in the colony, from 1688 to 1693. Dr. Increase Mather seems not to have shared entirely in the credulity of his son; and it is said that he opposed the violent measures which were unfortunately adopted by the colonists. Nevertheless, he was by no means free from the superstitious feeling of his fellows, as is proved by his acts, and by some of his writings. We learn from him, that some of the most distinguished ministers

of the gospel, in England and Ireland, had, a little before the Restoration, projected the joint publication of a record of remarkable "providences," which had occurred in those countries, or elsewhere. The course of events apparently caused the design to be laid aside; but some years afterwards, information of this design was communicated by Hartlib, the friend of Milton, to his acquaintance in New England, with some details of the plan. This plan, or one founded upon it, was thereupon laid before a general meeting of the ministers of New England, on the 12th of May, 1681, and it was resolved that it should be immediately acted upon. The plan laid before the ministers was this—

*"Some Proposals concerning the Recording of Illustrious Providences."*

I. In order to the promoving of a design of this nature, so as shall be indeed for God's glory, and the good of Posterity, it is necessary that utmost care shall be taken that all and only Remarkable Providences be recorded and published.

II. Such divine judgments, tempests, floods, earth-quakes, thunders as are unusual; strange apparitions, or whatever else shall happen that is prodigious; witchcrafts, diabolical possessions, remarkable judgments upon noted sinners. Eminent deliverances, and answers of prayer, are to be reckoned among illustrious providences.

III. Inasmuch as we find in scripture, as well as in ecclesiastical history, that the ministers of God have been improved in the recording and declaring the works of the Lord; and since they are in divers respects under peculiar advantages thereunto, it is proposed that each one in that capacity may diligently enquire into, and record, such illustrious providences as have happened, or from time to time shall happen, in the places whereunto they do belong; and that the witnesses of such notable occurrences be likewise set down in writing.

IV. Although it be true, that this design cannot be brought unto perfection in one or two years, yet it is much to be desired that something may be done therein out of hand, as a specimen of a more large volume, that so this work may be set on foot, and posterity may be encouraged to go on therewith.

V. It is therefore proposed, that the elders may concur in desiring some one, that hath leisure and ability for the management of such an undertaking, with all convenient speed to begin therewith.

VI. And that therefore other elders do, without delay, make enquiry concerning the remarkable occurrences that have formerly fallen out, or may fall out hereafter, where they are concerned, and transmit them unto the aforesaid person, according to the directions above specified, in order to a speedy publication.

VII. That notice be given of these proposals unto our brethren, the elders of the neighbour colonies, that so we may enjoy their concurrence, and assistance herein.

VIII. When any thing of this nature shall be ready for the press, it appears on sundry grounds very expedient, that it should be read and approved of, at some meeting of the elders, before publication."

The execution of this plan was entrusted to Dr. Increase Mather, but the only result appears to have been the curious—and now rare—little volume, the title of which is given at the head of the present article, which the author tells us was only intended as a specimen of the design.

Dr. Mather has classified, under different heads, his examples of remarkable providences, and he has intermixed them with some theological and philosophical disquisitions. His stories are partly American and partly English; and it is hardly necessary to state, that the former are the most interesting, on account of their novelty and authenticity, for they are mostly taken from the oral or written reports of those who had been concerned in them, while the others are mere republications from well-known English writers. Dr. Mather begins with what would naturally enough present themselves, first to his mind, extraordinary accidents by sea, which the colonists experienced in their then long voyage from Europe, or in their progress along the coasts of their new country. One of the most remarkable of these stories is the narrative of the shipwreck of Mr. Anthony Thatcher, a minister of Boston, taken from a letter from Mr. Thatcher to his brother, written immediately after the event, which is so interesting and affecting, that, though rather long, it deserves to be given entire.

"I must turn my drowned pen and shaking hand, to indite the story of such sad news as never before this happened in New England. There was a league of perpetual friendship between my cousin Avery (note that this Mr. Avery was a precious holy minister, who came out of England with Mr. Anthony Thacher) and myself never to forsake each other to the death, but to be partakers of each other's misery or welfare, as also of habitation in the same place. Now, upon our arrival in New England, there was an offer made unto us. My cousin Avery was invited to Marble-head, to be their pastor in due time; there being no church planted there as yet, but a town appointed to set up the trade of fishing. Because many there (the most being fishermen) were something loose and remiss in their behaviour, my cousin Avery was unwilling to go thither, and so refusing we went to Newberry, intending thereto to sit down. But, being solicited so often, both by the men of the place, and by the magistrates, and by Mr. Cotton, and most of the ministers, who alleged what a benefit we might be to the people there, and also to the country and commonwealth, at length we embraced it, and thither consented to go. They of Marble-head forthwith sent a pinnace for us and our goods. We embarked at Ipswich, August 11, 1635, with our families and substance, bound for Marble-head, we being in all twenty-three souls; viz., eleven in my cousin's family, seven in mine, and one Mr. William Elliott, sometimes of New Sarum, and four mariners. The next morning, having commended ourselves to God, with cheerful hearts, we hoisted sail; but the Lord suddenly turned our cheerfulness into mourning and lamenta-

tions. For on the 14th of this August, 1635, about ten at night, having a fresh gale of wind, our sails being old and done were split. The mariners, because that it was night, would not put to new sails, but resolved to cast anchor till the morning. But before daylight, it pleased the Lord to send so mighty a storm, as the like was never known in New England since the English came, nor in the memory of any of the Indians. It was so furious that our anchor came home; whereupon the mariners let out more cable, which at last slipped away. Then our sailors knew not what to do, but we were driven before the wind and waves. My cousin and I perceived our danger, solemnly recommending ourselves to God, the Lord both of earth and seas, expecting with every wave to be swallowed up and drenched in the deeps. And as my cousin, his wife, and my tender babes, sat comforting and cheering one the other in the Lord, against ghastly death, which every moment stared us in the face, and sat triumphing upon each one's forehead, we were, by the violence of the waves, and fury of the winds (by the Lord's permission), lifted up upon a rock between two high rocks, yet all was one rock, but it raged with the stroke which came into the pinnace, so as we were presently up to our middles in water, as we sat. The waves came furiously and violently over us, and against us, but by reason of the rocks proportion could not lift us off, but beat her all to pieces. Now look with me upon our distress, and consider of my misery, who beheld the ship broken, the water in her, and violently overwhelming us, my goods and possessions swimming in the seas, my friends almost drowned, and mine own poor children so untimely (if I may so term it without offence), before mine own eyes drowned, and ready to be swallowed up and dashed to pieces against the rocks by the merciless waves, and myself ready to accompany them. But I must go on to an end of this woeful relation. In the same room whereas he sat, the master of the pinnace not knowing what to do, our foremast was cut down, our main-mast broken into three pieces, the fore part of the pinnace beat away, our goods swimming about the seas, my children bewailing me, as not pitying themselves, and myself bemoaning them; poor souls, whom I had occasioned to such an end in their tender years, wheras they could scarce be sensible of death! And so likewise my cousin, his wife, and his children, and both of us bewailing each other, in our Lord and only Saviour, Jesus Christ, in whom only we had comfort and cheerfulness, insomuch, that from the greatest to the least of us, there was not one screech or out-cry made, but all as silent sheep, were contentedly resolved to die together lovingly, as since our acquaintance we had lived together friendly. Now, as I was sitting in the cabin room door, with my body in the room, when lo, one of the sailors, by a wave being washed out of the pinnace, was gotten in again, and coming into the cabin room over my back, cried out, we are all cast away, the Lord have mercy upon us! I have been washed overboard into the sea, and am gotten in again. His speeches made me look forth. And looking towards the sea, and seeing how we were, I turned myself to my cousin and the rest, and spake these words: Oh, cousin, it hath pleased God to cast us here between two rocks, the shore not far off from us, for I saw the tops of trees when I looked forth. Whereupon, the master of the pinnace looking up at the scuttle hole of the quarter deck, went out at it, but I never saw him afterwards. Then he that had been in the sea went out again by me, and leapt overboard towards the rocks, whom afterwards also I could not see. Now none were left in the barque that I knew or saw, but my cousin, his wife and children,

myself and mine, and his maid-servant. But my cousin thought I would have fled from him, and said unto me, Oh cousin, leave us not, let us die together, and reached forth his hand unto me. Then I, letting go my son Peter's hand, took him by the hand, and said, Cousin, I purpose it not, whither shall I go? I am willing and ready to die with you, and my poor children. God be merciful to us, and receive us to Himself, adding these words, the Lord is able to help and deliver us. He answered, saying, Truth cousin, but what his pleasure is we know not; I fear we have been too unthankful for former deliverances, but He hath promised to deliver us from sin and condemnation, and to bring us safe to heaven, through the all-sufficient satisfaction of Jesus Christ—this, therefore, we may challenge of Him. To which I replying, said, that is all the deliverance I now desire and expect. Which words I had no sooner spoken, but by a mighty wave I was with the piece of the barque washed out upon part of the rock, where the wave left me almost drowned; but recovering my feet, I saw above me on the rock, my daughter Mary, to whom I had no sooner gotten, but my cousin Avery, and his eldest son, came to us, being all four of us washed out by one and the same wave; we went into a small hole on the top of the rock, whence we called to those in the pinnace to come unto us, supposing we had been in more safety than they were in. My wife, seeing us there, was crept up into the scuttle of the quarter deck, to come unto us, but presently came another wave, and dashing the pinnace all to pieces, carried my wife away in the scuttle, as she was, with the greater part of the quarter deck, unto the shore, where she was cast safely; but her legs were something bruised; and much timber of the vessel being there also cast, she was some time before she could get away, being washed by the waves. All the rest that were in the barque were drowned in the merciless seas. We four, by that wave, were clean swept away from off the rock also, into the sea; the Lord, in one instant of time, disposing of fifteen souls of us, according to his good pleasure and will. His pleasure and wonderful great mercy to me was thus. Standing on the rock, as before you heard, with my eldest daughter, my cousin, and his eldest son, looking upon, and talking to them in the barque, whenas we were, by that merciless wave, washed off the rock, as before you heard. God, in his mercy, caused me to fall by the stroke of the wave, flat on my face, for my face was towards the sea, insomuch that as I was sliding off the rock into the sea, the Lord directed my toes into a joint in the rock's side, as also the tops of some of my fingers, with my right hand, by means whereof, the wave leaving me, I remained so, having in the rock only my head above the water. When on the left hand I espied a board or plank of the pinnace. And as I was reaching out my left hand to lay hold on it, by another coming over the top of the rock, I was washed away from the rock, and by the violence of the waves was driven hither and thither in the seas a great while, and had many dashes against the rocks. At length, past hopes of life, and wearied in body and spirits, I even gave over to nature, and being ready to receive in the waters of death, I lifted up both my heart and hands to the God of heaven—for note, I had my senses remaining perfect with me all the time that I was under and in the water—who at that instant lifted my head above the top of the water, that so I might breathe without any hindrance by the waters. I stood bolt upright, as if I had stood upon my feet, but I felt no bottom, nor had any footing for to stand upon, but the waters. While I was thus above the water, I saw by me a piece of the mast, as I suppose, about three foot

long, which I laboured to catch into my arms. But suddenly I was overwhelmed with water, and driven to and fro again, and at last I felt the ground with my right foot. When immediately, whilst I was thus grovelling on my face, I presently, recovering my feet, was in the water up to my breast, and through God's great mercy had my face unto the shore, and not to the sea. I made haste to get out, but was thrown down on my hands with the waves, and so with safety crept to the dry shore; where, blessing God, I turned about to look for my children and friends, but saw neither, nor any part of the pinnace, where I left them, as I supposed. But I saw my wife about a butt length from me, getting herself forth from amongst the timber of the broken barque; but before I could get unto her, she was gotten to the shore. I was in the water after I was washed from the rock, before I came to the shore, a quarter of an hour at least. When we were come to each other, we went and sat under the bank. But fear of the sea's roaring, and our coldness, would not suffer us there to remain. But we went up into the land, and sat us down under a cedar tree, which the wind had thrown down, where we sat about an hour, almost dead with cold. But now the storm was broken up, and the wind was calm, but the sea remained rough and fearful to us. My legs were much bruised, and so was my head; other hurt had I none, neither had I taken in much quantity of water; but my heart would not let me sit still any longer, but I would go to see if any more were gotten to the land in safety, especially hoping to have met with some of my own poor children, but I could find none, neither dead, nor yet living. You condole with me my miseries, who now began to consider of my losses. Now came to my remembrance the time and manner, how and when I last saw and left my children and friends. One was severed from me sitting on the rock at my feet, the other three in the pinnace: my little babe (Ah, poor Peter!) sitting in his sister Edith's arms, who, to the uttermost of her power, sheltered him from the waters; my poor William standing close unto them, all three of them looking ruefully on me on the rock; their very countenances calling on me to help them, whom I could not go unto, neither could they come at me, neither would the merciless waves afford me space or time to use any means at all, either to help them or myself. Oh, I yet see their cheeks, poor silent lambs, pleading pity and help at my hands. Then, on the other side, to consider the loss of my dear friends, with the spoiling and loss of all our goods and provisions; myself cast upon an unknown land, in a wilderness, I knew not where, nor how to get thence. Then it came to my mind how I had occasioned the death of my children, who caused them to leave their native land, who might have left them there; yea, and might have sent some of them back again, and cost me nothing. These, and such like thoughts, do press down my heavy heart very much. But I must let this pass, and will proceed on in the relation of God's goodness to me in that desolate island, on which I was cast. I and my wife were almost naked, both of us, and wet and cold, even unto death. I found a snapsack cast on the shore, in which I had a steel and flint, and powder horn. Going further, I found a drowned goat, then I found a hat, and my son William's coat, both which I put on. My wife found one of her petticoats, which she put on. I found also two cheeses and some butter, driven ashore. Thus the Lord sent us some clothes to put on, and food to sustain our new lives, which we had lately given unto us; and means also to make fire; for in an horn I had some gunpowder, which to mine own (and since to other men's) admiration was

dry. So taking a piece of my wives neck-cloth, which I dried in the sun, I struck fire, and so dried and warmed our wet bodies, and then skinned the goat; and having found a small brass pot, we boiled some of her. Our drink was brackish water; bread we had none. There we remained until the Monday following, when, about three of the clock in the afternoon, in a boat that came that way, we went off that desolate island; which I named, after my name, ‘Thatcher’s Woe,’ and the rock, ‘Avery his fall;’ to the end that their fall and loss, and mine own, might be had in perpetual remembrance. In the isle lieth buried the body of my cousin’s eldest daughter, whom I found dead on the shore. On the Tuesday following, in the afternoon, we arrived at Marble-Head.’ Thus far is Mr. Thatcher’s relation of this memorable providence.”

Several other narratives, of adventures by sea, and its perils in those days, follow; but our space will not allow us to quote them. Nor were the perils of the sea greater always than those of the land. The colonists met with hurricanes and thunder-storms, far exceeding in intensity those to which they had been accustomed in the country from which they came; and these, and their wonderful effects, were duly registered in the chronicle of Remarkable Provinces. Increase Mather records the following as one of the “strange and awful tempests,” which was then in recent memory, and he gives it in the words of his informant.

“ Samuel Stone, of Cambridge, in New England, does declare and testify, that, July 8, 1680, about two of clock in the afternoon, he being, with his young son, in the field, the wind then southerly, he observed a cloud in the north-west, in opposition to the wind, which caused a singing noise in the air; and the wind increased, till the whirlwind came, which began in the meadow near where he was, though it was not so violent as it proved afterwards; as it passed by him it sucked up and whirled about all the hay that was within the compass of it. It passed from him towards his house, over an hill, tearing down several trees as it went along; and coming to his barn, carried off a considerable portion of the roof (about twenty-four foot one way, and thirty the other, fell near the dwelling-house where people were, yet could not its fall be heard by them (yet it was so great that it was heard by some a mile off), by reason of the great rushing noise of the wind. Afterwards, as it pressed towards Matthew Bridge’s house, it tore down some trees and Indian corn, and there rose up into the air, for the space of a quarter of a mile; afterwards it came down upon the earth in a more violent manner, the effects whereof he saw not, but it may be known by the following relation.

Matthew Bridge, who was an eye witness of what happened, declares that he observed a thick cloud coming along his father’s field, before his house, as to appearance very black; in the inside of the cloud, as it passed over him, there seemed to be a light pillar, as he judged, about eight or ten feet diameter, which seemed to him like a screw, or solid body. Its motion was continually circular, which turned about the rest of the cloud. It passed along upon the ground, tearing all before it; bushes by the roots, yea, the

earth itself; removing old trees as they lay along on the earth, and stones of a great magnitude, some of which could not be found again. Great trees were twisted and torn down, and carried a distance from the place where they were; branches of trees, containing about a load of wood, were blown from their bodies, and carried forty yards or more. The cloud itself was filled with stones, bushes, boughs, and other things that it had taken up from the earth, so that the top and sides of the cloud seemed like a green wood. After it went from him it went a mile and a half before it scattered, bearing down the trees before it, above a mile in breadth. Passing through a thick swamp of spruce, pine, and other young trees (which was about half a mile through), it laid all flat to the ground; yet, the trees being young, are since risen up. It was observable, as it passed through a new planted orchard, it not only pulled up some of the young trees by the roots, but broke off some of them in the bodies, about two or three foot high, as if they had been shot off, not hurting the stocks. Moreover, there was such a great noise made by the storm, that other considerable noises at the same time, as falling of very great trees very near one, could not be heard. The above-said Matthew Bridge, and a boy with him, endeavoured to run to the house, but were prevented by the storm, so that they were necessitated to lay flat upon the ground, behind some bushes; and this thick cloud and pillar passed so near them, as almost to touch their feet, and with its force bent the bushes down over them, and yet their lives were preserved. John Robbins, a servant man, was suddenly slain by this storm, his body being much bruised, and many bones broken by the violence thereof."

In another part of the book, Dr. Mather gives us some remarkable examples of the effects of lightning, from which we may select the following, as deserving of remark.

"There is one remarkable more about thunder and lightning, which I am lately informed of by persons concerned therein; some circumstances in the relation being as wonderful as any of the preceding particulars. Thus it was: On July 24, in the year 1681, the ship called Albemarl (whereof Mr. Edward Lad was then master), being an hundred leagues from Cape Cod, in lat. 48, about 3 h. P.M., met with a thunder-storm. The lightning burnt the main-top-sail, split the main-cap in pieces, rent the mast all along. There was in special one dreadful clap of thunder, the report bigger than of a great gun, at which all the ships company were amazed. Then did there fall something from the clouds, upon the stern of the boat, which broke into many small parts; split one of the pumps, the other pump much hurt also. It was a bituminous matter, smelling much like fired gunpowder. It continued burning in the stern of the boat; they did with sticks dissipate it, and poured much water on it, and yet they were not able, by all that they could do, to extinguish it, until such time as all the matter was consumed. But the strangest thing of all is yet to be mentioned. When night came, observing the stars, they perceived that their compasses were changed. As for the compass in the biddikil, the north point was turned clear south. There were two other compasses unhung in the locker, in the cabin; in one of which the north point stood south, like that in the biddikil. As for the other, the north point stood west; so that they sailed by a needle whose polarity was quite changed. The seamen were at first puzzled how to work

their vessel right, considering that the south point of their compass was now become north ; but after a little use it was easy to them. Thus did they sail a thousand leagues. As for the compass, wheren the lightning had made the needle to point westward, since it was brought to New England, the glass being broke, it has, by means of the air coming to it, wholly lost its virtue. One of those compasses, which had quite changed the polarity from north to south, is still extant in Boston, and at present in my custody. The north point of the needle doth remain fixed to this day, as it did immediately after the lightning caused an alteration."

In the sequel of these storm stories, Dr. Mather runs into a disquisition, in which he gives the crude notions of his time, on meteorology, and on the nature of the magnet. The latter seems to have been a great puzzle to him, and he returns to the subject in the preface, and informs us that, in the anecdote told above, there was some doubt of the latitude being  $48^{\circ}$ , as no observation had been taken for several days ; but that the master of the vessel affirmed that it must have been as near that as possible. " Since the needle was changed by the lightning," he adds, " if a lesser compass be set over it, the needle therein (or any other touched with the loadstone) will alter its polarity, and turn about to the south, as I have divers times, to my great admiration, experienced. There is, near the north point, a dark spot, like as if it were burnt with a drop of brimstone, supposed to be caused by the lightning." He here adds the following story, which had been sent him after the text of the book was printed.

" September 11, 1653 (being the Lord's day). There were small drizzling showers, attended with some seldom and scarce perceptible rumbling thunders, until towards the evening ; at what time, Mr. Constant Southworth, of Duxbury, returning home after evening exercise, in company with some neighbours, discoursing of some extraordinary thunder-claps with lightning, and the awful effects and consequences thereof, being come into his own house—there were present, in one room, himself, his wife, two children ; viz : Thomas (he was afterwards drowned) and Benjamin (he was long after this killed by the Indians), with Philip Delano, a servant—there broke perpendicularly over the said house and room, a most awful and amazing clap of thunder, attended with a violent flash, or rather flame, of lightning, which brake and shivered one of the needles of the katted or wooden chimney, carrying divers splinters seven or eight rods from the house : it filled the room with smoke and flame ; set fire in the thatch of a leanto, which was on the backside of a room adjoining to the former, in which the five persons above-mentioned were. It melted some pewter, so that it ran into drops on the outside, as is often seen on tin ware ; melted round holes in the top of a fire-shovel, proportionable in quantity to a small goose-shot ; struck Mrs. Southworths arm, so that it was for a time benumbed ; smote the young child, Benjamin, in his mothers arms, deprived it of breath for a space, and, to the mothers apprehension, squacized it as flat as a plank ; smote a dog stone-

dead, which lay within two feet of Philip Delano; the dog never moved out of his place or position, in which he was when smitten, but giving a small yelp, and quivering with his toes, lay still, blood issuing from his nose or mouth. It smote the said Philip, made his right arm senseless for a time, together with the middle finger in special (of his right hand), which was benumbed, and turned as white as chalk or lime, yet attended with little pain. After some few hours that finger began to recover its proper colour at the knuckles, and so did gradually whiten unto its extremity; and although the said Delano felt a most violent heat upon his body, as if he had been scorched in the midst of a most violent burning fire, yet his clothes were not singed, neither had the smell of fire passed thereon."

Several of Dr. Mather's stories, of the adventures of the early colonists among the Indians, are extremely interesting. One of the most remarkable of them is the following, which occurred to Quintin Stockwell, a native of Deerfield, Massachusetts, and is given in the words of his own written narrative.

"In the year 1677, September 19, between sun-set and dark, the Indians came upon us. I, and another man, being together, we ran away at the outcry the Indians made, shouting and shooting at some other of the English that were hard by. We took a swamp that was at hand for our refuge; the enemy, espying us so near them, ran after us, and shot many guns at us; three guns were discharged upon me, the enemy being within three rods of me, besides many other before that. Being in this swamp that was miry, I slumpt in, and fell down, whereupon one of the enemy stepped to me, with his hatchet lift up to knock me on the head, supposing that I had been wounded, and so unfit for any other travel. I (as it happened) had a pistol by me, which, though uncharged, I presented to the Indian, who presently stopt back, and told me if I would yield I should have no hurt. He said (which was not true) that they had destroyed all Hatfield, and that the woods were full of Indians; whereupon I yielded myself, and so fell into the enemy's hands, and by three of them was led away unto the place, whence first I began to make my flight, where two other Indians came running to us, and the one, lifting up the butt end of his gun to knock me on the head, the other with his hand put by the blow, and said I was his friend. I was now by my own house, which the Indians burnt the last year, and I was about to build up again, and there I had some hopes to escape from them. There was an horse just by, which they bid me take; I did so, but made no attempt to escape thereby, because the enemy was near, and the beast was slow and dull; then was I in hopes they would send me to take my own horses, which they did, but they were so frightened that I could not come near to them, and so fell still into the enemies hands, who now took me and bound me, and led me away; and soon was I brought into the company of captives, that were that day brought away from Hatfield, which were about a mile off; and here methoughts was matter of joy and sorrow both, to see the company; some company in this condition being some refreshing, though little help any wayes; then we were pinioned, and led away in the night over the mountains, in dark and hideous wayes, about four miles further, before we took up our place for rest, which was in a dismal place of wood, on the east side of that mountain. We were kept bound all that night. The Indians kept

waking, and we had little mind to sleep in this night's travel; the Indians dispersed, and as they went made strange noises, as of wolves and owls, and other wild beasts, to the end, that they might not lose one another; and if followed, they might not be discovered by the English.

About the break of day we marched again, and got over the great river at Pecomptuck river mouth, and there rested about two hours. There the Indians marked out upon trays the number of their captives and slain, as their manner is. Here was I again in great danger. A quarrel arose about me, whose captive I was, for three took me. I thought I must be killed to end the controversy; so when they put it to me, whose I was, I said three Indians took me, so they agreed to have all a share in me; and I had now three masters, and he was my chief master who laid hands on me first. And thus was I fallen into the hands of the very worst of all the company, as Ashpelon, the Indian captain, told me; which captain was all along very kind to me, and a great comfort to the English. In this place they gave us some victuals, which they had brought from the English. This morning also they sent ten men forth to town, to bring away what they could find. Some provision, some corn out of the meadow, they brought to us upon horses, which they had there taken. From whence we went up about the falls, where we crossed that river again; and whilst I was going, I fell right down lame of my old wounds, that I had in the war; and whilst I was thinking I should therefore be killed by the Indians, and what death I should die, my pain was suddenly gone, and I was much encouraged again. We had about eleven horses in that company, which the Indians made to carry burthens, and to carry women. It was afternoon when we now crossed that river. We travelled up that river till night, and then took up our lodging in a dismal place, and were staked down and spread out on our backs; and so we lay all night; yea, so we lay many nights. They told me their law was, that we should lie so nine nights, and by that time it was thought we should be out of our knowledge. The manner of staking down was thus: our arms and legs stretched out, were staked fast down, and a cord about our necks, so that we could stir no ways. The first night of staking down, being much tired, I slept as comfortably as ever; the next day we went up the river, and crossed it, and at night lay in Squakheag meadows; our provision was soon spent; and while we lay in those meadows, the Indians went a hunting, and the English army came after us. Then the Indians moved again, dividing themselves and the captives into many companies, that the English might not follow their tract. At night, having crossed the river, we met again at the place appointed. The next day we crossed the river again, on Squakheag side, and there we took up our quarters for a long time. I suppose this might be about thirty miles above Squakheag, and here were the Indians quite out of all fear of the English, but in great fear of the Mohawks; here they built a long Wigwam. Here they had a great dance (as they call it), and concluded to burn three of us, and had got bark to do it with; and, as I understood afterwards, I was one that was to be burnt, Sergeant Plimpton another, and Benjamin Wait, his wife, the third. Though I knew not which was to be burnt, yet I perceived some were designed thereto; so much I understood of their language. That night I could not sleep, for fear of the next day's work. The Indians, being weary with that dance, lay down to sleep, and slept soundly. The English were all loose; then I went out and brought in wood, and mended the fire, and made a noise on purpose, but

none awaked. I thought if any of the English would wake, we might kill them all sleeping. I removed out of the way all the guns and hatchets; but my heart failing me, I put all things where they were again. The next day, when we were to be burnt, our master and some others spake for us, and the evil was prevented in this place: and hereabouts we lay three weeks together. Here I had a shirt brought to me, to make, and one Indian said it should be made this way, a second another way, and a third his way. I told them I would make it that way that my chief master said; whereupon one Indian struck me on the face with his fist. I suddenly rose up in anger, ready to strike again, but this happened a great hubbub, and the Indians and English came about me; I was fain to humble myself to my master, so that matter was put up. Before I came to this place, my three masters were gone a hunting; I was left with another Indian; all the company being upon a march, I was left with this Indian, who fell sick, so that I was fain to carry his gun and hatchet, and had opportunity, and had thought to have despatched him, and run away, but did not; for that the English captives had promised the contrary to one another; because, if one should run away, that would provoke the Indians, and endanger the rest, that could not run away. Whilst we were here, Benjamin Stebbins, going with some Indians to Wachusett hill, made his escape from them, and when the news of his escape came, we were all presently called in and bound. One of the Indians, a captain among them, and always our great friend, met me coming in, and told me Stebbins was run away, and the Indians spake of burning us; some of only burning and biting off our fingers by and by. He said there would be a court, and all would speak their minds, but he would speak last, and would say, that the Indian that let Stebbins run away was only in fault, and so no hurt should be done us; fear not. So it proved accordingly. Whilst we lingered hereabout provision grew scarce, one bear's foot must serve five of us a whole day; we began to eat horse-flesh and eat up seven in all: three were left alive, and were not killed. Whilst we had been here, some of the Indians had been down, and fallen upon Hadley, and were taken by the English; agreed with, and let go again; and were to meet the English upon such a plain, there to make further terms. Ashpalon was much for it, but Wachusett Sachims, when they came, were much against it; and were for this, that we should meet the English indeed, but there fall upon them, and fight them, and take them. Then Ashpalon spoke to us English, not to speak a word more to further that matter, for mischief would come of it. When those Indians came from Wachusett, there came with them squaws, and children about four score, who reported that the English had taken Uncas, and all his men, and sent them beyond seas. They were much enraged at this, and asked us if it were true; we said no: then was Ashpalon angry, and said he would no longer believe Englishmen. For they examined us every one apart; then they dealt worse by us for a season than before. Still provision was scarce. We came at length to a place called Squaw-Maug river, there we hoped for salmon, but we came too late. This place I account to be above two hundred miles above Deerfield. Then we parted into two companies; some went one way, and some went another way; and we went over a mighty mountain, we were eight days a going over it, and travelled very hard, and every day we had snow or rain. We noted, that on this mountain all the water run northward. Here also we wanted provision; but at length met again on the other side of the mountain, viz., on the north

side of this mountain, at a river that runs into the lake, and we were then half a days journey off the lake. We staid here a great while to make canoes to go over the lake; here I was frozen, and here again we were like to starve. All the Indians went a hunting, but could get nothing. Divers days they powow'd, but got nothing; then they desired the English to pray, and confessed they could do nothing, they would have us pray, and see what the Englishman's God could do. I prayed, so did sergeant Plimpton, in another place. The Indians reverently attended, morning and night; next day they got bears. Then they would needs have us desire a blessing, return thanks at meals: after a while they grew weary of it, and the Sachim did forbid us. When I was frozen they were very cruel towards me, because I could not do as at other times. When we came to the lake we were again sadly put to it for provision; we were fain to eat touch-wood, fried in bear's grease; at last we found a company of raccoons, and then we made a feast; and the manner was that we must eat all. I perceived there would be too much for one time, so one Indian that sat next to me, bid me slip away some to him under his coat, and he would hide it for me till another time. This Indian, as soon as he had got my meat, stood up and made speech to the rest, and discovered me, so that the Indians were very angry, and cut me another piece, and gave me raccoon grease to drink, which made me sick and vomit. I told them I had enough, so that ever after that they would give me none, but still tell me I had raccoon enough; so I suffered much, and being frozen, was full of pain, and could sleep but a little, yet must do my work. When they went upon the lake, and as they came to the lake, they light of a moose, and killed it, and staid there till they had eaten it all up; and entering upon the lake, there arose a great storm, we thought we should be all cast away, but at last we got to an island, and there they went to Powawing. The Powaw said, that Benjamin Wait and another man was coming, and that storm was raised to cast them away. This afterwards appeared to be true, though then I believed them not. Upon this island we lay still several days, and then set out again, but a storm took us, so that we lay to and fro upon certain islands about three weeks. We had no provision but raccoons, so that the Indians themselves thought they should be starved. They gave me nothing, so that I was sundry days without any provision. We went out upon the lake, upon that isle about a days journey. We had a little sled, upon which we drew our load. Before noon I tired, and just then the Indians met with some Frenchmen: then one of the Indians that took me came to me, and called me all manner of bad names, and threw me down upon my back. I told him I could not do any more; then he said he must kill me. I thought he was about it, for he pulled out his knife and cut out my pockets, and wrapt them about my face, helped me up, and took my sled and went away, and gave me a bit of biscake as big as a walnut, which he had of the Frenchmen, and told me he would give me a pipe of tobacco. When my sled was gone I could run after him, but at last I could not run, but went a footpace; then the Indians were soon out of sight. I followed as well as I could; I had many falls upon the ice; at last I was so spent I had not strength enough to rise again, but I crept to a tree that lay along, and got upon it, and there I lay. It was now night, and very sharp weather; I counted no other but that I must die there. Whilst I was thinking of death an Indian hallowed, and I answered him. He came to me and called me bad names, and told me if I could not go he must knock me on the head; I told him he must then

so do. He saw how I had wallowed in that snow, but could not rise; then he took his coat and wrapt me in it, and went back and sent two Indians with a sled. One said he must knock me on the head, the other said, No, they would carry me away and burn me; then they bid me stir my instep to see if that were frozen. I did so. When they saw that, they said that was *Wurregen*; there was a chirurgeon at the French that could cure me; then they took me upon the sled, and carried me to the fire, and they then made much of me, pulled off my wet and wrapped me in dry clothes, made me a good bed. They had killed an otter, and gave me some of the broth, and a bit of the flesh. Here I slept till towards day, and then was able to get up and put on my clothes; one of the Indians awaked, and seeing me go, shouted, as rejoicing at it. As soon as it was light I and Samuel Russell went before on the ice, upon a river; they said I must go where I could, on foot, else I should freeze. Samuel Russell slipped into the river with one foot; the Indians called him back, and dried his stockings, and then sent us away, and an Indian with us, to pilot us, and we went four or five miles before they overtook us; I was then pretty well spent; Samuel Russell was, he said, faint, and wondred how I could live; for he had, he said, ten meals to my one; then I was laid on the sled, and they ran away with me on the ice, the rest and Samuel Russell came softly after. Samuel Russell I never saw more, nor know what became of him; they got but half way, and we got through to Shamblee about midnight. Six miles of Shamblee (a French town) the river was open, and when I came to travail in that part of the ice I soon tired; and two Indians run away to town, and one only was left; he would carry me a few rods, and then I would go as many, and that trade we drove, and so were long a going six miles. This Indian now was kind, and told me that if he did not carry me I would die, and so I should have done sure enough; and he said, I must tell the English how he helped me. When we came to the first house there was no inhabitant—the Indian spent, both discouraged. He said we must now both die; at last he left me alone, and got to another house, and thence came some French and Indians, and brought me in. The French were kind, and put my hands and feet in cold water, and gave me a dram of brandey, and a little hasty pudding and milk. When I tasted victuals I was hungry, and could not have forborn it, but that I could not get it. Now and then they would give me a little as they thought best for me. I lay by the fire with the Indians that night, but could not sleep for pain. Next morning the Indians and French fell out about me, because the French, as the Indian said, loved the English better than the Indians. The French presently turned the Indians out of doors, and kept me. They were very kind and careful, and gave me a little something now and then; while I was here all the men in that town came to see me. At this house I was three or four dayes, and then invited to another, and after that to another; at this place I was about thirteen dayes, and received much civility from a young man, a batchelour, who invited me to his house, with whom I was for the most part. He was so kind as to lodge me in the bed with himself; he gave me a shirt, and would have bought me, but could not, for the Indians asked a hundred pounds for me. We were then to go to a place called Surril, and that young man would go with me because the Indians should not hurt me. This man carried me on the ice one dayes journey; for I could not now go at all; then there was so much water on the ice we could go no further; so the Frenchman left me, and provision for me. Here we

stayed two nights, and then travailed again, for then the ice was strong ; and in two dayes more I came to Surril ; the first house we came to was late in the night ; here again the people were kind. Next day, being in much pain I asked the Indians to carry me to the chirurgeons, as they had promised, at which they were wroth, and one of them took up his gun to knock me ; but the Frenchmen would not suffer it, but set upon him and kicked him out of doors ; then we went away from thence to a place two or three miles off, where the Indians had wigwams. When I came to these wigwams some of the Indians knew me, and seemed to pity me. While I was here, which was three or four dayes, the French came to see me, and, it being Christmas time, they brought cakes and other provisions with them, and gave to me, so that I had no want. The Indians tried to cure me, but could not ; then I asked for the chirurgeon, at which one of the Indians in anger struck me on the face with his fist. A Frenchman being by, the Frenchman spoke to him—I knew not what he said—and went his way. By and by came the captain of the place into the wigwam with about twelve armed men, and asked where the Indian was that struck the Englishman, and took him and told him he should go to the bilboes, and then be hanged. The Indians were much terrified at this, as appeared by their countenances and trembling. I would have gone too, but the Frenchman bid me not fear, the Indians durst not hurt me. When that Indian was gone I had two masters still. I asked them to carry me to that captain that I might speak for the Indian ; they answered, I was a fool ; did I think the Frenchmen were like to the English, to say one thing and do another ?—they were men of their words. But I prevailed with them to help me thither, and I spake to the captain by an interpreter, and told him I desired him to set the Indian free, and told him what he had done for me. He told me he was a rogue, and should be hanged. Then I spake more privately, alledging this reason, because all the English captives were not come in, if he were hanged it might fare the worse with them. Then the captain said that was to be considered ; then he set him at liberty upon this condition, that he should never strike me more, and every day bring me to his house to eat victuals. I perceived that the common people did not like what the Indians had done and did to the English. When the Indian was set free he came to me, and took me about the middle, and said I was his brother ; I had saved his life once, and he had saved mine, he said, thrice. Then he called for brandy and made me drink, and had me away to the wigwams again. When I came there, the Indians came to me one by one, to shake hands with me, saying Wurregen Netop, and were very kind, thinking no other, but that I had saved the Indian's life. The next day he carried me to that captains house, and set me down ; they gave me my victuals and wine, and being left there awhile by the Indians, I showed the captain my fingers, which, when he and his wife saw, he and his wife run away from the sight, and bid me lap it up again, and sent for the chirurgeon, who, when he came, said he could cure me, and took it in hand and dressed it. The Indian, towards night, came for me ; I told them I could not go with them ; they were displeased, called me rogue, and went away. That night I was full of pain ; the French did fear that I would die ; five men did watch with me, and strove to keep me chearly, for I was sometimes ready to faint. Oftentimes they gave me a little brandy. The next day the chirurgeon came again, and dressed me ; and so he did all the while I was among the French. I came in at Christmas, and went thence May 2d. Being thus in the captain's

house, I was kept there till Ben Waite came; and my Indian master being in want of money, pawned me to the captain for fourteen beavers, or the worth of them, at such a day. If he did not pay he must lose his pawn, or else sell me for twenty-one beavers; but he could not get beaver, and so I was sold.' But by being thus sold he was, in God's good time, set at liberty, and returned to his friends in New England again.

Thus far is this poor captives relation concerning the changes of Providence which passed over him.

There is one remarkable passage more, affirmed by him. For he saith that in their travails they came to a place where was a great wigwam (*i. e.* Indian house); at both ends was an image; here the Indians in the war time were wont to Powaw (*i. e.* invoke the Devil), and so did they come down to Hatfield, one of the images told them they should destroy a town; the other said no, half a town. This god (said that Indian) speaks true, the other was not good, he told them lies."

From the material world, Dr. Mather proceeds to the immaterial, and we have some very extraordinary narratives of apparitions and spiritual visitations, which show us to what extent the superstitious credulity of these pious colonists extended. There is an amusing mixture of simplicity and great learning in the manner in which the doctor relates and discusses these stories. He proves fully, to his own satisfaction, that there are demons who go about interfering in the affairs of this world; that there are witches; that these two classes of beings work sometimes together and at other times separately: and he explains why their interference is permitted. He concludes positively, that all the stories of this description related in his book "were undoubtedly preternatural and diabolical." We will give as a sample a strange narrative connected with a well-known locality in the States.

"A Brief Narrative of Sundry Apparitions of Satan unto and Assaults at Sundry Times and Places upon the Person of Mary the Wife of Antonio Hortado, dwelling near the Salmon Falls; taken from her own mouth, Aug. 13, 1683.

In June, 1682 (the day forgotten), at evening, the said Mary heard a voice at the door of her dwelling, saying, 'what do you here?' About an hour after, standing at the door of her house, she had a blow on her eye that settled her head near to the door-post; and two or three dayes after, a stone, as she judged about half a pound or a pound weight, was thrown along the house within into the chimney, and going to take it up it was gone; all the family was in the house, and no hand appearing which might be instrumental in throwing the stone. About two hours after, a frying-pan, then hanging in the chimney, was heard to ring so loud that not only those in the house heard it, but others also that lived on the other side of the river, near an hundred rods or more. Whereupon the said Mary and her husband, going in a cannoo over the river, they saw like the head of a man new shorn, and the tail of a white cat, about two or three foot distance from each other,

swimming over before the cannoo, but no body appeared to join head and tail together; and they returning over the river in less than an hours time, the said apparition followed their cannoo back again, but disappeared at landing. A day or two after, the said Mary was stricken on her head (as she judged) with a stone, which caused a swelling and much soreness on her head, being then in the yard by her house, and she presently entring into her house, was bitten on both arms black and blue, and one of her breasts scratched, the impressions of the teeth being like mans teeth, were plainly seen by many. Whereupon deserting their house to sojourn at a neighbours on the other side of the river, there appeared to said Mary in the house of her sojourning, a woman clothed with a green safeguard, a short blue cloak, and a white cap, making a profer to strike her with a fire-brand, but struck her not. The day following the same shape appeared again to her, but now arrayed with a gray gown, white apron, and white head-clothes, in appearance laughing several times, but no voice heard. Since when said Mary has been freed from those Satanical molestations.

But the said Antonio being returned in March last with his family to dwell again in his own house, and on his entrance there, hearing the noise of a man walking in his chamber, and seeing the boards buckle under his feet as he walked, though no man to be seen in the chamber (for they went on purpose to look) he returned with his family to dwell on the other side of the river; yet planting his ground though he forsook his house, he hath had five rods of good log-fence thrown down at once, the feeting of neat cattle plainly to be seen almost between every row of corn in the field yet no cattle seen there, nor any damage done to his corn, not so much as any of the leaves of the corn cropt. Thus far is that narrative.

I am further informed that some (who should have been wiser), advised the poor woman to stick the house round with bayes, as an effectual preservative against the power of evil spirits. This counsel was followed, and as long as the bayes continued green she had quiet, but when they began to wither they were all by an unseen hand carried away, and the woman again tormented."

Many of Dr. Mather's ghost-stories are mere repetitions from the works of Webster and other English writers, and therefore we will not repeat them here. The enemies of "the Churches of Christ in New England" were frequently punished with supernatural visitations. Among these enemies stand foremost the then despised sect of the Quakers; for the Puritans of New England were anything but tolerant. A certain number of persons of this sect had already made their way across the Atlantic, and had settled themselves in Long Island and in the colony of Plymouth; some of them appear to have exhibited a degree of extravagance in their proceedings which amounted almost to madness; and we need not be surprised if they were taken in that age for real demoniacs. This was especially the case with those whom Dr. Mather characterises as the "singing and dancing quakers." The Doctor treats us with some singular stories of these people, which show us that, instead of being

mere quakers of the sect now existing under that name, they were in reality nothing but wild enthusiasts.

"The first instance shall be that which concerns the unhappy man that was murdered in Long Island, of which a good hand in those parts, in a letter bearing date, Decemb. 12, 1681, writes as follows. 'There went down about a moneth since three mad quakers, called Nhomass Cases Crew, one man named Denham, belonging to Newer-sniicks, and two women with him, belonging to Oyster-Bay; these went down to South-hold, where they meet with Samuel Banks of Fairfield, the most blasphemous villain that ever was known in these parts. These joyning together with some other inhabitants of South-hold of the same spirit, there went into their company a young merchant, named Thomas Harris, who was somewhat inclining to the quakers before (he belonged to Boston); they all go about him, and fell a dancing and singing, according to their diabolical manner. After some time, the said Harris began to act like them, and to dance, and sing, and to speak of extraordinary raptures of joy; and to cry out upon all others as devils, that were not of their religion, which also they do frequently. When the said Harris manifested these signs of conversion, as they accounted it, they solemnly accepted of him as one of their company; and Banks or Denham (for I have forgotten which of the two) gave him this promise, that hence forward his tongue should be as the pen of a ready writer, to declare the praises of their Lord. After this, the young man who was sober and composed before, ran up and down, singing joy, and calling such devils as should say any thing in way of opposition, and said his father was a devil that begat him. Quickly after he went from the town of South-hold, to a farm belonging to that town, to the house of a quaker of the same spirit, and went to bed before the rest of the family, and when a young man of the same house went to go to bed to him, he told him that he must get up, and go to South-hold that night, where he had left Banks and the rest; the young man endeavoured to perswade him to lie still till day, but he would not, but gat up, and went away; after some time he was missed, and enquiry made for him, but he could not be heard of, only his hat, and gloves, and neck-cloth was found in the road from the farm to the town. And two dayes after, Banks looking into a Bible, suddenly shut it again, crying out, his friend Harris was dead; the next day he was found by the sea side, about a quarter of a mile from the place where his hat and other things were found, but out of the road, with three holes like stabs in his throat, and no tongue in his head, nor the least sign thereof, but all was clear to his neck-bone within, his mouth close shut, one of his eyes hanging down upon his cheek out of his head, the other sunk so deep in his head that at first it seemed quite out, but was whole there. And Mr. Joshua Hobart, who was one of them to view his dead body, told me that there was no sign of any tongue left in his mouth; such was the end of that tongue which had the promise of being as the pen of a ready writer. Further, the night after he was buried, Captain Young (who is high sheriff and chiefly concerned in looking after the business) as he told me himself, being in bed, in the dead of the night, was awakened by the voice of this Harris, calling to his window very loud, requiring him to see that justice was done him. This voice came three times in that night; the next night when he was asleep, it came into his house, close to his bed-side, and called very loud, asking him if he heard him, and awaked him. Thus concerning that tragical story."

Drunkards and profane swearers were also frequently the subjects of such visitations of providence ; and last in the list of the enemies of the New England Church come the Indian chiefs, who were continually robbing and murdering the Christian settlers. Of stories of spiritual visitations to the Indians, Dr. Mather appears so have obtained but few, but one of these is singular enough to deserve repeating.

"Concerning Squando, the Sachem of the Indians at Saco ; the story of him is upon sundry accounts remarkable. Many years ago he was sick, and near unto death, after which he said, that one pretending to be the Englishmans God, appeared to him in the form of an English minister ; and discoursed with him, requiring him to leave off his drinking of rum, and religiously to observe the Sabbath day, and to deal justly amongst men, withal promising him that if he did so, then at death his soul should go upwards to an happy place ; but if he did not obey these commandments, at death his soul should go downwards, and be for ever miserable. But this pretended God said nothing to him about Jesus Christ. However, this apparition so wrought upon Squando, as that he left his drunkenness, and became a strict observer of the Sabbath day . yea, so as that he always kept it as a day of fast, and would hear the English ministers preach, and was very just in his dealing. Bur in the time of the late Indian war he was a principal actor in the bloody tragedies in that part of the country. The last year the pretended Englishmans God appeared to him again, as afore, in the form of a minister, requiring him to kill himself, and promising him that if he did obey, he should live again the next day, and never die more. Squando acquainted his wife and some other Indians with this new apparition. They most earnestly advised him not to follow the murderous counsel which the spectre had given. Nevertheless, he since hath hanged himself, and so is gone to his own place. This was the end of the man that disturbed the peace of New England."

Dr. Mather's 'Remarkable Providences,' though now seldom read, or met with, was a very favourite work in its time. It is an amusing book, and even now it will well repay a perusal ; for, besides the graphic character of many of the stories, they are no doubt true in their details, and furnish us with a remarkable picture of the condition and feelings of the early colonists of North America. The light in which the people of New England regarded Increase Mather's book, is illustrated by the singular use made of it on one occasion by his son, Cotton Mather. In the midst of the great sorcery mania, a person, who was possessed through witchcraft, was brought to him for examination. He tried the effects of all sorts of books upon the possessing demon : some he liked, others he disliked, but he was extremely troubled when the reverend exorcist brought forth his father's volume of 'Remarkable Providences.' Could there be a more satisfactory proof of its truth both in fact and doctrine !

ART. VI.—*The Travels of Boullaye-le-Gouz.*

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*Les Voyages et Observations du Sieur de la Boullaye-le-Gouz, gentil-homme Angevin. Où sont décrites les Religions, Gouvernemens, et Situations des Estates et Royaumes d'Italie, Grèce, Natolie, Syrie, Perse, Palestine, Karamenie, Kaldéé, Assyrie, Grand Mogol, Bijapour, Indes Orientales des Portugais, Arabie, Egypt, Holland, Grand Bretagne, Irland, Dannemark, Pologne, Isles et autres lieux d'Europe, Asie, et Affrique, où il a séjourné. Le tout enrichy de belles figures. Nouvellement revu et corrigé par l'Autheur, et augmenté de quantité de bons avis pour ceux qui veulent voyager; avec un ordre pour suivre les Karavanes, qui vont en diverses parties du Monde. Dedié à l'éminentissime Cardinal Capponi. A Troyes, par Nicolas Oudot; et se vendent à Paris, chez Gervais Clousier, marchand libraire: tenant sa boutique sur la montée de la Ste. Chatelle. M.DC.LVII. Avec privilége du Roy.*

THE travels of Boullaye-le-Gouz are amongst the least common, but by no means the least interesting, of the works of this description published in the first half of the seventeenth century. The author has taken care to let us know in his title that he was a great traveller, and he appears to have been a man of naturally liberal sentiments, whose prejudices, whatever they may have been at first, had been rubbed down in his intercourse with nations which differed from each other in manners and religion. Hence we find him arguing theological questions with Pagans in the far east, with Jews in Egypt, and with bigoted Catholics in Ireland. He had learnt to conform to the manners and costume of the people among whom he wandered, and hence he gained more and better information than could have been gleaned by those who allow their prejudices to stand in the way of their communications. He presents us, at the beginning of his book, with his portrait in his eastern dress, and the inscription beneath it tells us that he was known in Asia and Africa by the name of Ibrahim-bey, and in Europe by that of the *voyageur catholique*. In fact, wherever we meet with him, from the isles of the Indian Ocean to the shores of green Erin, he appears to be always at home.

The Sieur de la Boullaye-le-Gouz was, as he tells us, a gentleman of Anjou. We know nothing of his previous history, nor whence he imbibed his love of travel, but he informs us that in the year 1643 he went to England, in company with a French officer, who carried assistance to Charles I, then at Oxford. On this occasion

he visited Ireland, and after his departure wandered over most of the countries of northern Europe. Immediately after his return to Paris he set out for Italy and the East. At Florence, he was witness to a horse-race of a rather peculiar description :—

“During my stay at Florence the Grand Duke gave a prize for horse racing. Six of the fleetest runners in Italy were led to one of the gates of Florence, without saddle or bridle ; they let them run through the middle of the streets to another gate of the town ; a Turkish horse arrived first, and carried off the prize, which was a handsome coverlet. An old gentleman was killed at my side, who, not being able to get out of the way, was struck on the shoulder by one of the horses, and fell dead on the spot. This accident made me detest that game, and approve the races in England, where the horses do not run alone, but there are men upon them to guide them. This race is called in Tuscan, *corso del pallio*.”

From Florence our traveller went, by way of Sienna and Viterbo, to Rome, and in his route he made the acquaintance of a Roman nobleman, named Capponi, through whom he became subsequently acquainted with the Cardinal Capponi, to whom he dedicated his book. After leaving Rome, M. de la Boullaye visited in succession Ancona, Rimini, Ravenna, Bologna, and Ferrara, and at length he reached Venice, where he embarked in an English ship bound for Smyrna. His progress through the Greek islands was not attended with any adventures which he has thought it necessary to record. He arrived in due time at Constantinople, where objects of novelty presented themselves to his eyes on every side. He set himself immediately to study the people, among whom he was now thrown, and his account of them is at once simple and correct :—

“Turq (Turk) or Turcoman (Turkman),” he says, “signifies peasant, pastor, or countryman, and is an insult to an Ottoman, Keselbache, or Jusbeg, who call themselves Mansulmans (*Musulmans*), or true believers, and distinguish their nations by the chiefs who have commanded them ; the Ottomans are called Osmanlus (*Osmanli, or, properly, 'Usmanli*) from Osman, the great captain, called Ottoman in French ; the Kesselbaches or Schais, from Schah, who is the king of Persia, or from the red cap which the Sophis carry on their heads, which is named in Turkish Kesselbache (*Kazil-bash, i. e. red-cap*) ; and the Jusbegs from the land which they inhabit, which signifies a hundred lords ; although they are all Turks in language and nation, and descended from Scythia at divers times, and from Turqstan (*Turkestan*), which signifies the residence of pastors.”

M. de la Boullaye proceeds to give a brief analysis of the Mohammedian doctrines from the Koran, and he discusses in successive chapters the various subjects of Turkish marriages and the condition and manners of the women, of the ceremony of circumcision, of the prayers and fasts of the Mussulmans, and of their rites of burial, as well as of

their laws and civil government. These matters are treated in a manner which has no great interest at the present day, and we willingly pass them over to accompany the traveller in his further progress. Having made acquaintance with an Armenian merchant, named Minas, and procured all things necessary for the journey, he left Constantinople with the caravan of Tauris, and proceeded by way of Quequebesi, according to our author's orthography, (*Geybuseli, the ancient Dacibyza*), Smits (*Ismid, the ancient Nicomedia*), Saçabangi (*Sabanja, ancient Sophon*), Ducabazar (*Duz-cha-Bazar, the ancient Duceprum*), Bogli (*Boli, the ancient Hadrianopolis*), Guerreda (*Keredah, the ancient Carus*), and Tossia (*the Docea of the Lower Empire*), to Amasia, the ancient capital of the kings of Pontus. Thence he directed his course to Erserum (*Erzeroom*), to Hassan Kala, to Uche Kilisa, and to Erivan. Many of the towns he passed through on this route seem to have been much more flourishing than at present ; he describes the Armenian town of Tokhat as being as large as Florence. In this part of his way, M. de la Boullaye observed and describes briefly the manners of the Georgians and Armenians. Near Erivan he passed the Gordyaean mountains, which he evidently confounds with Mount Ararat. According to one set of the old traditions, it was on one of the Gordyaean mountains, and not on Ararat, that the ark rested ; and receiving this from the Armenians, M. de la Boullaye believed he had arrived at Ararat. He was told that part of the ark still remained there, and that an Armenian saint having once set out in search of it, he was stopped half-way up the mountain and forbidden to proceed any farther, and that all who had attempted since had perished. Our traveller was inclined to think that the danger consisted more in the natural difficulties of the mountain than in any other cause. The notion on this subject which was communicated to our traveller of the seventeenth century has continued to the present time. The Armenian tradition is to the effect, that a monk, who was afterwards patriarch of Nisibis, and a contemporary of St. Gregory, in order to settle the disputes which had arisen respecting the credibility of the sacred books, especially with reference to their account of Noah, resolved to ascend to the top of Ararat, to ascertain whether the remains of the ark still rested there. At the declivity of the mountain, however, he repeatedly fell asleep from exhaustion, and always found, on awaking, that he had been unconsciously carried down to the point from which he first set out, Heaven thus convincing him of the futility of the attempt. The successful ascent

of Parrol in 1829, and of Antonomoff in 1834, have now disposed of this superstition.

From Eriwan, M. de la Boullaye continued his route to Tauris (*Tabriz*). Here he was at first doubtful whether he should go through Kathai into China, or turn southwardly into Persia; but circumstances decided him to take the latter course. He proceeded, therefore, immediately to Ispahan, observing on his way and on his arrival the character and customs, not only of the Mohammedans of Persia, but of the pagan "Gœuvres" (*Guebers*), or Parsis. Soon after our traveller's arrival at the Persian capital, the Shah marched forth at the head of his army to besiege Kandahar; and M. de la Boullaye proceeded on his journey, by way of Shiraz and Lar, to Ormuz, from which the Portuguese had recently been expelled by the English. Having met with some Europeans, who were on their way to India, M. de la Boullaye embarked with them, on the 26th of March, in an English ship, and on the 27th of April they cast anchor on the coast of Guzerat, then a kingdom belonging to the Great Mogul. At Amadabat, the capital of this kingdom, the English and Dutch had factors, who sold clothes and corals in exchange for Indian stuffs and silks. Sourat, the great Indian mercantile port, was governed by a "nabab."

Our traveller gives a long account of the manners and customs of the Hindoos, which he seems to have studied very attentively, as well as of their religion and mythology, which are here illustrated further by cuts taken from Indian drawings. The immense empire of the Moguls in India had not yet been dismembered:—

"The most powerful king of the Indies is the Shah Geaann, king of the Mogols, known to the Europeans by the name of the Great Mogol, because in the Indian language Mogol means white, and that the white men formerly conquered this country, of which the original inhabitants are olive-coloured. After Tamerlane had ravaged Asia, he made himself lord of it, and the Great Mogol is his successor in line direct. His empire borders to the north on that of the great Kan and the king of Samarkand; to the south on the kingdom of Bijapour, the gulph of Bengal, the great sea of the Indies, and Diou and Darnaon, lands of the Portuguese; on the east it has the kingdoms of Pegou, whence come *rubis balats*, of Edrabat where diamonds are produced, and Thebet, whence they bring much rhubarb and musk; on the west it is bounded by Agemistan, or the empire of the Shah, who is a dangerous and terrible enemy—their limits are at Moultan, Kandahar, and Tata. The king of Edrabat is his tributary, and the diamonds that are found in the mines of an excessive greatness are for his treasure."

With regard to the Great Mogul himself, his government, we are told, is extremely mild; "he does not strangle his brothers or put

out their eyes, he does not imprison his children, nor does he put to death his omaras or nababs for every trifling fault; he permits all sorts of religions, provided they go toward increasing his empire, and he uses pagans in his army." The Great Mogul was particularly jealous of the Dutch and English, whom he would not allow to possess an inch of ground in his empire—the latter now possess nearly all; but he was more condescending towards the Portuguese. Our space will not allow us to analyse the long account which M. de la Boullaye gives of the Hindoos, which is not without interest, as presenting to us the observations and impressions of an eye-witness.

After remaining at Sourat till the 17th of September, M. de la Boullaye embarked in an Indian bark, having been furnished by "Master Breton, general of the English," with letters of recommendation to the Portuguese viceroy of Goa. He visited the strong fort of Darnaon, belonging to the Portuguese; Bassain, a great town, which had been almost ruined in the wars between the Portuguese and the Dutch and English; Tana; Bombain, a little island, then belonging to the Portuguese, but which had been attacked and ravaged by the English; Chaoul, also a strong port of the Portuguese; Daboul, a town belonging to the king of Bijapour; Bengourla, and one or two other places. At Tana, our traveller saw remains of ancient pagodas of the Hindoos, and traces of other sacred buildings, the objects of which were only known by the traditions of the Brahmins. On the way from Daboul to Bengourla, the vessel in which he was embarked was attacked by the Malays, whom he calls Malavars. He was received with much distinction by the governor of Goa, who offered him a place in a carack returning to Europe, but M. de la Boullaye determined to make the journey overland. He takes this opportunity to give an interesting account of the Portuguese government in the Indies, and of the manners of the people who were subject to it. Our traveller's character of the early Portuguese colonists is rather amusing:—

"When a Portuguese gentleman goes to make a visit, he goes out either in a palankin, or on foot; if in a palankin he causes himself to be carried generally by four or six blacks of the country, free or slaves, whom they call Boias, or oxen, as we call the carriers of chairs mules. Men are not content with abusing their fellow-creatures, but they baptize them in derision with the names of animals. If he go on foot, the palankin always follows to show his grandeur, and a slave carries the parasol or sombre, as the Portuguese call it, which is extraordinarily great, and has for its handle a pambou (*bamboo*), which serves in encounters to maltreat their enemies. They strut along very proudly in the streets, swinging their body affectedly to the right and to the left, their legs stretched out stiff, which they contemplate from time to time, and walk

straight forwards, without stopping to look either one way or another, for fear of losing their gravity. When they come near the house of their friend, their slaves go in advance to warn of their approach and learn if the master of the house be at home, who comes to receive them at the bottom of the staircase or further, according to their condition, and enters first, in order to be in his chamber to receive them. They sit upon sofas, and cover themselves so little before each other, that I can assert that in divers visits which I made to the viceroy, he never covered himself before me. A little while after one has been seated the master of the house rises, and asks the visitors how they are, if they be his equals, or thanks them for the honour they have done him in coming to see him, for it is an incivility to question and interrogate one that is greater than yourself. After this ceremony they resume their seats very gravely, with their legs stretched out, for they never put them one over the other. Their ordinary entertainment and pastime is the game of cards, or they recount some battle in which the valour of their nation is displayed. The sciences are almost banished from these new argonauts, who reckon it a title to nobility not to be able to write, in which they are imitated by the great part of our Frenchmen."

After visiting some other parts of India, and making further observations on its climate and natural history, some of which are tolerably exact, and others strange enough, M. de la Boullaye embarked again in an English vessel, on the 1st of March, 1649, and, having set sail across the Persian Gulf, narrowly escaped shipwreck in the tempestuous weather which followed. At length he arrived safely at Bassorah, where there was then a convent of Carmelites. A considerable portion of the inhabitants of this place were Sabaeans, of whose creed and peculiarities our traveller gives a long and very interesting notice. At Bassorah he embarked on one of the boats which ascended the Tigris, for the purpose of visiting the site of Babylon, and he had an opportunity of becoming acquainted with the manners of the wandering Arabs. M. de la Boullaye speaks of lions as being at this time abundant on the banks of the Tigris; he often saw the marks of their feet in the sand; on the 19th of July they saw a lion pursuing a gazelle, and the following night they heard the roar of these animals along the bank of the river. Lions are now extremely rare, if ever seen, in this part of Asia. At the end of the month they reached Bagdad, which M. de la Boullaye erroneously supposed to occupy the site of ancient Babylon, forgetting that Babylon stood, not on the Tigris, but on the Euphrates; and he imagined a ruin about three leagues from that town, of which he gives a rough representation, to be the remains of the tower of Babel. The ruin he alludes to is, in fact, that observed at Akka-Kuf, a place supposed to represent the site of the Babylonian and biblical city of Accad.

At Bagdad our traveller found a large population of Christians of

the Nestorian church ; while Mosul, which tradition has always identified with Nineveh, was inhabited chiefly by Jacobites. At Eski-Mosul, or Old Mosul, he mistook some ruins of the Mohammedan period for genuine remains of the ancient capital of Assyria. He made a short stay at Mardin, and at Diarbeker, where he joined a caravan which was proceeding to Halep, or Aleppo. On his way he makes us acquainted with the manners of the Turkomans, through whose country his route lay, and against whose attacks and depredations the people of the caravan were obliged at times to defend themselves by force of arms. He was much troubled also by the douaniers at every town of any consequence, who seem to have been generally Nestorians or Jews, and who practised every kind of extortion. Aleppo, which has greatly declined in the course of two centuries, is stated by M. de la Boullaye to be as large as the city of Lyons. Between Aleppo and Tripoli he passed an old fortress built by the Crusaders, which, he says, was called Fransaoukalaci, or the castle of the Franks, but which seems now to have so entirely disappeared, that even the name does not exist. He next directed his course to Mount Lebanon, where he saw the cedars, and visited Canobin, the head seat of the Maronites. In this part of his wanderings he had to encounter some obstacles to his progress, arising from political disturbances which had broken out in Syria. He returned again to Tripoli, and proceeded thence to Egypt, making a stay of fifteen days at Saïde (*Sidon*). In his account of Egypt he does little more than repeat the ordinary medieval reports of the wonders of that mysterious land. The great cities of Egypt were thickly inhabited by Jews, and M. de la Boullaye made acquaintance at Alexandria with one of their great doctors, named Aaron ben Levi, with whom he held a learned discourse on the merits of the Christian and Jewish religions, an abstract of which finds a place in his book.

M. de la Boullaye sailed from Alexandria to Rhodes, which now belonged to the Turks, where he narrowly escaped a new danger, caused by a fugitive galley-slave of the Turks, who had taken refuge in their ship unknown to the captain, and whose escape they were supposed to have encouraged. At Rhodes the traveller made himself acquainted with the peculiar tenets of the Greek church, and he freely imparts to his readers the knowledge he had thus acquired. He was now returning home towards his native country, and scarcely touched at any of the isles of the Mediterranean. He passed in sight of Candia, which was then the limit between the power of the Turks and the Venetians, each of whom had a footing on its soil. After leaving Candia the ship was overtaken by a furious tempest,

which they had great difficulty in weathering. In this extremity M. de la Boullaye was obliged to throw one of his curiosities overboard; it was the hand of a mermaid which he had purchased somewhere on his route!

"I had among my baggage a hand of a Siren, or fish-woman, which I threw on the sly into the sea, because the captain seeing that we could not make way had asked me if I had not got some mummy or other in my bags, which hindered our progressing, in which case we must return to Egypt to carry it back again. Most of the Provençals have this opinion, that the vessels which transport the mummies from Egypt have great difficulty in arriving safe in port, so that I feared lest coming to make search among my goods, they might take the hand of this fish for a mummy's hand, and might insult me on account of it."

At length our traveller, in spite of all the perils which had beset him, landed safely at Leghorn, on the 15th of February. He proceeded without delay to Rome, where he found an honorable reception at the papal court, and thence, after some stay, he continued his route by way of Lucca and Turin to Geneva.

In the course of his travels in the East, M. de la Boullaye seems to have become in some degree embued with the spirit of the oriental literature, and he introduces the account of his earlier adventures in western and northern Europe, in the manner of an Arabian story-teller. At Geneva he accidentally met with an old friend, who had served with him among the French auxiliaries of Charles I, in the civil wars in England. This man was delighted with the recital of his eastern adventures, and pressed him to relate his previous travels, a request to which the traveller not unwillingly acceded. As we have stated before M. de la Boullaye went to England in 1643. The ship in which he embarked was bound for Weymouth, but it was chased by two parliamentary vessels, and driven into Falmouth, a port then in the possession of the royalists. Our traveller understood England and the English far less than the East, and he begins making mistakes from the moment he landed, for, not having taken the trouble to inquire the names of the rivers on which the towns were situated, he tells us that Weymouth signifies the *white mouth*, and Falmouth the *falling mouth*! As might be expected, he does not venture to say much on the subject of the English church, but he pays a compliment which, inasmuch as it comes evidently in spite of his prejudices, tells in favour of the domestic manners of our forefathers in this age. The English, he says, "are very mild (*doux*) in their families; the women are ladies and mistresses of all the household, and though they have all sorts of liberty, they

are wise enough not to abuse it." The traveller passes very rapidly over all he has to say of England, doing little more than mention the names of a few of the principal towns which he had visited, and hastens to the period of his departure for Ireland.\*

"The sixth of May (1644) we sailed at ten o'clock at night. Our captain was drunk, and knew not what he did; we had lost our passage two or three times by his fault; for in the mornings, the wind being contrary, he used to go to the public-house, and when the wind would chop round, he was then incapable of giving orders to the pilots. This drunkard set sail on a sudden, and left many respectable passengers ashore, without giving them any notice, who, having lost all hope of his weighing anchor so late, were asleep at their inns."

This was not a very propitious beginning, and before he got safe to land again, the ship was first chased by the parliamentarians, then narrowly escaped destruction in a storm, and finally they were deceived by a sort of mirage, which was taken for one of the "floating islands," fabled to be met with in the Irish seas. At length, on the 15th of May,—they had been nine days in passing from Minehead to Dublin—they came in sight of the Irish capital. Ireland was at this time in a state of dreadful agitation, and our traveller witnessed, every step he advanced, some new marks of the ravages of civil contention. After visiting all that was interesting in Dublin, he left that city in company with Tam (*Tom*) Nevel, an Irishman whose acquaintance he had made there. The villages he passed, even within six miles of the capital, were destroyed by the war. At Kilcullen Bridge they had to swim over the river, carrying their clothes on their heads, for the bridge had been destroyed in the rebellion; and all the country around was laid waste. The traveller had now entered upon the ground which was in the possession of the Irish Catholics, and he was seized rudely at the gates of Kilkenny, and carried before the mayor as a spy.

"At the gates of the city they seized upon me, and led me to the mayor, who, judging by my physiognomy that I was English, told me that I was a spy—that my figure, my speech, and carriage, were those of a native of England. I maintained that he was mistaken; and, as politely as I could, contradicted him, telling him I was of the French nation, and a good Catholic; that the passports I had from the King of England were proof of what I advanced, that he might read them and inform himself of my profession. He took them rudely enough from my hands, and reading only the superscription in English, 'Mestre le Gouz, his passe,' which signifies the pass of Monsieur

\* Mr. Crofton Croker has published a translation, with illustrative notes, of our author's travels in Ireland, under the title, "The Tour of the French Traveller M. de la Boullaye-le-Gouz in Ireland, A.D. 1644." London, Boone, 1837. 8vo. Our extracts relating to Ireland are taken from this translation.

le Gouz, he was confirmed in his error, and said to the company, ‘See if this name be not English, [the mayor evidently thought he was a goose!] and if I have not judged rightly that this fellow is a spy. Let the soldiers come and take him to prison; we do not so easily suffer these sort of ramblers; we will soon discover the truth.’ The impertinence of this lord shocked me: I replied to him, ‘You say I am English, without any foundation but your imagination. Is there no Frenchman here, who can judge if the French language is not natural to me, and English strange? As for my name, it is English; and it may be that my ancestors formerly came from England, to live in Brittany, after the invasion of the Saxons, as those of many other French families did.’

He sent in search of an inhabitant, a native of Caen, in Normandy, who assured him that I was French. I had leave to withdraw; and owing to the Catholic Council [the assembly of the confederate Catholics], which was held in this town, the hotels were so full, that if I had not met with a Norman, called Beauregard, I should have been forced to lie in the streets.”

M. de la Boullaye subsequently visited Callan and Cashel, where he had, over his potage, a furious dispute with two bigoted Spanish monks. At Limerick, he tells us, “there are great numbers of profligate women; which,” he adds, “I could not have believed, *on account of the climate.*” It was here that the misfortunes of his friend “Tam Nevel,” who appears to have been a good sample of a wild rollicking Irishman, began.—

“Tam Nevel [*Tom Neville*] with whom I had joined in company at Doublin to perform this journey, was caught by the artifice of these damsels, who robbed him one night of his money. In the morning he came to throw himself at my feet, saying, ‘O my good French gentleman, until now I have not made myself known to you; I implore you to credit what I assert, and not to abandon me. Know then that I am a native of Korq [*Cork*]; that by travelling in France, Spain, and England, for the last ten or twelve years, I had been enabled to accumulate sufficient from my industry in trade, to make an honourable retreat from business; when unfortunately I embarked again in the same pursuits, and having taken ship for England, fell into the hands of the Parliamentarians, who took from me all I had. With difficulty was I able to save some rings, by the sale of which I have got as far as this city; and, as misfortune never comes alone, I have again been robbed last night of the little remaining to me; so that I have no hope except in your kindness, and though I am distant but three days journey from my native place, I find myself in a state of destitution. For the remainder, fear not to trust me, as my father is one of the richest merchants in Korq; his dwelling resembles rather a palace than a private house. If you pass that way, you would see how he would receive you; he, and all my relations. You must have seen by my conduct, since I have had the honour of being in your company, that I am no sharper.’

I told him that he should want nothing to enable him to return to his native place. ‘While I have any money you shall share it with me; we must look on the misfortunes we are visited by from above, as sent for our correction. You ought to have made this reflection, and your first misfortune would have shielded you from your subsequent calamity.’”

On the evening of the third day, after leaving Limerick, they reached Cork.—

"Having arrived here, Tam Nevel of whom I have before spoken, led me to his father's house. He knocked at the door, when a well-looking man appeared, and demanded what we wanted. Tam Nevel desired to know whether John Nevel was at home. The man replied, that he knew no such person. Nevel, insisting that the house belonged to the person for whom he had asked, was told, that it belonged to an English captain, who had it on the seclusion of the Catholics from the town. He was surprised to find events so deplorable had occurred to his family. I sympathised with him, and observed, 'since things were thus, we must seek a lodging, as the night was coming on.'

'O Mister Frenchman,' he said, 'you cannot, without injustice, refuse to repair to the house, if not of my father, at least of some other relation. I have uncles in the town, where we shall be welcome.' We found out one of them, and by him we were received with all imaginable kindness; and Nevel learnt that his father had lost, in the religious wars, more than £10,000 sterling, and had been obliged to fly to the country, to avoid the tyranny of the English Protestants.

I remained eight days in this house, in the midst of continual festivity; and on taking leave to pursue my travels, they thanked me for the assistance I had rendered Tam Nevel, and, in spite of all I could do, repaid me the money I had furnished for his expenses from Limerick."

From Cork, our traveller proceeded by way of Kinsale, Youghall, and Waterford, to Wexford, from whence he departed with some difficulty, in the hope of escaping the parliamentarian cruisers, and reaching France or Spain; but he was again obliged to take refuge in the royalist port of Falmouth. As he had mixed chiefly with the Irish Catholics, he was tolerably well acquainted with Irish manners; and he has left a sketch from personal observation, which is a curious picture of the Irish two centuries ago.

"The Irish of the southern and eastern coasts, follow the customs of the English; those of the north, the Scotch. The others are not very polished, and are called by the English savages. The English colonists were of the English Church, and the Scotch were Calvinists; but at present they are all Puritans. The native Irish are very good Catholics, though knowing little of their religion [a characteristic description of an Irish Catholic]; those of the Hebrides and of the North acknowledge only Jesus and Saint Colombe [*Columkill*], but their faith is great in the Church of Rome. Before the English revolution, when an Irish gentleman died, his Britannic majesty became seized of the property and tutellage of the children of the deceased, whom they usually brought up in the English Protestant religion. Lord Insequin [*Inchiquin*] was educated in this manner, to whom the Irish have given the name of plague, or pest of his country.

The Irish gentlemen eat a great deal of meat and butter, and but little bread. They drink milk, and beer into which they put laurel leaves, and eat bread baked in the English manner. The poor grind barley and peas

between two stones, and make it into bread, which they cook upon a small iron table, heated on a tripod ; they put into it some oats, and this bread, which in the form of cakes, they call Haraan, they eat with great draughts of buttermilk. Their beer is very good, and the *eau-de-vie*, which they call Brandovin [*Brandy-wine*] is excellent. The butter, the beef, and the mutton, are better than in England.

The towns are built in the English fashion, but the houses in the country are in this manner :—Two stakes are fixed in the ground, across which is a transverse pole, to support two rows of rafters on the two sides, which are covered with leaves and straw. The cabins are of another fashion. There are four walls the height of a man, supporting rafters, over which they thatch with straw and leaves. They are without chimneys, and make the fire in the middle of the hut, which greatly incommodes those who are not fond of smoke. The castles, or houses of the nobility, consist of four walls, extremely high, thatched with straw ; but to tell the truth they are nothing but square towers, without windows, or at least having such small apertures as to give no more light than there is in a prison. They have little furniture, and cover their rooms with rushes, of which they make their beds in summer, and of straw in winter. They put the rushes a foot deep on their floors, and on their windows, and many of them ornament the ceilings with branches.

They are fond of the harp, on which nearly all play, as the English do on the fiddle, the French on the lute, the Italians on the guitar, the Spaniards on the castanets, the Scotch on the bagpipe, the Swiss on the fife, the Germans on the trumpet, the Dutch on the tambourine, and the Turks on the flageolet.

The Irish carry a sequine [*skeir*] or Turkish dagger, which they dart very adroitly at fifteen paces distance ; and have this advantage, that if they remain masters of the field of battle, there remains no enemy, and if they are routed, they fly in such a manner that it is impossible to catch them. I have seen an Irishman with ease accomplish twenty-five leagues a day. They march to battle with the bagpipes, instead of fifes, but they have few drums, and they use the musket and cannon as we do. They are better soldiers abroad than at home.

The red haired are considered the most handsome in Ireland. The women have hanging breasts, and those which are freckled like a trout are esteemed the most beautiful.

The trade of Ireland consists in salmon and herrings, which they take in great numbers. You have one hundred and twenty herrings for an English penny, equal to a carolus of France, in the fishing time. They import wine and salt from France, and sell there strong frize cloths at good prices.

The Irish are fond of strangers, and it costs little to travel amongst them. When a traveller of good address enters their houses with assurance, he has but to draw a box of sinisine, or snuff, and offer it to them ; then these people receive him with admiration, and give him the best they have to eat. They love the Spaniards as their brothers, the French as their friends, the Italians as their allies, the Germans as their relatives, the English and Scotch as their irreconcileable enemies. I was surrounded on my journey from Kilkinnik [*Kilkenny*] to Cachel [*Cashel*] by a detachment of twenty Irish soldiers, and when they learned I was Frankard (it is thus they call us), they did not molest me in the least, but made me offers of service, seeing that I was neither Sazanach [*Saxon*] nor English.

The Irish, whom the English call savages, have for their head-dress, a little blue bonnet, raised two fingers breadth in front, and behind covering their head and ears. Their doublet has a long body, and four skirts; and their breeches are a pantaloons of white frize, which they call trousers. Their shoes, which are pointed, they call brogues, with a single sole. They often told me of a proverb in English, ‘Airische brogues for English dogues’ [*Irish brogues for English dogs*], ‘the shoes of Ireland for the dogs of England,’ meaning that their shoes are worth more than the English.

For cloaks they have five or six yards of frize drawn round the neck, the body, and over the head, and they never quit this mantle, either in sleeping, working, or eating. The generality of them have no shirts, and about as many lice as hairs on their heads, which they kill before each other without any ceremony.

The northern Irish have for their only dress a breeches, and a covering for the back, without bonnet, shoes, or stockings. The women of the north have a double rug, girded round their middle and fastened to the throat. Those bordering on Scotland have not more clothing. The girls of Ireland, even those living in towns, have for their head-dress only a ribbon, and if married they have a napkin on the head, in the manner of the Egyptians. The body of their gowns comes only to their breasts; and when they are engaged in work they gird their petticoat with their sash about the abdomen. They wear a hat and mantle very large, of a brown colour, of which the cape is of coarse woollen frize, in the fashion of the women of Lower Normandy.”

The remainder of M. de la Boullaye’s volume is less generally interesting than the preceding part. At Falmouth he found the English queen, Henrietta Maria, preparing to sail for France, and he embarked in one of the ships of her escort. They were again pursued by the Parliamentarian ships, and with difficulty made the coast of Britany. After a short stay at Brest, our traveller proceeded to Amsterdam, and thence to Copenhagen. He next travelled through Livonia and Poland, and having reached Dantzic he returned by way of Lubec, through Switzerland, to his native country.

In these earlier European travels, M. de la Boullaye-le-Gouz shows little of the close and often intelligent observation which characterised his wanderings in the East, where he appears to us, for his age, remarkably unprejudiced. His account of the different European establishments in the Indies is the more impartial and faithful, inasmuch as the French had then no interest in those parts; and he seems to have had no special leaning to either of the three nations which then contended for superiority there—English, Dutch, or Portuguese. When he comes to England, we soon perceive his national prejudices getting the better even of his curiosity, and he shows less desire to have correct information on the different divisions of the Protestant faith than on the law of Mohammed, or on the paganism of Parsis or Brahmins. The passion for travelling

seems to have taken entire possession of him, and he shows a decided partiality for the East. Soon after his return from his first travels, he was almost tempted to proceed thither again, and seems to have been disappointed at not being appointed "Catholic Cosmographer" of the pope, as a reward for his previous exertions, which attracted so much notice at the court of France, that he was sent for to relate them before the king, and received his royal commands to publish them. The first edition was printed in 1652; the second, which is the one before us, appeared in 1657, and is stated to have been revised and enlarged. It became no doubt a book of popular reading, as its author has contrived to include in it accounts of the government and religion, as well as of the manners, of most of the principal kingdoms in the world as then known. Subsequently to the appearance of his work, he proceeded again to the East, and we are informed that he died in Persia about the year 1668.

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#### ART. VII.—*The First Edition of Shakespeare.*

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MR. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE'S *Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies, published according to the true Originall Copies.* London: Printed by Isaac Jaggard and Edward Blount, 1623. (*The first folio edition.*)

THE publishers of the seventeenth century are not always to be depended upon in their statements respecting the authenticity of the sources whence they obtained their texts; but a careful examination of the circumstances under which the first edition of Shakespeare appeared, would lead us to believe that the assertion, they were "published according to the true originall copies," is strictly correct. The work appeared under the care of Heminge and Condell, two of the poet's most intimate friends; and their 'Address to the great variety of Readers' is in a tone of serious truth, not, as is too frequently the case in books of the period, in one of exaggerated adulation. "It had been a thing," they observe, "worthy to have been wished, that the author himself had lived to have set forth and overseen his own writings; but since it hath been ordained otherwise, and he by death departed from that right, we pray you do not envy his friends the office of their care and pain to have collected and published them; and so to have published them, as where before you were abused with divers stolen and surrep-

*titious copies, maimed and deformed by the frauds and stealths of injurious impostors that exposed them, even those are now offered to your view cured, and perfect of their limbs; and all the rest absolute in their numbers, as he conceived them."* It is quite clear from this that Heminge and Condell professed to print an authentic edition,—the first having any real claims to authenticity; and as this long-vaunted "first folio" is talked of more than read, and is daily increasing in an extravagant price, it may not be without its use to offer to our readers a few observations on the chief points in which its value really consists.

There can be little doubt that many of the plays in the first folio were printed from Shakespeare's own manuscripts, for the editors assert this; and the general statement of the clearness of the poet's manuscripts, is in some measure confirmed by Ben Jonson. Of the thirty-six plays contained in this volume, exactly one half had never previously been published in any form whatever, and four had only appeared in a very obscure and mutilated condition; so that to twenty-two out of thirty-six plays, the disputed question respecting the difference in value between the quarto and folio editions, does not apply. This circumstance alone imparts an extraordinary and inestimable value to this volume. In it are unquestionably preserved the only original copies, from Shakespeare's own manuscripts, of twenty-two of his plays. The following tabular statement will enable the reader to see precisely the earliest authorities for each play:—

|   |                       |                            |
|---|-----------------------|----------------------------|
| Tempest . . . . .                         | First folio . . . . . | No quarto.                 |
| Two Gentlemen of Verona . . . . .         | ib. . . . .           | No quarto.                 |
| Merry Wives of Windsor . . . . .          | ib. . . . .           | No early authentic quarto. |
| Measure for Measure . . . . .             | ib. . . . .           | No quarto.                 |
| Comedy of Errors . . . . .                | ib. . . . .           | No quarto.                 |
| Much Ado about Nothing . . . . .          | ib. . . . .           | Quarto, 1600.              |
| Love's Labour's Lost . . . . .            | ib. . . . .           | Quarto, 1598.              |
| A Midsummer Night's Dream . . . . .       | ib. . . . .           | Quarto, 1600.              |
| Merchant of Venice . . . . .              | ib. . . . .           | Quarto, 1600.              |
| As You Like It . . . . .                  | ib. . . . .           | No quarto.                 |
| Taming of the Shrew . . . . .             | ib. . . . .           | No quarto.                 |
| All's Well that Ends Well . . . . .       | ib. . . . .           | No quarto.                 |
| Twelfth Night, or What you Will . . . . . | ib. . . . .           | No quarto.                 |
| The Winter's Tale . . . . .               | ib. . . . .           | No quarto.                 |
| King John . . . . .                       | ib. . . . .           | No quarto.                 |
| Richard II. . . . .                       | ib. . . . .           | Quarto, 1597.              |
| Henry IV. Two Parts . . . . .             | ib. . . . .           | Quartos, 1598, 1600.       |
| Henry V. . . . .                          | ib. . . . .           | No early authentic quarto. |
| Henry VI. Part 1 . . . . .                | ib. . . . .           | No quarto.                 |

|                         |   |             |   |                             |
|-------------------------|---|-------------|---|-----------------------------|
| Henry VI. Parts 2 and 3 | . | First folio | . | No early authentic quartos. |
| Richard III.            | . | ib.         | . | Quarto, 1597.               |
| Henry VIII.             | . | ib.         | . | No quarto.                  |
| Troilus and Cressida    | . | ib.         | . | Quarto, 1609.               |
| Coriolanus              | . | ib.         | . | No quarto.                  |
| Titus Andronicus        | . | ib.         | . | Quarto, 1600.               |
| Romeo and Juliet        | . | ib.         | . | Authentic quarto, 1599.     |
| Timon of Athens         | . | ib.         | . | No quarto.                  |
| Julius Caesar           | . | ib.         | . | No quarto.                  |
| Macbeth                 | . | ib.         | . | No quarto.                  |
| Hamlet                  | . | ib.         | . | Authentic quarto, 1604.     |
| King Lear               | . | ib.         | . | Quarto, 1608.               |
| Othello                 | . | ib.         | . | Quarto, 1622.               |
| Antony and Cleopatra    | . | ib.         | . | No quarto.                  |
| Cymbeline               | . | ib.         | . | No quarto.                  |
| Pericles                | . | Third folio | . | Quarto, 1609.               |

With the exception, therefore, of fourteen plays, for ‘Pericles,’ not being inserted in the folio till 1664, need scarcely enter into our present consideration, the first edition of Shakespeare of 1623 is our only real authority for the poet’s text. With respect to these fourteen, various circumstances must determine how far reliance may be placed upon them; but recollecting that, even if any of the quartos were used in the preparation of the folio, they had most probably received authorised corrections, we should incline, in nearly every instance, to prefer the authority of the latter. A great deal of license in unobjectionable readings, in cases where authentic quartos and the folio differ, must necessarily be left to the particular editor; but we cannot help thinking that Mr. Knight has pursued the wisest course in closely following Heminge and Condell’s edition. Horne Tooke’s opinion on this subject deserves to be of weight, for he had closely studied the grammatical character of Shakespeare’s English, and could speak with confidence on what was the most likely to be a genuine text. “The first folio, in my opinion,” observes that eminent critic, “is the only edition worth regarding; and it is much to be wished that an edition of Shakespeare were given *literatim* according to the first folio, which is now become so scarce and dear that few persons can obtain it; for by the presumptuous license of the dwarfish commentators, who are for ever cutting him down to their own size, we must risk the loss of Shakespeare’s genuine text, which that folio assuredly contains; notwithstanding some few slight errors of the press, which might be noted without altering.”

Heavy, indeed, will be his responsibility who shall venture to

depart widely from this grand foundation of the genuine text of Shakespeare. Even the editor of the second folio, which was published nine years afterwards, so far from improving the text by reference to the original manuscripts, merely corrected obvious typographical blunders, and committed unnecessary alterations, which bore in themselves the marks of spuriousness by being adapted to the changes which had occurred in the construction of the English language after the poet's death. This is a consideration which should never be lost sight of; for however agreeable may certain ingenious alterations and "improvements" be to modern ears, it is an editor's duty to give to the world what Shakespeare wrote in the diction of his own time, not what he would have written had he been contemporary with Dryden, or had lived amongst ourselves. In the latter case, instead of writing plays, he would perhaps have astonished the world by some brilliant essays in the Quarterly, or controlled the political destinies of the day by gentle thunders in 'The Times.' The present is not the day for play writing.

The folio edition is sometimes, however, corrected in the minor points by the earlier quartos, and, as whatever appeared in the poet's lifetime must be consonant with the grammatical phraseology of the period, even independently of their authority, such corrections are deserving of the greatest consideration. All corrections, however, appearing in any form after the appearance of the folio of 1623, unless found in copies guaranteed to have been taken from authentic manuscripts, must be looked upon as purely conjectural; and the more we examine into the minutiae of Shakespearian literature, the more reason we shall find for distrusting nearly all conjectural readings. A line from a contemporary poet will often dissipate pages of learning and lines of ingenious emendation, which, in the singular words of Dr. Johnson, "almost place the critic on a level with the author." Amongst many instances which occur to us, illustrating this remark, may be mentioned a new reading in a well-known passage in 'Hamlet'—

— "I am thy father's spirit;  
Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night,  
And for the day confin'd to *fast in fires*,  
Till the foul crimes, done in my days of nature,  
Are burnt and purg'd away."

It is now proposed to read *lasting fires*, a reading which, however ingenious, destroys the allusion to the old notion that one of the

miseries of hell and purgatory was the want of food, or, as Chaucer has it, "defaute of mete and drinke."

To take another example in the same play, in the second scene of the first act :—

" He may not, as unvalued persons do,  
*Carve for himself*; for on his choice depends  
 The safety and the health of the whole state;  
 And therefore must his voice be circumscrib'd  
 Unto the voice and yielding of that body,  
 Whereof he is the head."

One would have thought there was little occasion for the exercise of any critical ingenuity here, but we are mistaken. A critic considers *carve for himself*, to be "a coarse, if not an unmeaning expression; we may easily read, and even with some degree of elegance and force, *crave*, i. e., sue for himself!" This, however, is a mere trifle to a perpetration in 'Othello,' where Desdemona unfortunately says—

" Besrew me much, *Æmilia*,  
 I was, *unhandsome warrior as I am*,  
 Arraigning his unkindness with my soul;  
 But now I find I had suborn'd the witness,  
 And he's indited falsely."

"Unhandsome warrior," says the critic, should surely be unhandsome *lawyer*, or pleader; for "*lawyer* and *warrior* being somewhat alike in sound, the mistake was made in transcribing!"

Some of the critics have a marvellous idea of the poet's metre, as may be witnessed in the following undeniably prosaic marring of one of the most characteristic scenes in 'Macbeth':—

" But in a sieve I'll thither sail,  
 And, like a rat without a tail,  
 I'll do, I'll do, and *I'll not fail!*"

The Frenchman sadly wanted to know what the witch was going to do,—“I'll do, I'll do, I'll do—*vel, vat vill she do?*” The English emendator has settled the question about as satisfactorily as the scholar answered one respecting the *number* of people who were drowned in an excursion somewhere near our own Alma Mater—

“Omnès drounderunt, qui swimaway non potuerunt!”

We cannot resist another specimen from the same play, though we fear the consequences of its disclosure on Mr. Macready, whose impressive reading of the lines must be in the recollection of most of our readers :—

“This supernatural soliciting  
 Cannot be ill; *cannot be good.*”

The sagacious annotator is sadly puzzled. What could have possessed Shakespeare to talk about a thing that was not bad, and could not be good? Then what can this supernatural soliciting amount to? The conclusion is obvious. *The text is corrupt!* Our critic is convinced the author wrote—

“ This supernatural soliciting  
Cannot be ill :—can it be good ? ”

Some of the most highly-gifted æsthetical commentators have proved themselves wanting in judgment in conjectural emendations. Thus Coleridge, in a well-known and easily-understood passage in ‘The Merry Wives of Windsor,’—

“ Fal. Now the report goes she has all the rule of her husband’s purse ;  
he hath a legion of angels.

Pist. As many devils entertain ; and, ‘To her, boy,’ say I ;”—

unnecessarily and absurdly proposes to read, *As many devils enter’d swine*, and makes it a scriptural allusion. Errors of this kind render it very desirable that editors should use the very utmost caution in disturbing the authoritative text; a text we know to have been printed, in a great part, from Shakespeare’s own manuscripts. “ We have scarce received from him a blot in his papers,” is the assertion of Heminge and Condell, in 1623. Is it likely that a correctly-printed book, as the first folio confessedly is, printed from unblotted and unerased manuscripts, should afford large scope for conjectural emendation? We think not; and that all really careful readers of the poet, who bring to the work a competent knowledge of the language and literature of the times, will agree with us in thinking that Mr. Knight was well advised in adhering as closely as he has done to the authenticated text of the truly-valuable volume which has been made the subject of these remarks.

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### Anecdota Literaria.

#### EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF JOHN RICHARDS, ESQ.,

*Of Warmwell, in Dorsetshire; from March 1697, to March 1702.*

MR. RICHARDS's Diary, though he was only a quiet farming squire of the west of England, is of some worth, as giving us much insight into the home and social life of our forefathers of his time, and will help us to form a right opinion of many circumstances of the social being of our own generation.

Mr. Richards bought the manor of Warmwell in 1689, and died in 1721, about twelve years after the writing of the Diary in our hands. Hutchins says he had been a merchant, which seems very likely, from the readiness with which he writes some of his entries in Italian, in a style which would seem to show that he had spent much time in Italy; and since it appears, from his Diary, that he had kindred living in different places of the neighbourhood, we should deem that he was a Dorsetshire man.

Warmwell is a village about six miles from Dorchester, on the left side of the old turnpike-road, from thence to Wareham.

It is worthy of notice that Mr. Richards's orthography is all but settled, and differs but little from our own.

We have, to a certain degree, classified the extracts, and shall make some remarks upon them at the end.

#### FOOD AND DRINK.

[Of the retailing of wine by the dozen we find nothing in Mr. Richards's Diary. He bought wine in wood, and bottled it; and however bad we may choose to think the roads were in the time of King William the Third, the old roofs of Dorset seem to have gathered their clusters of neighbours and friends from as wide a circle and as often as country people meet now. If they had few carriages, Tregonwell Frampton had taught them to appreciate a good horse.]

Tuesday, 22 Ditto (March, 169 $\frac{1}{2}$ ).—This morning my cask of port wine, w<sup>ch</sup> I rec<sup>d</sup> from Lond<sup>n</sup> last autumn, was drawn off into 11 doz. and 3 bottles; and there rem<sup>d</sup> of my old port wine,  $1\frac{1}{2}$   $\frac{1}{2}$ .

Tuesday, the 12 Aprill, 1698.—This day my  $\frac{1}{2}$  cask of Malaga wine, bo<sup>t</sup> for me at — Samwaies, was bro<sup>t</sup> home by W<sup>m</sup> Eyre, in my little cart.

Tuesday, the 25<sup>th</sup> Oct. (1698).—This day my serv<sup>r</sup> ground y<sup>e</sup> remainder of my malt for Oct. drink, being 14 small bushels.

This morning, the 28<sup>th</sup> Ditto (Oct. 1698), my young greyhound Snap was hanged.

Tuesday, the 15 9ber. 1698.—Rec<sup>d</sup> from Mr. Winston W<sup>ms</sup>, a present, by y<sup>e</sup> Weym<sup>th</sup> carrier—2 lemons, 1 pomegranit, 2 rousl of tobacco, we<sup>g</sup>, 12 Dutch tobacco-pipes.

Feb. the 28, 169 $\frac{1}{2}$ .—This morning my  $\frac{1}{2}$  cask of Malaga wine, w<sup>ch</sup> Mr. Samwaies bo<sup>t</sup> for me at Lime in March last, was drawn off into 9 doz. of bottles, w<sup>ch</sup> being most large, I reckon made at least 10 doz. quarts.

Munday, the 14<sup>th</sup> Ditto (Aug. 1699).—This morning I was at Lewell, to see his sorrell stone-horse, w<sup>ch</sup> Mr. Frampton has given him. This day a hogshead of my Oct. drink was bottled off in 19 $\frac{1}{2}$  doz. of y<sup>e</sup> large bottles.

The 14 (Oct. 1699).—This afternoon I rec<sup>d</sup>, by Brooks waggon, in Dorch<sup>r</sup>,

a sealed packett, q<sup>t</sup> 2 papers of Bohe thea—on one of y<sup>e</sup> papers was noted \$16 and on y<sup>e</sup> other \$20, from Mr. Tho. Skinner.

Thursday, the 19th Oct. 1699.—I began to leave off snuff tobacco, having taken none all this day.

Monday, the 12 Aug. 1700.—This day I sent Tho. Voss and Jno. Battercomb w<sup>th</sup> my cart and five horses, to Mr. Sag<sup>d</sup> Bonds at Grange, for my hogsh<sup>d</sup> of claret.

Munday, 31 March, 1701.—This evening 8 quarts of Mr. Hitts brandy were put to y<sup>e</sup> black cherrys in my old wicker bottle.

Thursday, the 31 Aug. (1701).—I had a lb of coffee ground.

Tuesday, the 17th Feb. 170 $\frac{1}{2}$ .—I had a lb of coffee ground at Mrs. Stokes. This day (Nov. 2), and Sunday the 3rd Ditto, my hogshead of French wine was drawn off into 244 bottles.

More y<sup>e</sup> 4th ~~17<sup>th</sup>~~

My cask of red port wine bo<sup>t</sup> of Mr. Meadman, was this day drawn off into 11 doz. of my large quart bottles.

#### EDUCATION, BOOKS, ETC.

[The people of Mr. Richards's time lent each other books; and he himself was so far from underrating education, that he put his man Pymer, as well as his sons, under the tuition of Mr. Bound, the clergyman, and hired a writing master for him.]

Sunday, 20 June, 1697.—Yesterday Mr. Hook lent me Le Comptes Memoirs of China; and yesterday sevenight the Life of Mahomet. Left y<sup>m</sup> for him at Mr. Bakers, Munday the 2<sup>d</sup> August, 1697.

Thursday morning, y<sup>e</sup> 1<sup>o</sup> July, 1697.—I sent Mr. Jn<sup>o</sup> Will<sup>ma</sup> of Lewell, Mr. Hook's Book of China.—Rec<sup>d</sup> back from him the 1<sup>st</sup> August.

I was at Mr. Jo. Goulds, minist. of Staford and left w<sup>th</sup> him y<sup>e</sup> books.

Thursday the 17<sup>o</sup> Ditto. (Nov. 1698).—My serv<sup>t</sup> Jn<sup>o</sup> Pymer began to goe to school to Mr. Bound.

Thursday the 22nd. Xber., 1698.—Pymer bro<sup>t</sup> cousin Edith Long home behind him.—Mem<sup>m</sup> I returned Mr. Hooks book, Dr. Burnet of y<sup>e</sup> Conflagration, Munday the 19th Xber, and left it for him w<sup>th</sup> Mrs. Baker, where my Bro. Ja<sup>s</sup> had it.

Munday the 23 Jan. 1698.—I this day agreed w<sup>th</sup> Mr. Raskar of Dorchester, writing master, to teach my serv<sup>t</sup> J<sup>no</sup> Pymer, to write and cast acc., at 5s. P<sup>r</sup> quarter, and gave him 2s. 6d. entrance money—he began this day.

Munday, the 30th, Ditto. (Octr. 1699).—I sent Stanley to Dorch<sup>r</sup> w<sup>th</sup> lett<sup>rs</sup>, and Doct<sup>r</sup> Davenant 1<sup>o</sup> book to be left w<sup>th</sup> Mr. Stokes for Col. Trenchard, and therew<sup>th</sup>. B—relation of Mr. Sadlers Profesy for Capt<sup>n</sup> Trenchard, when he bro<sup>t</sup> back my warming pan, from How, and my new freze coat from Dammer.

Friday the 17th 9ber 1699.—This day Mr. Reade lent me his book of King James the 1<sup>st</sup> his work.—Returned againe by Pymer.

14 July 1701.—The same morning my son Tom, and my daughter, went to school to Gam<sup>r</sup> Newling.

#### DRESS, ETC.

Wednesday, the 21 Ditto. (July 1697).—Last night the widow Edwards house was burnt, the fire breaking out abo<sup>t</sup> 11 at night.—I gave her for Wm. Grant, my fine cinnamon coull<sup>r</sup> clo. wastcoat and breeches, a sad coull<sup>r</sup> clo. wastcoat lined with blew, a good pair of shoes, and my long sad coull<sup>r</sup> woollen stockings, as good as new, also a good Carolina hatt.

(13 Oct. 1697).—This day Pymer carryed my black cloth coat and serge breeches to Jno. Harbin.

17th Feb. 1697.—This day I gave Dammer of Dorch<sup>r</sup> order to fetch drugget lining for my coat and waistcoat, at Cousin Longs.

Wednesday, the 5th July, 1699.—Mr. Mallerd was here finishing Jacks crowd, and took away my bass viol to mend.

Thursday, the 6th Ditto.—I sent Pymer to Dorch<sup>r</sup> w<sup>th</sup> cou. Mary Symes little silver tankard put into a basket of cuwane, to be left at Jno. Longs till shee sends for it.

16th Oct. 1699.—My two periwigs now came from Lond. new made, viz. one by Mr. King w<sup>th</sup> a sad colour, one by a Frenchman of a brighter colour.

Munday night, the 1<sup>o</sup> Aprill, 1700.—I cutt off Jacks hair and put on his periwig.

Tuesday the 5th Ditto. (March 1700).—Mary Bounds hair was cut off, wa<sup>r</sup> 4½ ounces, to make a periwig for Jack.

[The following is his son John's outfit to Wimborne School; some of the words are obliterated by damp :]—

Things w<sup>ch</sup> my son John has with him to Winborn, this      of June, 1700—3 coats, 2 of y<sup>m</sup> cloth, 1 of serge; 3 waistcoats, 1 of y<sup>m</sup> cloth, 2 stuffs; 2 pair of plush breeches; 4 pair of stockings, 2 woollen and 2 worsted; 7 shirts, 6 white handkerchiefs, 5 nightcaps, 12 muslin neckclothes, 5 pair of socks, 4 pair of gloves, 2 hats, 2 horn combs; 1 English Bible; 1—, 1—, 1—, 1— penknife, 1 pocket —, 1 pair —, 1 ink —, 1 violin, 1 new —. 2 large sheets, 12 dowlas napkins, 1 dictionary, 2 silver spoons.

[Some of the entrances relating to his family are amusing enough :]—

25<sup>th</sup> (Aug. 1697).—This afternoon my boy William was put into breeches for good.

My son Thomas, his height, by my 4-foot rule, was 39 inches, measured barefoot, this 4<sup>th</sup> May, 1701.

[We see Mr. Richards had at least three sons and a daughter. His lady's name was Alice, “*Alicia a non alliciendo*;” for, if Mr. Richards was a good husband, he seems to have been happy in most things but his ‘non placens uxor!’ Either Mr. Richards was not worthy of her excellences, or else he was not matched in the graces of his own mild and peaceful mind. In sundry of his memoranda she is revealed to us (in a language in which, we suppose, the record of her violence was concealed from herself—Italian) as a lady of very impetuous anger or a morbid irritability. It might be thought ungallant to reproduce any of the Xantippic storms of Mr. Richards's matrimonial life, in which we have reason to fear he was not without blame; but yet it may, after all, be desirable that we should give forth a few of the Italian records of strife, as a warning to our fair contemporaries; lest their scoldings, of the reign of Victoria, might be written against them, for the eyes of some antiquary of 150 years hence. We often find in Mr. Richards's Diary a balance of account, or of money owing between himself and his wife; which shows that she had not wholly cast in her lot with her husband, so that they should both have one purse; though hers seems to have been always pretty well filled.]

Ditto, 20 Aprill, 1697.—I borrowed of Alce a new  $\frac{1}{2}$  crown, to give young Voss.—Rep<sup>d</sup> her the 10 May.

Munday, the 30 September, 1700.—Rec<sup>d</sup> of Alce, £5; gave her, as noted

under y<sup>e</sup> 16 January last in this book, £36. 17s. 6d.; total, £41. 17s. 6d.—9ber. 11, P<sup>d</sup> her, £10.; N. p<sup>d</sup> her, £31. 17s. 6d.; total, £41. 17s. 6d.

Tuesday, the 12<sup>th</sup> Ditto (Sept. 1699).—Q<sup>a</sup> sera A. fu matta al solito intorno M., dicendomi che l'amava piel del lei, ed che sopra la maltratta in q<sup>ta</sup> casa havuto spesse volte di amorzarsi.

(*This evening A. was mad as usual, about M., telling me that I loved her better than herself; and that upon the ill-treatment in this house, she had often thought of killing herself.*)

Friday the 15th Xber, 1699.—Questa mattina A. ora matta in mag<sup>r</sup> segno dicendomi che io fusse venuto in tal mal humore che nenguno voleva servirmi in breve, ed molte altre insolenti discorsi insupportabili chi lèi costeranno cari.

(*This morning A. was mad to the greatest degree, telling me that I was got into such an ill humour, that nobody would serve me in a little while, and many other intolerable insolent discourses, which shall cost her dear.*)

Wednesday (3 Jan. 1700).—Questa sera bastonavo Jack p. la sua mala — nel gioco, ed sopra la quella A. mostravasi si insolente che la mettevo fuoro la camera.

(*This evening, I beat Jack for his bad (behaviour?) in play, and upon that A. showed herself so insolent that I put her out of the room.*)

Wednesday the 10th Ditto. (Jan. 1700).—Jn<sup>o</sup> Long came this morning and carried away his daughter Edith, before dinner.—This morning I sent Jack and Wm<sup>m</sup> againe to Mr. Bounds school, he having been here yesterday, to bespeak y<sup>m</sup>.”\*

Wednesday y<sup>e</sup> 14 Feb. (1700).—In tavola haveva parole avec A. intorno mio figlio Gio. che venua al fine extravagante, e il giorno seguente doppo disinfare, tornava renovar la querela bravante.

(*At table I had words with A. about my son John, which became at last very high, and the next day after dinner she began to renew the quarrel violently.*)

Friday the 23 (Feb. 1700).—Havendo tenutomi p. due giorni strano, A. mi diceva sta mattina se io did not mend my manners in breve se dichiarava, &c. Sopra la qual insolenza perdendo tutta pazienza brugliava il mio testamento avante gli suoi occhi.

(*Having kept myself for two days distant, A. said to me this morning if I did not &c. on which insolence, losing all patience I burnt my will before her eyes.*)

(21 July 1700).—Q<sup>a</sup> notte dormiva in cellar chamber, p. esser in riposo dal cela—(*This night I slept in Cellar Chamber to be at rest from that —*).

Thursday the 3rd. Oct. (1700).—I sent Jack and Wm. back again to Winborn — and afterw<sup>ds</sup> y<sup>e</sup> morning Gam<sup>r</sup> Grant cam to fetch away her daughter e q<sup>ta</sup> notte faceva il mio letto essendo in coll<sup>a</sup> con ella, (*and this night I made my bed being angry with her.*)

Munday the 21<sup>st</sup> Ditto. (Oct<sup>r</sup> 1700).—This afternoon, ella fu matta in magg<sup>r</sup> segno (*she was mad to the greatest degree*), and roared all y<sup>e</sup> while till night, when la seravassi (*I shut her up*) in dining-room.

Munday, the 9th, Ditto (Dec. 1700).—Mr. Traherens late serv<sup>t</sup> maid came to me at y<sup>e</sup> coffee house in Dorch<sup>r</sup> to offer if I wanted a serv<sup>t</sup>

That evening relating it to my Alce, she began to suspect something extraordinary in it, and shewing her old humour, grew extravagant &c. al solito, (*as usual.*)

\* Mr. Bound was the clergyman of Warmwell: the boys had been taken away in a huff.

Wednesday the 11th, Ditto.—Lei fu matto in maggior segno (*I was enraged with her to the greatest degree*).—Susan Poplar went away this night at 8 o'clock, without taking leave.

The 10th Ditto. (May, 1701,) I was sensible of the gout being come into my right—<sup>w<sup>th</sup> I strind three days agoe looking after Ben, and was forced to come away from Dorch<sup>r</sup> in great paine by 2 o'clock. This evening I applyed oatmeal poultice to it and had a very uneasy night.—[And, as if the anguish of his gout was not enough for him,] Q<sup>ta</sup> sera A. tamando—fu mata in maggior segno per niente. (*This evening A. taking—was mad to the greatest degree for nothing.*)</sup>

Munday, the 19th (May, 1701).—Hoggidi A. eveniva matta altravolta in maggior segno e mi trattava come un schiavo p. niente.

(*To-day A. became mad again, to the greatest degree, and treated me like a slave for nothing.*)

Munday, the 26 Ditto (May, 1701).—Mary Lillington came hither.

Sunday, the 29<sup>th</sup> Ditto (June, 1701).—Besai M. L. pr<sup>m</sup>a vez. (*I kissed M. L. the first time.*)

[Who could M. L. be but Mary Lillington, who came the 26th of May? The first time, too, as if he meant to do it again. He had said before that Mrs. Richards had treated him like a slave, *per niente*, for nothing. For nothing, forsooth!]

B.

(*To be continued.*)

#### HOUSEHOLD INVENTORY OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

(FROM A MANUSCRIPT IN PRIVATE HANDS.)

THES parcelles her after wretyn ben in my place in litill Barw (?), that is for to sey, in the halle and in the parlour, and in the chambre above and benethe, in the botry, and in the lardirhous, and in the kechyn, wretyn with mine own hand the xv day of May, Anno Domini m' iiiij<sup>e</sup> lxij<sup>o</sup>

En primez, in the halle :

A standyng sper

An angyng of steyned werk

A mappa mundi of parchement

A syde table, j. dormilystikkus

A bem, with vj. candilstykkus

Item, in the parlour :

An hang' of worsted red and gren

A cobbold of escchebordes

A table and a peyr trestelz

A branche of laton with iiiij. ligtes

A peyr of aundydrens

A peyr of tonges

A fform to sit uppon

And a cheyrene.

Item, in the botry :

A flat basyn bolyond abowt be the  
egges

And a round basyn

And a ij. candilstikes, on of the

sam with ij. nosis

A chargour of pewter

vijj. platers, vijj. disches

And vijj. sawcers of pewter

And ijj. table clothes, and therof  
on of worke and ij. pleyn

And a towelle of werke

And ij. pleyn towells

And ij. rollers

And iiiij. sanappus

ijj. tubbis

A good chern of xij. galons.

Item, en the chambre :

j. ffethirbedd

And ijj. bolsters with fethirs

And ij. matras

And ij. peyr blankettes

And ijj. coverlettes

|  |                                 |
|--|---------------------------------|
| And xij. shetes  | A fryng pann and a . . .        |
| A sylour and iij. curteyns of blew<br>bokeram                                | A brasyn ladylle                |
| And cost's abowt the chambre of<br>blew bokeram                              | A fflesch hok                   |
| And a whit sylour and chamberyng<br>costours abowt with alle white<br>clothe | A peyr rakkus of yren           |
| And vj. pelows stuffid with downe,<br>etc.                                   | A morter off marbil             |
| And a peyr aundyrons   | A crow of iren                  |
| A gret chest with ij. lyddis   | An axe                          |
| A less chest with a lock and key   | A haget                         |
| A prus desk chest  | A bille.                        |
| A close almyery in the low chambre   | En the bultyng hous :           |
| Item, in the kechyn :  | En the stable :                 |
| A brasyn pott of iiiij. galons (?)   | ij. sadelz                      |
| A cawdron off xij. galons (?)  | ij. bridelz                     |
| A littil cawdroun off . . .  | i. panelle.                     |
| A chaffre to mak a sell . . .  | En the ches hous :              |
|  | En the berne :                  |
|  | A wayn schodd with iren         |
|  | With iij. long cheyuns thereto. |

[There is nothing in the original manuscript to enable us to identify the writer.]

W.

## Communications and Correspondence.

### OUR OLD PUBLIC LIBRARIES.

AN inquiry is urgently demanded into the numerous and valuable collections of books belonging to the public, which are scattered over the country, in the hands of *trustees*, either official, or by descent in certain families, or by nomination; and all of which come under the title of public libraries. In the reign of Queen Anne—our Augustan age—these important institutions were brought before Parliament, and a law was passed for their better preservation. This statute (7 Anne, c. 14) provides that the incumbents of parishes and the churchwardens shall give security to the civil authorities for the care of the books. It also invests the bishops and other ecclesiastics with power to *visit* the libraries; and it enjoins the librarians, once a year, to certify to their good state.

The fact of such a law being made one hundred and forty-two years ago, is a satisfactory proof that public libraries were not wanting among us of old. They are indeed to be traced to remote times; and, instead of deserving the common contemptuous designation of “mere repositories of musty divinity and crabbed Latin,” they are often of great literary and scientific value. They are curiously characterised, too, by tokens of dedication to *public* use. In the will of the venerable Judge Littleton, whose “Tenures” are so well known from Lord Coke’s “Commentary,” a black-letter volume of the fifteenth century—a Poem—bequeathed to a Worcestershire village—is expressly directed to be always *chained*. It was at all times to be open to “the

priest and others," to be read in the parish church. So, in St. Nicholas's Church, in Hereford, a later bequest, of some hundreds of volumes, is subject to the condition of their being *chained* to the shelves, as if the readers were expected to be of a very miscellaneous description. The precaution of chaining up the books in their shelves has not always saved them from waste, seeing that many a stray volume is to be seen elsewhere, with the iron ring at the back, to which the chain is no longer attached.

Popular contributions were usual modes of forming our old public libraries. At Hereford again, about the year 1620, the Choral library was collected from all ranks in society, and it was certainly intended for the use of all. Some of its best books, those on Geography and Voyages, were given by an able diplomatist, Lord Scudamore, and by several natives of the county settled as merchants in Bristol and London.

Like instances are frequent, from one end of the land to the other; and the variety of the founders of these institutions are instructive illustrations of the mental efforts that have helped to make us what our British people are. The will of Walworth, the bold lord mayor of London who killed Wat Tyler at Blackheath, shows, in the catalogue of his books, the sort of reading usual with the great citizens of the metropolis in the fourteenth century; as the contributions levied by the great Duke of Bedford, in the next century, in the royal library of the Louvre, shows the anxiety that prevailed to add to our few literary resources; and as the donation of Judge Littleton's, above alluded to, shows the desire that the country people should be amused whilst they were taught. A Surgeon gave the chained books to the parishioners of St. Nicholas, Hereford. A Physician gave a most valuable collection to the people of Preston, in Lancashire; and the men of Manchester doubtless owe something of their enlightened character to the excellent Humphry Cheetham, their fellow-townsman of the seventeenth century, whose library was a good precursor to the free *lending* library just opened so brilliantly. The free *lending* library at Bamburgh Castle was founded by Lord Carew, Bishop of Durham, and increased by Archbishop Sharpe, brother to the devoted friend of the whole human race, Granville Sharpe. At the beginning of the last century, Dr. Bray alone founded fifty, and his *associates* afterwards 105, *lending* libraries.

These good men were before their age; and to do them honour will, of itself, repay the pains of inquiring into the present condition of their benefactions, which it is a chief object of this paper to recommend.

A most important object is to turn their libraries to the uses which these founders would have been the foremost to approve, and which are in harmony with the wants of the present day.

A particular example will conveniently illustrate the subject, and show that not only our manufacturers in the north, but our rural population also, can be provided with literary resources and scientific instruction at the firesides of the remotest hamlets.

The *free lending library* at Henley-on-Thames, was founded a few years after the date of the act of Queen Anne, by Dr. Charles Aldrich, nephew to the very learned and accomplished Dean of Christ Church, Dr. Henry Aldrich. Dr. Charles Aldrich died rector of Henley, in 1737. He edited *Theophrastus* and other Classics, published by the University of Oxford; and his "*study of books*," as his will modestly terms the fine library here given to the public, bears ample testimony to the great extent of his acquirements.

and the purity of his taste. "I bequeath," it says, "all my *study of books* to the rectory of Henley, being desirous of laying the foundation of a parochial library, begging my successor and the parish to provide a room for them, if God should not spare my life to do so."

Every branch of learning and science is represented in this collection, with all the languages, ancient and modern, European and Oriental; with painting, music, horticulture, agriculture, mechanics, engineering, medicine, anatomy, architecture, history, antiquities, voyages, philosophy, and religion.

Forty years after its foundation, namely, in 1777, the Bishop of Oxford promulgated the rules which now govern it. They entitle the inhabitants of Henley and the neighbouring parishes to read the books in the library, and to borrow them; and it was anticipated that proper additions to the collection, from time to time, would be made.

The character of this old library may be inferred from the following specimens in different departments:—

*Voyages and Ethnology*.—De Bry, 1590-1606; De Laet, 1633; Hackluyt, 1599; Purchas, 1625; Kircher, 1667; Wafer, 1699; Dampier.

*Mathematics and Natural Philosophy*.—Galileo's Works, 1656; Bacon's Works, 1665; Otto v. Guericke's Experiments, 1665; Transactions of the Royal Society; Flamsteed's Astronomy, 1729; Wallis's Works, 1695.

*Botany and Natural History*.—Morison's Plants, 1680; Willoughby's Birds of Prey, 1678; Vesalius's Anatomy, 1617; Bidloo's Anatomical Plates.

*Languages*.—Walton's Polyglot Collection, 1657; Arabic Lexicon, 1653; Ludolf's Ethiopic Lexicon, 1661; Calepin's Dictionary of eight languages; Pocock's Arabic Works; Turkish Testament; Hebrew Lexicon; Welsh Dictionary.

*Antiquities, Fine Arts, and Poetry*.—Marmora Arundelia, 1676; Egyptian Hieroglyphics, 1590; Subterranea Romæ, 1659; the Paintings of the Antients, 1694; Albert Durer's Geometry, 1605; Grevius's Antiquities, 1694; Grevius's Inscriptions, 1707; Dean Aldrich's Architecture, 1690; Chaucer's Works, 15—; Ben Jonson's Works, 1640; Cabinet of Sculpture, 1699; Tasso, in folio, 1617.

The Classics include Delphin, Elzevir, and Stephan editions; the Divinity extends to all creeds and all sects.

Mr. Ewart could not do a more patriotic work than to extend the principles of his excellent law beyond "cities with 10,000 inhabitants," to *every post town, with its rural neighbourhood*. A proper inquiry will show that the old public libraries already reported to his Committee are far short of the number that exist in the country; and besides the DISTRIBUTION of books provided for by the Scottish itinerating libraries, by the Religious Tract Society, and the like, other suitable agencies are at our command for these purposes at a cheap rate. Enough, indeed, is accomplished to secure complete success in this important matter; so as to bring the best sources of amusement and instruction to the firesides of the remotest hamlet.

S. B.

THE  
RETROSPECTIVE REVIEW.

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ART. I.—*Pyrhonism of Joseph Glanvill.*

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*Scepsis Scientifica ; or, confess Ignorance the way to Science. In an Essay on the Vanity of DOGMATIZING, and CONFIDENT Opinion. With A REPLY to the EXCEPTIONS of the learned THOMAS ALBIUS. By JOSEPH GLANVILL, M.A. London : Printed by E. Cotes, for Henry Eversden, at the Gray-Hound, in St. Paul's Churchyard. M.DC.LXV.*

MR. GLANVILL, we believe, was one of the earliest members of the Royal Society, to whom he dedicates his book. He was born at Plymouth, in 1636, and educated at Exeter and Lincoln Colleges, Oxford ; and died rector of the Abbey Church, Bath, in 1680. At the time our copy of Mr. Glanvill's book was printed, the Royal Society, to whom he recommends it, had not received their first charter more than three or four years. His dedication is a long one, of more than twenty-four pages, in one of which he tells his learned brethren, that he thinks it “needless to endeavour to celebrate them in a profest encomium ; since customary strains and affected juvenilities have made it difficult to commend and speak credibly in dedications ;” but yet he plays off compliments upon them in twenty other pages, though, whether he mean them for a “profest encomium,” or for instances of the difficulty of credible speaking, he has not told us. He says truly of the pleasures of experimental onsearchings into the works of Nature, that those who follow them will “find all the innocent satisfactions which use to follow victory, variety, and surprise, the usual sources of our best tasted pleasures ; and perhaps human nature meets few more sweetly relishing and cleanly joyes, than those that derive from the happy issues of successful trials.” And we believe that the king who offered a great reward for the discovery of a new pleasure, could never have known, like Archimedes at his first insight

into the way of rating the densities of bodies by water, the joy of the discovery of a new truth. Mr. Glanvill foretells, what our machinery and chemistry of agriculture now make good, that, by inquiries into Nature, "lands may be advanced to scarce credible degrees of improvement;" but, if his "vanity of dogmatizing" is one of the "vanities of this wicked world," which we have promised, by our baptismal vow, to renounce, we are many of us still faithless to it; since it is still true, as it was in his time, that, with opinions of religion, politics, and prudence, "each is confident that the other's confidence is vain; from which a third may more reasonably conclude the same of the confidence of both."

Mr. Glanvill's "vanity of dogmatizing," is a leader in the path marked out by Bacon's 'Novum Organum Scientiarum,' and is written against the Aristotelian Philosophy, or the Synthetic Science of the Schools, in behalf of Experiment, Observation, and Induction. Thomas Albius answered Mr. Glanvill's 'Scepsis Scientifica,' in a book called *Sciri*, to which Mr. Glanvill wrote a defence of his work, in another, headed "SCIR<sup>z</sup> tuum nihil est." Albius calls Mr. Glanvill's opinions "illa exitialis Pyrrhonica contagio," (p. 2); that deadly Pyrrhonic poison. In the first chapter Mr. Glanvill treats of the \*[state of primitive ignorance, by way of introduction; and calls the un fallen and therefore perfect man, Adam, "a medal of God;" and, in cap. ii, where he speaks of our decay and ruins by the fall, he thinks it likely that the beasts are not more inferior to us, than we are to our ancient selves.]

In cap. iii he discourses of the smallness of our knowledge of the actions and passions of bodily life, and of the wastings and renewings of our bodies; and of sleep, in which we "live in death;" and of death itself: and thinks that till we know ourselves, confidence of opinion is arrogance.

[The Greek and Roman sages gave conflicting opinions of the soul. Plato called it only in general a self-moving substance; Aristotle an *Entelecheia*, or, as he knew not what; Hesiod and Anaximander compounded it of earth and water; and Parmenides, of earth and fire. Heraclides made it light; Zeno, the quintessence of the four elements; Xenocrates and the Egyptians, a moving number; the Chaldeans, a virtue without a form; Empedocles composed it of blood; Galen held it to be a hot complexion; Hippocrates, a spirit diffused through the body; Varro thought it an

\* The bracketed paragraphs contain the substance but not the words of Mr. Glanvill's book: his own words are marked within inverted commas.

heated dispersed air;\* Thales, a nature without a form; and Crates and Decearchus, nothing: and those who would seek to disclose the soul to sense, are like children running behind a glass to catch the image on its face.] But “that this active spark, this *σίμφυτον πνεῦμα* (as the Stoicks call it), should be confined to a prison it can pervade, is of less facile apprehension, than that the light should be pent up in a box of crystal.”

Mr. Glanvill gives a section on our ignorance of the manner of sensation and of the nature of memory, and confutes the theories of Aristotle, Des Cartes, Digby, and Hobbes. Speaking of the formation of bodies, he says [it is a pretty conceit, not without the witness of experiment, that all bodies, both animal, vegetable and inanimate, are formed out of such particles of matter, which, by reason of their figures, will not cohere or lie together, but in such an order as is necessary to such a specifical formation.]

“If, after a decoction of herbs in a winter night, we expose the liquor to the frigid air, we may observe, in the morning, under a crust of ice, the perfect appearance, both in *figure* and *colour*, of the *plants* that were taken from it; but if we break the aqueous crystal, those pretty *images* disappear.

“Now these airy vegetables are presumed to have been made by the reliques of these *plantal emissions*, whose avolation was prevented by the *condensed inclosure*; and therefore playing up and down for a while within their liquid prison, they at last settle together in their natural order, and the *atoms* of each part finding out their proper place, at length rest in their methodical situation.”

[And he gives as tokens of the likelihood of such a theory, the forms of crystals; as the hexagonal of crystal, the hemispherical of the fairy-stone, the stellar figure of the stone asteria.]

He quotes the opinion of Des Cartes of the cohesion of the particles of bodies, that they cohere by rest; but then, he says, in answer to it, that “a bag of dust would be of as firm a consistence as that of marble or adamant;” and, he tells us, what is still true in our days, that the theory of the ultimate divisibility of matter, or the atomic theory, is so unsettled, “that the most illustrious wits have done little else but shown their own divisions to be almost as infinite as some suppose those of their subject.”

Mr. Glanvill had, however, a high opinion of Des Cartes, whom he calls a “miraculous wit,” “that eagle wit,” and the “unpa-

\* We should be careful not to cast a charge of ignorance or folly on the old sages, from a misunderstanding of their words. It does not follow that a Greek would always mean the body we call wind or air, by *ἀέριος* or *πνεῦμα*; as we see in the Bible, where the Holy Ghost is called *ἄνεūμα*. Thales said the loadstone had a *ψυχή* (spirit) which moved iron; and the electric energy, for aught we know of it, may be as well called a *ψυχή* as a *fluid*, which has been often our name for it.

ralleled Des Cartes ;" though his theory of vortices is now as little thought of as the older one of epicycles. He shows the untrustworthiness of the Aristotelian philosophy by a *reductio ad absurdum*, proving that by dogmatic reasoning a wheel could not revolve, though we know by experience that it can. He says—

" It seems impossible that a wheel should move. For let's suppose the wheel to be divided according to the alphabet. In motion, then, there is a change of place ; and in the motion of a wheel there is a succession of one part to another in the same place ; so that it seems inconceivable that A should move until B hath left his place : for A cannot move, but it must acquire some place or other ; it can acquire none but what was B's, which we suppose to be most immediate to it. The same space cannot contain them both, and therefore B must leave its place before A can have it ; yea, and the nature of such succession requires it. But now B cannot move but into the place of C ; and C must be out before B can come in : so that the motion of C will be prerequisite likewise to the motion of A, and so onward till it comes to Z. Upon the same accounts, Z will not be able to move till A moves, being the part next to it ; neither will A be able to move (as hath been shown) till Z hath ; and so the motion of every part will be prerequisite to itself. Neither can one evade by saying that all the parts move at once, for we cannot conceive, in a succession, but that something should be first, and that motion should begin somewhere ; and in the instant that B leaves its place, it's in it or not : if so, then A cannot be in it in the same instant without a penetration. If not, then it cannot be said to leave it in that instant, but to have left it before."

Albius tries to snatch the wheel out of Glanvill's clutches by the declaration that "there are actually no *parts* in bodies," and that, therefore, all his talk of the motion of the parts of the wheel is idle. Mr. Glanvill's argument for the steadfastness of the wheel would show also that the earth could not revolve on its axis ; and is nearly as good as the dilemma of Zeno Eleates Eristicus, who thought to prove that the earth could not move in an orbit. " Whatever moves on," says he, " must move on in the place where it is, or in the place where it is not ; it cannot move on in the place where it is, nor in the place where it is not : therefore it does not move on." Most likely Zeno himself was but little hindered with the force of his dilemma when he walked.

A Wiltshire man, William Lander, who took up weapons in defence of the Bible, as he thought, some years ago, fixed the earth, as he had the happiness to believe in his own mind, by arguments of other kinds. He printed a book against the Newtonian system of Astronomy, and called it *David and Goliath*, as if it were a battle of faith, and the heretical doctrine of Galileo was the Goliath, and the bold moonraker was the David of the fight.

His five pebbles were five arguments: (1) from Scripture, (2) from the evidence of our senses, (3) from experience, (4) from reason, (5) from known facts; and he hurled them at the head of the astronomical giant, and overthrew him; and then cut off his head with a big argument, which he got from the words of the giant's own mouth, and which he calls his sword. Astronomy had said that a place on the earth's surface at the equator moves at the rate of 1000 miles an hour. That is the sword; and Mr. Lander wrests it out of the giant's hand, and handles it thus:

"It is said a soldier's musket will carry a ball a mile, for the sake of argument, let us suppose, in four seconds, and fired eastward, the direction in which the earth is said to move in its diurnal motion. Now this diurnal motion of the earth would carry the man who shoots the ball a mile in the same time, (for in turning 900 miles an hour, it moves a mile in four seconds); consequently, as the ball and the man are both going in the same direction, the earth travelling at the same pace as the ball, they would both arrive at the end of the mile together."

And then the doughty moonraker, as if drawing a long breath, cries with a seemingly peaceful complacency, "and I hope that now I may be allowed to say the head of the giant is fairly cut off."

Mr. Lander's weapons, however, were not his own; and even his sword stroke had been idly aimed at the giant's neck by the Ptolemaic astronomers before his days, as we may see in the 'Physica Johannis Clerici,' printed at Amsterdam, 1722. Mr. Lander, we believe, had never the advantage of a hint of the grounds of his mistake, by a fall out of a railway carriage at full speed.

[Ignorance and error are acknowledged by all; while every one disowns it in himself. We owe much of our ignorance to the depth of knowledge; and while opinion is easy, knowledge is dear. Truth is not single; but to know one, will require the knowledge of many.]

[Another reason of our ignorance and mistakes is the inadequacy of our senses. The eyes' sight of one of the sides of a tower might be the same, whether it were triangular or square; though with two experiments of sight we might perceive a truth unshown by a single one; as when the direction of a half of a stick under water may not seem straight with that of the one above water, and from the latter the mind may guess the former]; and indeed the recently invented stereoscope shows that the two eyes are meant for two-fold experiments of sight on the forms of solid bodies, which the mind may more often mistake with single ones. Seeing is not believing.

Morden's Geography, 1688, says of Baroche in India, that

"the English have a very fair house there, not far from which place, Tavernier tells us that, of a dry stick, a mountebank, in less than half an hour, made a tree four or five feet high, that did bear leaves and flowers." It seems pretty clear that what Tavernier saw was the Indian jugglers' well-known sleight of the mango tree; and the sight of it, as it has been seen by Englishmen's eyes more recently, is so clearly that of a growing and fruit-bearing mango tree, that if their minds had still their forefathers' faith in the power of magic, they would be ready to make oath they had seen the mango grow and bear fruit; but as they no longer believe that magic can hasten the growth of a tree or its fruit, so they do not trust to their own eyes: but then as such a juggler can give the sight of a mango's growing, budding, blooming, and bearing, where neither of the actions may be taking place, could he not cheat men's eyes by the sight of the taking of mangos into his hands, where there might be none; and how could a man who had seen him steal mangos from a tree swear to the truth of the deed? And if an English juggler can cheat our eyes with the sight of an action which he does not, how can we swear that we saw him do one that he might have done? The mind must judge of the truth of the sights of the eyes, [we cannot see either the earth or sun move by an onlooking at it, though we may find that either the sun or ground has moved between two given times: and if the sentient (as a man in a ship) were carried, *passibus aequis*, with the body whose motion he would observe (the ship), the motion might be unfelt and unmarked, and transferred to the neighbouring shores: whence the poet's strain, "Littus campique recedunt."]

[We transfer the idea of our passions to things without us, as what we call heat and cold are not so much in the bodies as names of our bodily passions; and yet, to do our senses right, they are not deceived, but afford occasion to our forward understandings to deceive themselves: as St. Austin says, "Si quis remum frangi in aqua opinatur, et, cum aufertur, integrari, non malum habet inter-nuncium, sed malus est judex."]

[Much error gains ground from the precipitancy of our understandings, which breeds twofold evil: (1) a conclusion that many feasible things are impossible; and (2) a foresetting of causes with irrelative effects.]

\* The most markworthy portion of Mr. Glanvill's book may be that in which he gives "three instances of reputed impossibilities, which likely were not so:" (1) of the Power of Imagination, which

we may rank with our Electro-biology; (2) Secret Conveyance; and (3) Sympathetic Cures. In his discourse on Secret Conveyance, he shows a remarkable foresight of the electric telegraph, even to its needles and letters. He says (cap. xx), "Modern ingenuity expects wonders from magnetic discoveries;" and elsewhere, "to conferr at the distance of the Indies by sympathetic conveyances may be as usual to future times as to us in a literary correspondence;" and in cap. xxiv,—

" That men should confer at very distant removes by an *extemporary* intercourse, is another reputed impossibility; but yet there are some hints in natural operations that give us probability that it is feasible, and may be compact without unwarrantable correspondence with the people of the air. That a couple of *needles* equally touched by the same magnet, being set in two dyals exactly proportion'd to each other, and circumscribed by the letters of the *alphabet*, may effect this *magnale*, hath considerable authorities to avouch it. The manner of it is thus represented. Let the friends that would communicate, take each a dyal, and having appointed a time for their *sympathetic* conference, let one move his impregnate *needle* to any letter in the *alphabet*, and its affected fellow will precisely respect the same. So that would I know what my friend would acquaint me with, 'tis but observing the letters that are pointed at by my *needle*, and in their order transcribing them from their *sympathising index* as its motion directs, and I may be assured that my friend described the same with his, and that the words on my paper are of his inditing. Now, though there will be some ill contrivance in a circumstance of this invention, in that the thus impregnate needles will not move to, but avert from each other (as ingenious Dr. Browne in his *Pseudodoxia Epidemica* hath observed), yet this cannot prejudice the main design of this way of secret conveyance. Since 'tis but reading counter to the magnetic informer, and noting the letter which is most distant in the *Abecedarian circle* from that which the needle turns to, and the case is not alter'd. Now, though this pretty contrivance may not answer the expectation of inquisitive experiment, yet 'tis no despicable item that by some other such way of *magnetick efficiency*, it may hereafter with success be attempted, when *magical* history shall be enlarged by riper inspections, and 'tis not unlikely but that present discoveries might be improved to the performance."

Mr. Glanvill's foresetting of causes with irrelative effects takes in the very unsettled subject of superstition. The Christian faith was a deadly superstition (*exitialis supersticio*) to Tacitus, and a hurtful one (*supersticio malefica*) to Suetonius. Herodotus (Euterpe 64), thought the Egyptians very superstitious in religious matters for their worship of animals; but this was a bold charge from one of the Greeks who worshipped the stars of the sky and the elements of the earth, and abstract qualities of the mind and body, and who were found by St. Paul in all things too superstitious. An Englishman thought the Malays superstitious; mainly, it seems, because they

prayed in a storm at sea. "Most of the Malays," he says, "are Musselmen (Musselmans), and extremely superstitious; they believe that the wind can be controlled by their holy men." Once, he says, on seeing a waterspout "they prostrated themselves on the deck, imploring their *gods*, with the loudest vociferations, to vouchsafe their interference." We do not think the writer was quite correct in supposing the Musselmen were praying to *gods*, since the ground teaching of the Koran is, before all things, the Oneness of God; and if prayer to God in the perils of the sea be superstition, we, English, cannot afford to laugh at Malays, since we have in our Prayer Book a "form of prayer to be used at sea in respect of a storm."

Some of the uprisers against Laud said that his injunction for the Liturgy turned such forms into superstition,\* while others complained that "the prayer for seasonable weather was purged out of his last 'Fast Book,' which was one cause of shipwrecks and tempestuous weather;†" so that the poor Malays' prayer was not after all so foolish. A writer in Chambers's Edinburgh Journal, (July 31st, 1852) calls a veneration for the works of old writers a superstition; and, to others, the owning of the binding power of a taboo or consecration is a superstition.

It seems to us that we should always keep asunder outward world-truth (natural philosophy), which is rightly the end of inductive reason; and inward soul-truth (religion), which is the end of faith; and that if we set inductive reason to work in the dominion of faith, soul-truth, we may become unbelievers; and if we send out faith, in the place of reason, to seek world-truth, we may be superstitious. If a man were to thrust one of his hands many times into the fire, it would as often be burnt, and the burning would teach him that he did himself wrong by his deed, and was not wise in it; but if a man were to wield his hand many times in pilfering or unrighteous dealing, the deed would not be as often followed by the same, nor by any, form of evil, which could show him that it was a wrong to himself, and that he was otherwise than wise in it. And though wrongdoers have been overtaken by sundry evils which we allow to have been rightful rewards for their sins; yet, since the evils have been sundry with sundry crimes, and many crimes have gone free of them; so reason would not allow us to form, from the sundry evils that have followed like sins, while other sins have seemingly been followed by good, any general conclusion of the wrongfulness

\* Speech of Lord Say and Sele.

† Rushworth, vol. ii, pt. 2, App. p. 120.

or the folly of sin : and so to believe that any evil which had followed any crime from the beginning of the world, was its true consequence, by any law of God, or was a true token of its sinfulness with the Almighty, would be superstition. Thus we may find that men of much faith, in one age, believe that God and men of spiritual powers are the wielders of the least events of a man's life ; while men of another age, with much inductive reasoning, may scoff at the belief that God is even a hearer of prayer.

It is, however, remarkable, how many like particulars may all follow together in so untrue a form as to mislead the mind into a false general conclusion ; and with what care inductive reasoning should weigh facts. If a man of one of the South Sea Islands, who had never seen a horse, had landed at some time in England when our horses' tails were docked, and had seen the ungraceful wriggles of stumps, without one true tail of nature's on-hanging, he would most likely believe that a horse was specifically an animal with a stumpy tail, with what truth let the Pampas of South America and the colts of all lands show. But as to superstition, we think it would be hard to find anything of faith that has not had the name of superstition cast on it ; so that if we cannot find a good and settled definition of the word superstition, we cannot tell from the use of it, what it can mean. Johnson defines superstition : “(1) Unnecessary fear or scruples in religion ; religion without morality ; (2) Rule or practice proceeding from scrupulous or timorous religion ; (3) False religion ; reverence of beings not proper objects of reverence ;” but it is not easy to declare what are unnecessary scruples in religion, if he that is unjust in the least is unjust also in much ; and if the least thing that may blunt the keenness of the conscience is dangerous to true righteousness. We should think from the use of the word superstition, that most men took it to be a faith in anything more than they themselves believe. A neighbour of ours had heard of the misgivings of some of his friends, as to the expense of the inwalling of a cemetery ; but he thought a wall was needless, as there was “still, *unluckily*, superstition enough to guard a graveyard.” He did not mean it was unlucky that a graveyard should rest unviolated ; but he thought it unlucky that men in this enlightened age should allow their consciences to be bound by the freely received law of consecration.

Thus the taboo, or consecration of the Polynesians, is taken by some as a superstition, and one of the most woful fruits of heathen darkmindedness ; though its strength is of the same kind as that of

some inward soul-laws which are cherished by us, and which show themselves in the faithfulness of a promise, and the truthfulness of an oath. Cheever's 'Life in the Sandwich Islands,' tells us of the Hawaiian *Puhonua*, or tabooed fastness or city of refuge, that "in time of war the females, children, and old people were left within it, while the men went to battle. Here they awaited in safety, and were secure against surprise and destruction in the event of defeat." Now let us think of the frightful woes of the sacking of a town;—mothers slain with their children, born and unborn; wives and daughters under strokes of death, or evils worse than death, before the eyes of their bleeding and foebound husbands and fathers; the wealth of their toil, and the food of their forethought, taken by their foes; and the roof of their rest burnt behind their backs, if not over their heads, amid the worst throes of body and sorrows of soul:—and if all these woes—as they might be coming straight upon the helpless souls of a town—could be stayed without its gates, by six words spoken in the name of God, or by the token of an uplifted white wand, by a taboo or hallowing spell, where is the man that could willingly forbid it? The strength of consecration, which is a law of faith, works on the soul when the state-law cannot reach it, and restrains a man from an action which it forbids better than fear or the eyes of the policeman. Drive from the community the faith which is the strength of consecration or taboo, and a promise or an oath itself is no more binding than gossamer. It may be answered that the taboo is misused. It may be so. What is the good that cannot be misused? It is said that the Hawaii *Puhonua* is inviolable even to lawbreakers; but let it be shown that the evil of its misuse is greater than the good of its true end. If we imagine that of all ages ours is the wisest, and of all nations we are the wisest, what will be our opinions of most English things but dogmatic?

[We are misled by our affections; *per iūt judicium, ubi res transit in affectum*, and "all things being two-handed," and having the appearances both of *truth* and *falsehood*, where our affections have engaged us, we attend only to the former, which we see through a magnifying medium; while looking on the latter through the wrong end of the perspective, which scants their dimensions, we neglect and contemn them.]

[Our affections mislead us by a strength which they gain from training and interest; and though the soul were a pure *ἄγραφον*

*γραμματιον*, yet education would scribble it into an incapacity of new impressions.]

[Self-advantage can as easily incline some to believe a falsehood as to profess it; a good will, helped by a good wit, can find truth anywhere]; as indeed a clerical neighbour of our own once showed, when he made the Bible recommend a plurality of livings, by the text, "Let the elders that rule well be counted worthy of *double honour*."

Of the force of custom and education Mr. Glanvill says:—

[The half-moon or cross are indifferent to its reception, and it befriends the Talmud or the Koran; and the offplucking of the shoe is to the Japonians as becoming a salutation as the uncovering of the head is to us.]

[We boggle at every unusual appearance, and reject what is opposed to our forelearnt opinions; and an opprobrious title, with vulgar believers, is as good as an argument.]

What can be a stronger argument for the good education (upbringing) of the children of the lower ranks, and indeed of all classes, than our knowledge of the power of early training, which plants with the hardest life, in the mind of the Brahmun, Bhoodist, and Mohammedan, the faith and the forms of his religion? Why should we despair of planting in the young English mind a pure faith and a living form of righteous behaviour?

[Our minds are sometimes bound to error by a reverence for antiquity; and as in static experiment, an inconsiderable weight at a greater distance from the bearing, will preponderate much greater magnitudes, on the short arm of the lever, so the lightest opinion, if at a greater remove from the present age, outweighs what is infinitely more rational of a modern date; and "while we are slaves to the dictates of our progenitors, our discoveries, like water, will not run higher than the fountain."]

[This gave birth to the silly vanity of impertinent citations, and the inbringing of needless authority; such as that of declaring that "pax res bona est," on the authority of St. Augustine: "but methinks," says Mr. Glanvill, "'tis a pitiful piece of knowledge that can be learnt from an index; and a poor ambition to be rich in the inventory of another's treasure."]

[Most of the peripatetic philosophy is only an empty-wordedness, which darkens speech by words without knowledge.]

[Aristotle proves that the *world* is perfect, because it consists of bodies; and that bodies are so, because they consist of *triple dimen-*

sion ; and that a triple dimension is perfect, because *three* are *all* ; and that three are all, because when 'tis but *one* or *two*, we can't say *all*, but when it is *three* ; and the sum of this sorites is, that we can say all of the number three, therefore the world is perfect ; which is as good as—

“Tobit went forth, and his dog followed him ;  
Therefore there is a world in the moon.”]

The French, however, make very light of Aristotle's dictum, that we cannot say *all* for *two*. *Tous deux*, all two, is the French for our word *both*.

[Elsewhere Aristotle shows that the heavens move this way rather than another, “because they move to the more *honourable* ; and *before* is more honourable than *after*.” This is like the gallant, who sent his man to buy a hat that would turn up *behind* and not *before*.

That its circular definitions, such as that heavy bodies descend by gravity, or that light is *ενίργεια τον διαφανον*, the act of a perspicuous body, cannot lead to discoveries : and that some of Aristotle's definitions are only as good as that was lately given of a *thought* in a University sermon, viz. “a repentine prosiliency jumping into being.”]

Mr. Glanvill says that dogmatism is ill-mannered, litigious, and a breaker of the world's peace ; and [if our returning Lord shall scarce find faith on earth, where will he look for charity ? The union of a sect within itself is a pitiful charity ; it is no concord of Christians, but a conspiracy against Christ : and dogmatists love one another, not because they bear his image, but because they bear one another's.]

Of dogmatic disputation, Mr. Glanvill says : [“that which is pursued by the eager opposites is, whose passion is the strongest ; or whose pen can best express the animosities that inspire the disputants.”]

We fancy that we know in our time a kind of dogmatism as bad as that of the Aristotelian, though it may have been bred by the use, or rather the misuse, of induction. Our books of history, travels, politics, and criticism are often marked, and we think greatly marred, by the forthsetting of hasty conclusions for sound truths. The old writers of history, such as those of the Bible, and Herodotus, give only what a Saxon has defined to be history, “the things and deeds that were done in former days,” in the best order and with the best evidence of their truth ; but our writers seem too

much given to an arranging of every fact under some general truth or law, to which they may believe it belongs.

As an instance of what we mean, we have a passage from the Abridgment of ‘Goldsmith’s History of England’—(a) “*The first acts of an usurper are always popular*: (b) Stephen, in order to secure his tottering throne, passed a charter, granting several privileges to the different orders of the state.” Here Stephen’s act (b) is referred to a law of behaviour (a), the constancy of which we gainsay; and the very book which declares that “the first acts of an usurper are *always* popular,” tells us elsewhere that “Henry IV found that the throne of an usurper is but a bed of thorns;” and that after he had quelled a rising that was bred from grievances which he had not righted, he endeavoured to acquire popularity which he had lost by the severities exercised during the preceding part of his reign: so that his first acts were not popular, and the general law is unsound.

This may be called the *tadpole* form of writing, as it gives a particular fact,—the tadpole’s body,—hung to a great law or general truth, which makes its head. Our writers may deem that from our wide field of particular truths, and our tracking of general ones by inductive reasoning, they have a greater right than their forefathers to generalise particular truths, and that their hanging of them on a general one may help their readers to knowledge.

But whenever a proposition, which is given for a constant truth, is too hastily taken, and untrue, it may mislead a reader into untruth; and may so far vitiate a history that a great frequency of such ones would make men little willing to seek the particular truths with which they are mingled; while a history of pure and well-arranged single truths would be good for ever.

The ammonite was once taken for the body of a serpent, and some men were eager to find a specimen with its head on; and it is said that a cunning stone-cutter supplied one with a head of stone: but when it was known that the ammonite was a shell, and never had any head, his headed specimen would have been unworthy of any museum, till its false member was knocked off: and if any thing less than the soundest truth be given as the law of a fact, not only is the reading of it not worthy of a reader’s time, but is rather to be shunned as a teaching of untruth.

Again, our history says—“*The dress of savage nations is everywhere nearly alike*”: that’s the tadpole’s head, but we do not think it true. The gnatoo dress of Tonga men is not much like the skins

of the Esquimaux. “The clothes they (the Britons) wore were usually the skins of beasts;” but the Tonga mens’ robes are of paper—cloth, or mats.

Again—(The head): “*As weak princes are never without governing favourites,*” (the body), he (Henry III) first placed his affections on Hubert de Burgh, &c.

Another—“*A state of permanent felicity is not to be expected here;* and Mary Stuart, commonly called Mary Queen of Scots, was the first person who excited the fears or the resentment of Elizabeth,” &c.

One more—“*A nation entirely addicted to war has seldom wanted the imputation of cruelty;* the Saxons are represented as a very cruel nation,” &c.

We do not think there are many nations entirely addicted to war: the Saxons were land-tillers.

The tadpole’s head is not, however, always so large as a general truth; it is sometimes the motive of the following action: as,

*Cæsar, having overrun Gaul, and anxious to extend his fame,* determined upon the conquest of a country that seemed to promise an easy triumph.

Cæsar says himself, that he made up his mind to come into Britain because he understood that in nearly all the Gallic wars help had been afforded from thence to his Gallic foes; and some have thought that Cæsar had hopes of opening a new slave mart: so that a wish “to extend his fame” may not have been his only motive to the invasion of Britain.

A provincial newspaper had lately undertaken to give a statement of a case of borough persecution, and headed it by a preface to show that every age has its persecutions, as is shown by the records of time from Nero to Queen Mary.

The alchymists have been the butt of much raillery, as men who were so foolish as to work for an unattainable end; and yet what or wherein was their folly? They thought to make a natural body, gold, with the chymistry of their own hands. Now if it be folly to think of producing, by hand-chymistry, a body which has been made by the chymistry of nature, then our chymists are still fools. Ultramarine is a body which was formerly very costly; but a chymist, Gmelin, made ultramarine, not worse and much cheaper than that of nature, by heating a mixture of hydrated alumina and silicic acid, to whiteness, with sulphuret of sodium. It may be answered, that ultramarine is a compound body, and gold is a pure

element: it is true that ultramarine is now, and that gold is not yet, found to be a compound; but we should think no man would take upon himself to declare that none of the bodies, which we know only as elements, can ever in the world be analysed, and found otherwise than single. It would be a dogmatism of the worst kind to believe that we of our age have all truth in quantity or quality.

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## ART. II.—*Old Notions on Heraldry.*

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*The Blazon of Gentrie: devided into two parts. The first named The Glorie of Generositié. The second, Lacyes Nobilitie. Comprehending discourses of Armes and of Gentry. Wherein is treated of the beginning, parts, and degrees of Gentlenesse, with her Lawes: Of the Bearing, and Blazon of Cote-armors: Of the Lawes of Armes, and of Combats. Compiled by JOHN FERNE, Gentleman, for the instruction of all Gentlemen bearers of Armes, whome and none other this worke concerneth. At London: Printed by John Windet, for Andrew Maunsell. 1586.*

THERE are few subjects about which writers have differed more widely than respecting the origin of heraldry. All our old armorists—Upton, Dame Julyan Berners, Gerard Legh, Bossewell, Sir John Ferne, Guillim, Waterhouse, Randle Holme—entertained notions more or less extravagant concerning its antiquity. Not only do they assign regular and technically-described coats of arms to all the Saxon kings, up to the apocryphal Hengist himself, but even to the older—the fabulous, royalties created by the monk of Monmouth. Sir Winston Churchill, father of the great Duke of Marlborough, in his ‘*Divi Britannici*; a Remark upon the Kings of this Isle,’ (a remark in 362 pages folio!), illustrates his narrative with the armorial bearings of the kings of Britain up to “King Brute,” in the year of the world 2855. The “four doctors of the Church, all gentlemen, both of blood and coat-armour;” the Roman emperors, the sages of Greece, and the Jewish heroes and patriarchs, were similarly honoured, and there were “arms found” even for Adam and Eve, both before the Fall, when *coats* were not, and, “with a difference,” after that event. The coats of skins mentioned in sacred story, though possessing little claim to be considered “ensigns of honour,” are most ingeniously twisted by the author of the treatise before us into something very like a medieval surcoat.

Our great bard, who had certainly read this and other heraldic books, among the contemporary literature of his day, broadly hints at this folly (*Hamlet*, act v, scene 1) :

"*1st Clown.* Come! my spade. There is no ancient gentlemen but gardeners, ditchers, and grave-makers; they hold up Adam's profession."

*2d Clown.* Was he a gentleman?

*1st Clown.* He was the first that ever bore arms.

*2d Clown.* Why, he had none.

*1st Clown.* What! art thou a heathen? How dost thou understand the Scriptures? The Scripture says Adam digged; could he dig without arms?"

Even some modern writers, men of intelligence, living in this unromantic, unchivalric, nineteenth century, have been misled by our old heraldic literature, and have greatly antedated the origin of the science—if we may so call it—of heraldry. The arms of Ethelred, Canute, Edward the Confessor, and William the Conqueror are as gravely written about as any well-established incident of their reigns. A certain popular and generally well-executed work favours us with a representation of the ship of the Norman conqueror, which has its mainsail emblazoned with the three lions of England, after the fashion that prevailed almost three hundred years later; and we believe that the authorised regulators of these matters, the members of the College of Arms, themselves occasionally sanction such fictions in their formal official documents.\* No one tolerably conversant, however, with medieval antiquities, requires to be warned of the futility of attempting to find armorial bearings before the latter part of the twelfth century. One may hunt—but his labour will be lost—over illuminated manuscripts, architectural ornaments, seals, painted glass, sepulchral memorials, encaustic tiles, and the whole field of decorative art, to find one representation of the heraldic shield. True it is, that the monkish artists of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries represent the scenes of much earlier days in the costume of their own times. And if a cloistered

\* We are surprised—almost grieved—to find respectable writers of history so ignorant as many of them are upon the archaeology of this subject. Even the elegant and graphic Thierry tells us, that the sails of the Conqueror's ship "were of different colours, and on them in various places were painted the three lions—*the arms of Normandy!*" (Hazlitt's Translation, vol. i, p. 166). What is worse still is, that the Roman de Rou and the Bayeux Tapestry are given as references for the statement!—Mr. Worsaae also tells us that the Norman Dukes bore three lions passant, and accounts for the alleged fact by the Norwegian descent of those potentates, affirming that the lion is "peculiarly Scandinavian" (Danes in England, p. 65.) What will astonish even our non-antiquarian readers is the assertion of this writer, that "generally, the lion was not, nor is indeed at present, found in coats of arms in England." (Ibid., p. 64. Vide text *infra*.)

illuminator thought proper to dress Offa of Mercia in a surcoat, and the heroes of Troy in plate mail, he had fully as much right to do so as a sculptor of the last age had to clothe George the Third in a classical wreath and toga, or as the designer of a road-side-tavern picture to exhibit Goliath of Gath in top-boots, or the prodigal son in a long-tailed coat with yellow buttons! Only we must be excused from allowing such things the weight of contemporary evidence.

There is, we repeat, no proof of the existence of heraldry—by which we mean an arrangement of the lines, colours, and figures that make up what are called coats of arms by a certain fixed and systematic code of laws—until late in the twelfth century. Even our honoured national ensign, which is boastfully described as having borne the brunt of breeze and battle for a thousand years, has only enjoyed that honour some six centuries and a half: the three golden lions-passant-guardant appearing for the first time upon the great seal of Richard Cœur de Lion in the year 1195. We do not say that shields and banners were not decorated with certain symbolical figures at a much earlier date: there is abundant evidence that they were, from the remotest periods, so adorned. Art in some respects, as well as Nature, may be said to abhor a vacuum. The broad face of a well-formed shield, and the graceful expanse of a floating banner, invited ornamentation, and, accordingly, we find the buckler of the Homeric hero, and the earliest flag of the barbarous chieftain, alike enriched with apposite devices; but these, beyond perhaps the suggestion of the original idea, had no relation to the hereditary armorial compositions of the middle ages. Feudalism, the Crusades, and the adoption of fixed hereditary surnames in the families of the great, may all have had some hand in the origination of heraldry, as they all certainly promoted its growth; but we search in vain among the records of the times for the first germ of a science or practice—call it what you will—which adds so much of the picturesque and the romantic to the days of the Plantagenets and Tudors; and which led to the production of some of the most extraordinary books that exist in the whole circle of European literature.

By far the ablest, though not perhaps the least whimsical, among English heraldrists is Sir John Ferne, the author of the work which has elicited the foregoing remarks. He was descended from a respectable family in Leicestershire, and connected on the maternal side with the noble family of Sheffield. He is supposed

to have studied at Oxford, though he took no degree. He became a member of the Inner Temple, and James the First gave him the office of secretary and keeper of the signet for the northern parts, then established at York. He died about the year 1610, leaving, besides several other children, Henry Ferne, the loyalist bishop of Chester, and an author of some repute.

The work is cast into the form of colloquies, the interlocutors being *Paradinus*, a herald; *Torquatus*, a knight; *Theologus*, a divine; *Bartholus*, a lawyer; *Berosus*, an antiquary; and *Columell*, a "plowman." *Torquatus* comes to discourse with *Paradinus* on the subject of heraldry—"concerning the beginning of gentry, with the bearing of arms," and the herald rushes at once *in medias res* by deducing gentilitil distinctions from the beginning of the world. "As Adam," he says, "had sonnes of honour, so he had also Cayn destined to dishonour—a runnagate without alotment of patrimonie or establishment of his family in any fixed or permanent inheritance." From Seth, on the other hand, proceeded "a most noble genealogie of princely fathers and patriarchs even unto the flood." Again, the nobly-descended Noah, at the second great propagation of mankind, became progenitor of both noble and ignoble stocks, the latter being, of course, represented by the seed of the accursed Ham. From Shem proceeded "by the flesh, our Saviour and King, Jesus Christ, a *gentleman of blood*, according to his humanitie, Emperor of heaven and earth according to his deitie, even as his holy *heralds* (the Evangelistes!) have, out of their infallible recordes, testified the same."\* In his further discourse he defines the four branches or conditions of people who are *unnoble* and *ungentle*, namely: 1. The *Villani*—"the countrie men, all sortes of people busied in the culture of the earth." 2. *Mercatores*—"marchaunts, whose practice consisteth of most ungentle parts, as doubleness of toong and violation of faith; and because their trade is neither of that honestie ne yet ministering the like necessities to man's life as doth the plowman, we have araunged them behind those we call villani." 3. *Burgesses*—"those which practise mechanicall and handycrafts," who cannot be noble because they have once lost their liberty by apprenticeship, and so partake of the nature of bondmen. 4. *Servi*—"those whose estate is such that they live without libertie or freedome."

\* Elsewhere we are told that the twelve Apostles were all gentlemen of good family, many of them being descendants of Judas Machabæus, but their forefathers having fallen into misfortune they themselves were reduced to various ungentle professions and callings!

After inveighing, in the true spirit of an aristocrat, against the marriages of nobles with people of any of these classes, which he likens to “the unequall coupling in yoke of the cleane oxe and the uncleane asse,” he classifies true nobility into three orders :

“ The first is noblenes of blood and auncestry ; and this the vulgar sort of men account for the chiefest.

“ The second is noblenes atchieved through the proper vertues and merites of a man tending to the benefit of his country. *This noblenes almost all the philosophers of all sectes doe, with an open mouth, contend to be the most excellent.*

“ The third braunch of civile noblenes is called mixt, for that it is compounded and made of both the former ; which noblenes we exalt as most worthy and excellent above the rest.”

Throughout his arguments on this subject, Sir John continually places himself in an awkward dilemma. On the one hand, he denies nobility to those who do not possess the advantage of good birth ; while, on the other, he is compelled to disparage all family pretensions unaccompanied by virtue ; as, for example, in the following quaint but excellent passage :

“ This kind of gentry being but a bare noblenes of bloud, not clothed with vertues (the right colours of a gentleman’s coat armour), is the meanest, yea, and the most base of all the rest ; for it respecteth but onely the body, being derived from the loynes of the auncestors, not from the minde, which is the habitation of vertue, the inne of reason, and the ressemblance of God, and therefore the most worthy part of man ; and in true speach, this *gentry of stock only* shal be said but a shadow, or rather a painture of nobility, set forth in the signes of an auncient coat armor. Wherefore let our ancient gentleman, that is without vertues, and yet boasting of the antiquite of his painted coat, look to be reckoned of as was that wooden man’s heade, cunningly wrought in the shop of the carver ; which, through the well-proporcioned lineaments of the same, seemed at the firste sight to be that which it was not, untill that the foxe had touched it, and then he found it a doltish and brayneles heade. . . . That person which is onely ennobled by the antiquities of stocke, and the greatness of his family, fetching the foundations of his gentrie from a renowned catalogue, and discent of worthies, his auncestours, yet he himselfe, degenerated from their hericall partes, hath nothing of his owne whereby to challenge noblenes.”

Sir John’s *beau ideal* of “gentleness” is such as has seldom been realised, either in his own or any other times. His perfect gentleman is not only a man of ancient race, but a patriot, a philanthropist, a soldier, and an adept in the liberal sciences. His origin, as we have already seen, is traced up to Adam ; but that of knighthood ascends still higher, even to “Michael, the archangel, the *first knight* and patron of that order, provost and general in the army of those holy spirits that fought against Lucifer and his

adherents!" Although our author stoutly contends against *parvenus*, as such, he encourages intellectual pursuits with a view to the ultimate attainment of the status of a gentleman, and, in his category, law, physic, rhetoric, mathematics, music, history, grammar, and even astrology, are "just causes whereby a man of ungentle stocke may obteine the bearing of arms."

While the herald manages to engross most of the conversation, the other interlocutors add much to the interest of the discourse; the divine is always grave, the knight dignified, the lawyer acute, and the antiquary learned; while poor Columell, the plowman, like the clown in a drama, serves as a foil to the rest, and gives utterance—apparently in the dialect of Somerset—to no scant measure of rustic humour, of which, by and bye, we may give a specimen. The privileges belonging to the various degrees of nobility and gentry are largely discussed with a most amusing gravity, and supported by learned quotations out of the now obsolete codes of chivalry, the spirit of which Ferne has succeeded in transferring into his work. In fact, the 'Blazon of Gentrie' may be regarded as a sort of digest of the laws which regulated the social distinctions of the middle ages; and the student of the history of society in this and other countries will find in its pages much that will interest a philosophical mind, mixed, it is true, with much that would be regarded as puerile or even ridiculous, were it not for the light which it casts upon principles and sentiments still extant and rife amongst us.

We say sentiments still extant and rife; for we imagine that the prejudices attaching to social distinctions, having their foundations in human nature, remain pretty much what they were in the proud old Elizabethan days in which our author flourished, and will so remain to the end of time in any settled state of society, however modified by local or other accidental circumstances. Even in the most democratic communities, an aristocracy of some kind or other succeeds in establishing and perpetuating itself. In America, for instance, at the present day, the self-styled "upper ten thousand" is not much less arrogant in its pretensions, and in its *naso adunco* disesteem of all that is plebeian, than the class for whose immediate glorification the 'Blazon of Gentrie' was written; although no champion of that transatlantic body would now have the boldness to assert those pretensions in the cool and naïve terms employed by Sir John Ferne. Sir John was evidently impressed with an honest conviction that the world was made for the behoof of the gentle

orders, and that all other men, except as their functions consisted in ministering to their well-being, were a kind of social excrescence which was barely to be tolerated. Hear how he bemoans the decay of "gentrie," by reason of the usurpation, by the middle classes, of professions and offices which had previously been exclusively enjoyed by the well-born :

" By that free accesse now permitted to yeomanrye and merchauntes to set their *broode* to the study of common laws, that faculty is so pestered, yea, many worthy offices and places of high regard in that vocation (in olde time left to the support of gentle lineage) are now preoccupied and usurped by *ungentle and base stocke*. So that the same must needes ensue which we dayly see, to the compunction of all that bear coat-armours, and be gentles by kinde (if at least there were with us any remnant of compassion), how the youth and many flourishing imps of gentle stocke are some of them cut off by untimely, nay, shamefull deathes, into which the pungitive pricke of necessity hath driven them and others to abandon their countreye and to gette their living with straungers, and all this for want of maintenance at home. Whereas, the *charles sonne* jetteth in his long robe faced and fenced with gardes, and rustleth in all his ruffe, and is cleped of eche one a Rabbie and a man of worshippe ; which commeth to passe by usurping that facultye and vocation at the first destinated as peculiar to gentlemen. For if a gentleman of one hundredre pounds a yeere revenew have the blessinge and increase of 2, 3, 4, or more sonnes, how must he provide for the maintenance of them somewhat agreeable to the freedome and estate of their birthright ? To devide his possessions amongst them were *impious*, sith that therein also he shoulde destroye his house. For that insensate custome of Gavelkind, because it tendeth to the destruction of ancient and gentle houses, and so, by consequent, to the infeebling of the realme, hath been upon good reason adjudged never to attach or lay hold of any gentle-man's possessions in old times ; that is to say, landes of knight's service ; but only to extend to socage or villaine tenures, as by recordes of antiquitye they are called. Which is the cause that in suche provinces where Gavelkind beareth swaye there appeareth a great scarcity and want of auncient houses. What course then must he take ? Forsooth, as by former presidentes, it hath beene taught him : bestowe one in a college, another in the church, another to the field, another to the kinges house ; and if it can be so, that our gentle-man before proposed, the scantling and measure of his living considered, and the expenses of his house with the appendances thereof, as men, and other recreations of disport, as hawkes, horses, and houndes, or [other things] appurtenant to the countenauncing of his worship, and besides that the charges and payes to his soveraigne, eyther in time of warres or otherwise allowed : all these thinges I saye deducted, it fareth well with him if he bee able to spare a hundred crownes a yeare for a certaine time to the maintenaunce of a second sonne at the studye of the lawes ; at whose hands in former tymes our aged fathers did expect a sufficient stay to be reaped by the rest of his younger brethren, towrdes their supporte and maintenaunce, and that out of the superfluitye of his gaynes. Whereas now, alas, it falleth out neither so nor so. For, when he commeth to the reaping of his fruite, hee shall finde more parteners with him, which are more fit to follow the base trades of their fathers than worthy the honours of so reverende a faculty."

He adds:—

“ Of old times colleges were built and livinges given for the maintenance of poor men’s children; but now, I would wish some to build colleges for the maintenance of poore younger brethren, gentlemen destitute of succour and support.””

The Gentleman having been fully discussed, the herald now proceeds to describe the Esquire, a title which he affirms to be very much “abused and prophaned,” . . . . “whereunto (he adds) I wish that the Lord Earle-Marshall, with the advice and consultation of a learned herealde now in office, would add some sharpe correction and punishment.” Had his lordship seen fit to act upon Paradinus’s gentle suggestion, there is no doubt of his power to have done it, since we find one of his successors qualified by a royal commission from Charles the First, through the heralds of arms, to “reprove, controul, and *make infamous by proclamation at courts of assize,*” all persons who had unwarrantably assumed the title of Esquire or Gentleman. Good old times those, when the court of chivalry was in full feather—when (upon the authority of Hyde, afterwards Lord Clarendon) “a citizen of good quality, a merchant, was by that court ruined in his estate, and his body imprisoned,” for vilifying a gentleman’s coat of arms—“by calling a swan a goose!” What would these strict enforcers of etiquette of the days of Elizabeth and Charles have thought of the degenerate and “profane” practice prevailing in this present year of grace (or disgrace) eighteen hundred and fifty-three, when the great difficulty is, not how to limit our esquires in that great mass commonly called and known as “the Public,”—but where, without offence, to withhold the genteel affix.

We cannot follow our legist through his observations upon the various superior titles of banneret, knight, baron, and the other degrees of the peerage, but must hasten to notice that part of the dialogue which relates to the “bearing of arms.” Regarding the origin of this practice, he entertains, as we have already intimated, the wildest notions, such as that it sprang up among the Egyptians, and was brought to great perfection by the Greeks. Warming with his subject, he assures us, a page further on, that the Israelites used these insignia in their march through the desert, “under the conduct of their captain, duke Moyses.” He further informs us that Alexander the Great was the first who granted them to his subjects for meritorious services, and that Julius Cæsar was the first who appointed officers of arms or heralds. Then once more, carried away by his zeal for antiquity, he presents us with the coats-armorial of Osyris king of Egypt, Hercules king of Lybia,

Macedonus, Anubis, and Semiramis ! One of the greatest whimsies of the old armorists was their various modes of naming the seven tinctures or colours of heraldry. Not content with *Or* for gold or yellow, *Gules* for red, *Vert* for green, &c., they also employed the names of the planets, precious stones, moral virtues, zodiacal signs, flowers, days of the week, &c.; thus making a very plain and simple nomenclature as confused and mysterious as possible. Ferne deals largely in this rubbish, and furnishes forth no less than fourteen sets of terms. Paradinus, who is still the chief speaker, next lays before his pupil, Torquatus, various singular and unusual coats for him to blazon or describe. The dialogue is amusing enough, but we are unable to give our readers a specimen of it in the absence of the quaint old woodcuts upon which it is based. Many royal, episcopal, and other coats are then introduced, for the sake of illustrating heraldic rules; but the whole treatise deals more in theory than in the rudimental parts of the science, and presupposes a considerable acquaintance with the latter on the part of the reader. The following passage on the emblematical signification of animals borne in heraldry, may be amusing to some; but we presume that it is unnecessary to inform them that there is no truth whatever in this symbolism—nearly all the ancient heraldry (of this country at least) being rather allusive to the name, office, tenure, or other “accident” of the bearer, than to his moral character and disposition.

“The cuckow is for ingratitude, and the dove for thankfulness; the storke signifieth pietie and love towarde parents; the bee representeth a king; the partrich signifieth contumelious or reproachful men: the goshawk noteth celerite of dispatch . . . ; a lyon for courage, furie, and rage; his fore parts must signifie fortitude, and his head carefull vigilancie. The flye is taken for a shamelesse or impudent person, overbold at each man’s table. The ant should note foreknowledge and providence; the hyena an inconstant man . . . ; the viper shadoweth a deceitful woman, and the goat is taken for a quicke hearer; the camell for slouth; and the oxe to signifie the earth, with her labors and increase; the crocodile representeth an evill person; and so foorth with all the rest. But let him passe with all his conjectural expositons. I could not wish gentlemen too curious in the signes of their coate-armors, for if any man should communicate in his life or conversation but halfe the partes or qualties of that beast which he beareth in his coate of armes, on my credit it were more fit for him to be stabled amongst brute beasts than chambred with the noble, albeit he bare even the most worthie beast of all the rest.”

We cannot follow Sir John, or rather his representative the herald, through his longwinded discussion of false arms and true arms, the seven true colours, the coat-armours imperfect and perfect, the

differences, arms abstract, arms terminal, arms collateral, and arms fixall, with which he draws his discourse towards a close. Sir John evidently thinks he has been writing an eclogue, for all this long colloquy of 259 pages has taken place in the open air under a hedge, and is brought to an end in the true poetical fashion : “because also the night comes on, as it seemeth by these sheep-hearde boyes that drive their flocks to foulde, we will for this time depart.” The knight invites all the interlocutors home to “a light supper.”

“By this time they were all commen to the knightes house, which was scituat upon a hill statelye buylde of bricke in a quadrangle forme, shadowed with woodes and afronted with a large parke (ful of deere and savage beastes of chase) before his gate. The knight calling all the afore saide persons to his table, feasted them plentifulye. So that the poore heralde, the devine, and the antiquarie confessed how this supper would cause them to rumenate and chew the cud a weeke after, their diet beeing slender at home. After supper the knight put the lawyer in mind of his promise, who delivered unto him certain written leaves of paper, containing questions of the laws of armes, with their solucion, which he had devided into fourteen motives. . . . and here follow the saide motives.”

These “motives” we must pass over, albeit they contain much that is highly interesting to the antiquary, and much that explains and illustrates the usages of our ancestors in the important affairs of heraldry and chivalry. The principal topics treated of are—the great dignity of coat-armour granted by the sovereign—of the right to place arms upon public buildings and other works—of the placing of the royal arms in houses—of the removal of arms—of the descent of arms—of bastardy—of the transfer of arms by bequest or sale—of battles, combats, and challenges. Under the last head are comprised all the old canons of duelling, which are handled with great learning and ability, and enriched with numerous quotations out of the various elaborate treatises which Ferne loved to study, but which have since his time become entirely obsolete. One of the most singular features of medieval times was the zeal with which two individuals, claimants of a particular heraldic bearing, would spend their money in long litigations, or their life-blood in personal combats, in order to establish its legitimate ownership. The famous Scrope and Grosvenor controversy, in the reign of Richard the Second, is familiar to most readers; and the duel between Katrington and Annesley, fought at Westminster, in the same reign, brought together more spectators than the king’s coronation. Ferne relates a droll controversy of this kind between a

Frenchman and an Italian ; but the story is better told by a still older writer.

" There was one amonoge the Janwayes (Genoese) that the Frenche kyng hyred to make warre agynst the Englysshe men, which bare an oxe head peynted in his shelde : the which shelde a noble man of France challenged : and so longe they strove that they must nedes fyght for it. So at a day and place appointed, the Frenche gallaunt came into the felde, rychely armed at all peces. The Janwaye, all unarmed, came also in to the felde, and said to the Frenche man, wherefore shall we this day fight ? Mary, said the Frenche man, I wyll make good with my body that these armes were myne auncestours before thyne. What were your auncestours armes ? quod the Janwaye. An *oxe heed*, sayd the Frenche man. Then sayde the Janwaye, here nedeth no batayle ; for this that I beare is a *cows heed* ! " \*

The second portion of Ferne's work, entitled ' Lacie's Nobilitie,' is a colloquy, maintained by the same interlocutors, upon the genealogy of the family of Lacy, in disproof of the claim of affinity to it set up by Albert à Lasko, count palatine of Syradia, which is boldly denied and refuted. We cannot pursue the train of the discussion, which is even more roundabout and desultory than the preceding, but must content ourselves with an extract or two. After a tedious discourse upon an "eagle displayed," the pretended arms of Edwine, earl of Mercia, Columel, the ploughman, losing patience, interrupts his worshipful companions thus :—

" *Columel*. What a longe matter hath beene made heere, about an olde smokye coate ? Me thinketh it scarcely worth the taking up, it is so rotten and full of holes. Call you this a signe of honour ? Jesu ! who would thinke that men should make such a speach about an eagle : you have made her a thing of great worship. By my vay, shee looketh lyke a foule kite that haunteth our yarde at home, and killeth everye yeare some of my wyves chekins ! I maruaile that men shoulen delight in such ravinous thinges. I pray God that such noble men, which would have such things for their signes or badges (cal them what you wil), that they be not as greedy themselves. I would wishe rather that our great ones wold desire to bear the badges of a silly sheep, a dove, or a calfe, vor those be hurt-les beastes, and will deale plainly ; but I perceave they think it better to borrow the clawes of such cor-morant thinges, for then they may pricke when they will."

Few things in the book of the old armorists are more amusing than the wonderful qualities that they ascribe to the various animals which are admitted into the heraldric shield. Here, for instance, is a remarkable fact, unknown we are sure, to most members of the Zoological Society.

" Nature hath implanted so inveterate an hatred atweene the wolfe and the sheepe, that being dead, yet, in the secret operation of Nature, appeareth

\* 'Tales and Quicke Answeres, very mery and pleasant to rede,'—a quaint production, supposed to be the 'Hundred Merry Tales' alluded to by Shakespeare.

there a sufficient trial of their discording natures, so that the enmity betweene them seemeth not to dye with their bodies: for if there be put upon a harpe, or any such like instrument, strings made of the intralles of a sheep, and amongst them but only one made of the intralles of a wolfe, be the musitian never so cunning in his skil, yet can he not reconcile them to an unity and concord of sounds: so discording alwayes is that string of the wolfe!"

A rather curious parallel to this strange fancy is found in the East at the present day. A friend recently returned from India, informs us that, a year or two ago, his brother, a young gentleman in the Ninth Lancers, having shot a wolf, took off its skin and stretched it upon the door of an outhouse to dry. One night shortly afterwards, the skin disappeared, and on inquiry it was discovered that a Hindoo had stolen it, for the purpose of converting it into the head of a tom-tom or native drum. The generality of those instruments are covered with sheepskin parchment, and the rascal was firmly persuaded, that the sound of his drum thus prepared would have the effect of breaking the heads of all the tom-toms in the neighbourhood! We think something similar is also recorded by Pliny.

Peacham, in his 'Compleat Gentleman,' written two centuries ago, highly commends the 'Blazon of Gentry,' as "very rare, and sought after as a jewell." It is still rarer now, and is considered a good acquisition by the heraldic collector. It is certainly the most curious book upon the subject, as well as one of the most singular productions of the Elizabethan age.

### ART. III.—*Russia in the earlier part of the Sixteenth Century.*

*Rerum Moscoviticarum Commentarii Sigismundi Liberi Baronis in Herberstain,  
Neyperg, Guettenhag. . . . . Cum Ces. & Regiae Maiest. gratia  
& privilegio ad decennium. Basileæ, per Ioannem Oporinum. (Folio, 1556.)*

*Notes upon Russia: being a translation of the Earliest Account of that Country,  
entitled Rerum Moscoviticarum Commentarii, by the Baron Sigismund von  
Herberstein, Ambassador from the Court of Germany to the Grand Prince  
Vasiley Ivanovich, in the years 1517 and 1526. Translated and edited,  
with Notes and an Introduction, by R. H. MAJOR, of the British Museum.  
London: printed for the Hakluyt Society. (8vo, vol. 1, 1851; vol. 2, 1852.)*

**A**T the commencement of the sixteenth century, Europe was in a period of transition from its old medieval divisions to the system of powers which divide it in modern times. Austria and Spain, joined under Charles V, formed the most important power in

Europe, the territories of which bordered on the British seas in Flanders, and on the Atlantic and the Mediterranean in Spain, and whose influence was not only exerted over Italy, but was already extending itself over the Slavonic race in the north-east, where a number of comparatively small states had been gradually emancipating themselves from the yoke of the Tartars. Of these states the least known at that time was Russia, which, from the small principality of Moscow, was gradually swelling out and reducing under its sway the neighbouring provinces. Rivalry of interests in some of these provinces soon brought the Russian czar in communication with the emperor, and Western Europe began first to have any knowledge of a people who exhibited a strange mixture of barbarism, such as belongs only to savages, with pretensions to a place among the civilised nations of Christendom.

It was at this time, but somewhat more than two years before the accession of Charles V, at the close of the year 1516, that a noble German diplomatist, the Baron Sigismund von Herberstein, was sent by the emperor on a mission to the Russian court, no less with the object of gaining information as to the real character of that power, than to establish a friendly alliance with its then czar, the celebrated Vasiley Ivanovich. Herberstein travelled in company with a Russian ambassador, who was returning from Vienna, and, in consequence of the troubled state of the country, he was obliged to make a circuitous route, and only reached Novogorod on the 4th of April. Here he left his own servants and horses, and, having been met by an escort on the way, he arrived at Moscow on the 18th of the same month. The ambassador remained in Moscow eight months, and then, having failed in the main object of his mission, to effect a peace between Russia and Poland, he took his departure on the 21st of November, and returned by way of Smolensko, Wilna, and Cracow, to Vienna. The czar appears to have conceived during this embassy friendly sentiments towards Austria, and on receiving intelligence of the accession of Charles V, he sent an ambassador to congratulate the new monarch. In return for this act of diplomatic politeness, the baron, in 1526, was charged with a new mission to the Russian court. He left Vienna on the 12th of January in that year, and proceeded through Moravia and Silesia to Poland. Herberstein and his retinue left Cracow on the 14th of February, and, travelling in sledges, passed the Beresina at Borisov, and proceeded by way of Mohilev and Dobrovna to Smolensko. At Moscow they were received very honourably, and this second visit to Russia seems to

have made a much stronger impression on Herberstein's mind than the first. He arrived at Cracow, on his return from this second mission, on the 12th of January, 1527, having expended in it just a year.

The Baron von Herberstein passed the remainder of a long life chiefly in the service of his country. He employed his leisure in composing, in Latin, a narrative of his visits to Russia, and an account of the customs and manners of that country, which was first printed at Vienna, in a folio volume, in the year 1549, under the title '*Rerum Moscoviticarum Commentarii*' By this book Russia became first known to Western Europe, and it was soon visited by Europeans, who began to establish a lucrative commerce with the Moscovites, as they were then generally termed. Herberstein's book became popular, and in the course of the same century passed through many editions; of which the one at the head of our article is the third. It is the character of science at the present day to look backwards at the same time as forwards; and this is more especially the case where, in fact, it is most useful, in ethnological and political knowledge. It is, indeed, far from uninteresting to look back and contemplate the low and barbarous condition, only three centuries ago, of a nation which now holds so considerable a position in the European system; and if it were only on this account, the Hakluyt Society deserves well of the public for placing before modern readers the curious account of Russia in the time of Vasiley Ivanovich. The translation seems to be in general a good and spirited one, though we confess we are not satisfied with the word *Notes* as a representation of the Latin *Commentarii*. We should be rather taken by surprise if anybody gave us a translation of Cæsar's Notes on the Gallic War.

The baron's book is, in fact, simply an account of Russia. He begins with a sketch of its history, and in the sequel describes more minutely the affairs of the reigning czar, the appearance and ceremonies of his court, and the religion of the country. Next, Herberstein proceeds to state the manner of administering the laws, the military condition of Russia and the equipment and character of its soldiers, and, what was beginning to be still more important then, its commerce. The second part of the work contains a chorographical description of the Russian territory, beginning with the capital, Moscow, and including those distant parts to the north and east of which he could learn any particulars from Russians who had visited them or conversed with the natives; for in compiling the

account of Russia at that period the writer speaks as mysteriously and as doubtfully as if he were a traveller in Ethiopia, describing the little he saw, and gathering information how he could, concerning the unknown tribes on its borders. This latter part of the subject naturally leads the baron to give us an account of the Tartars, who still infested the eastern parts of the Rusian territory, and of the wars between them and the czars. After the Tartars have been disposed of at considerable length, we have an account of Lithuania, then some remarks on natural history, after which we have an account of the frozen ocean and its navigation, and finally Herberstein returns to matters of a more personal nature, and describes the manner of receiving and treating ambassadors, and the particulars of his own two journeys.

Herberstein's historical chapter is, as might be expected, imperfect and uncritical. He has merely collected a few notes of the events in the older Russian annals from what he was told in the country and from manuscript chronicles in the possession of the priests; but he has given enough to show that the earlier history of the people was a mere record of savage life and savage warfare. We may give as a sample the story of a Russian princess who lived in the middle of the tenth century.

"Upon the death of Oleg, Igor, who had married a wife from Plescov, named Olga, took the reins of government. The prince proceeded with his forces still further than his predecessor, and reached Heraclea and Nicomedia; at length, however, he was overthrown in battle and fled. He met his death subsequently at the hand of Maldittus, a prince of the Drevlians, at a place called Ciresiti, and was there buried. As his son Svyatoslav', whom he left an infant, could not reign on account of his tender age, his mother Olga became regent in the interim; and, on one occasion, when the Drevlians sent twenty messengers to her with commands that she should marry their prince, Olga first ordered the messengers of the Drevlians to be buried alive, and then dispatched messengers of her own to them to say, that if they wished her to be their princess and mistress, they should send a greater number of wooers, and of higher rank: after this she scalded to death, in a bath, fifty picked men that had been sent to her, and again sent other messengers to announce their arrival, and ordered that they should prepare some aqua mulsa and other things which were usually considered necessary in providing for the obsequies of a deceased husband. Moreover, when she came to the Drevlians, she held a mourning for her husband, and having made the Drevlians drunk, slew five thousand of them; she then returned to Kiev, raised an army, and proceeding against the Drevlians, oppressed them with a siege which lasted a whole year, during which she persecuted those who fled to her camp, and finally obtained the victory. Terms of peace being afterwards agreed upon, she demanded a tribute from every house of three pigeons and as many sparrows, and upon receiving the birds, she sent them back with various combustible materials fastened under their wings; the birds being

released, made their way for their accustomed homes, and flying back to the fortresses, set fire to them, while those who fled from the conflagration were either slain or taken prisoners and sold. When she had taken possession of all the fortresses of the Drevlians, and revenged the death of her husband, she returned to Kiev."

This gentle dame subsequently embraced the Christian faith, changed her name from Olga to Helen, and introduced among the Russians the doctrines and ritual of the Greek church. But Christianity among such converts became as barbarous as their old faith, and it seems not to have improved very much in the days of Vasiley Ivanovich. The following story will enable us to form a tolerable idea of the enlightened character of the Russo-Greek Church at the time of Herberstein's visit.

"They reverence Nicolas of Bari as first among the saints, and preach daily of his numerous miracles, one of which, which happened a few years ago, I have thought right to relate. One Michael Kysaletski, a large and powerful man, in one of the engagements with the Tartars, pursued a certain renowned Tartar, who fled from him, and when he found he could not catch him, however much he spurred his horse, he said, 'O Saint Nicolas, bring me up with this hound!' The Tartar hearing this, cried out in affright, 'O Saint Nicolas, if this man catch me by thy assistance, thou wilt perform no miracle; but if thou rescuest me who am a stranger to thy faith from his pursuit, thy renown will be great.' They say that Michael's horse immediately stopped, and the Tartar escaped; and that every year of his life afterwards the Tartar made an offering to Saint Nicolas of certain measures of honey on account of his rescue, and as many measures to Michael likewise in memory of his delivery, with the addition of a robe of honour made of marten skins."

The little power which the Church held in Russia is, indeed, shown by the miserable condition of the clergy. Herberstein tells us that—

"Priests hold the first place in the churches, and if any one of them on any account were to do that which is contrary to religion and the priestly office, he is brought to a spiritual tribunal; but if he be accused of theft or drunkenness, or fall into any other vice of that sort, he is punished by the *secular* magistrate as they call him. I saw some drunken priests publicly whipped at Moscow, whose only complaint was, that they were beaten by slaves, and not by a gentleman. A few years ago, one of the prince's deputies caused a priest who had been caught in theft to be strangled, at which the metropolitan was very displeased, and laid the matter before the prince, he replied, that 'according to the ancient custom of the country a thief who was not a priest was hanged'; and so he was sent away unblamed. If a priest complain before a lay judge that he has been struck by a layman (for all kinds of assaults and injuries apply to the secular law), then the judge, if he happen to learn that the layman was provoked by the priest, or previously injured in any way by him, punishes the priest.

"Priests are generally maintained from the contribution of people connected with the court, and have some small tenements allotted to them with fields

and meadows, whence they derive their support by their own and their families' industry, like their neighbours. They have very slender offerings. Sometimes the church money is put out at ten per cent., and they give the interest to the priest from fear of being compelled to maintain him at their own expense. There are some also who live by the liberality of the princes. Certainly, not many parishes are found endowed with estates and possessions, except the bishoprics and some monasteries. No parish or priesthood is conferred on any one but a priest. In every church there is only one altar, and they do not think it right that the service should be performed more than once a day. A church is very seldom found without a priest, who is bound only to perform the services three times a week."

The Russians were, indeed, in that condition of society when, not yet emerged from absolute barbarism, they called themselves Christians and talked of saints and churches, yet remained inwardly imbued with the paganism of their forefathers. Christianity had not even softened their dispositions, and in their domestic relations they were scarcely less cruel and savage than in their wars. Some of our baron's anecdotes of Russian manners are amusing enough. Thus, there was something singularly uncivilised in the proceedings attendant on a Russian marriage.—

"It is held to be dishonourable and a disgrace for a young man to address a girl, in order that he may obtain her hand in marriage. It is the part of the father to communicate with the young man upon the subject of his marrying his daughter. It is generally the custom for them to use such words as the following : 'As I have a daughter, I should wish to have you for a son-in-law.' To which the young man replies : 'If you desire to have me for a son-in-law, I will, if you think fit, have a meeting with my parents, and confer less with them upon the subject.' Then, if his parents and nearest relatives agree, a meeting is held to treat of the sum which the girl's father is willing to give by way of dowry. After the dowry is settled, a day is appointed for the wedding. Meanwhile the young man is forbidden the house of his betrothed; so strictly indeed, that if he should happen to try to get a sight of her, the parents usually reply : 'Learn what she is from others who have known her.' Certainly, unless the espousals have been first confirmed with very heavy penalties, so that the young man who is betrothed could not, if he would, repudiate her without a heavy punishment, no access is permitted to him. Horses, dresses, weapons, cattle, servants, and the like, are generally given as dowry. Those who are invited to the wedding, seldom offer money, but send presents to the bride, each of which is carefully marked and put away by the bridegroom. When the marriage is over, he again arranges them in order, and examines them, and sends such of them as please him, and as he thinks likely to be of use to him, to the market, and orders them to be valued by the appraisers ; he then sends back all the other things to their respective donors, with an expression of thanks. He makes compensation in the course of the following year, either in money or in something else of equal value, for those things which he has kept. Moreover, if any one make out his gift to be of greater value, the bridegroom then sends back immediately to the sworn appraisers and compels the party to stand by their

valuation. Also, if the bridegroom should not make compensation when a year has elapsed, or restore the accepted gift, then he is bound to return double. Finally, if he should neglect to send any one's gift to be valued by the sworn appraisers, he is compelled to repay according to the will and decision of the party who gave it. And this custom the common people themselves are wont to observe with all liberality as a kind of donation."

We may imagine without difficulty the sort of domestic life which would follow such a beginning. Our ambassador has, however, given us rather a droll anecdote of the peculiar tastes of Russian matrons.

"There is at Moscow, a certain German, a blacksmith, named Jordan, who married a Russian woman. After she had lived some time with her husband, she one day thus lovingly addressed him : 'Why is it, my dearest husband, that you do not love me?' The husband replied : 'I do love you passionately.' 'I have as yet,' said she, 'received no proofs of your love.' The husband inquired what proofs she desired. Her reply was : 'You have never beaten me.' 'Really,' said the husband, 'I did not think that blows were proofs of love; but, however, I will not fail even in this respect.' And so not long after he beat her most cruelly; and confessed to me that after that process his wife showed much greater affection towards him. So he repeated the exercise frequently; and finally, while I was still at Moscow, cut off her head and her legs."

But this taste for stripes appears not to have been confined to the softer sex. The ambassador informs us in another place, that—

"They who live by manual labour and work for hire, receive a deng and a half as one day's pay; a mechanic receives two dengs, but these do not work very industriously unless they are well beaten. I have heard some servants complain that they had not received their fair amount of beating from their masters. They think that they have displeased their master, and that it is a sign of his anger if they are not beaten."

The Russian soldiers in the days of Herberstein seem to have been without discipline, and not very effective in war; like all barbarous peoples, their only tactics consisted in sudden attacks, and in attempting to surprise their enemies. As the ambassador tells us, rather naïvely, "they fought much more comfortably at a distance than hand to hand." The improvements in war and in weapons, which had then been long introduced among the civilised nations of Europe, were new to them, and they scarcely understood their use. A good bow, keen arrows, and a swift horse, were the things they trusted most; and their warfare consisted in impetuous attacks or headlong flights.

"They make the first charge on the enemy with great impetuosity; but their valour does not hold out very long, for they seem as if they would give a hint to the enemy, as much as to say, 'if you do not flee, we must.' They seldom take a city by storm, or by a sudden assault, but prefer a long siege,

and to reduce the people to surrender by hunger or by treachery. Although Vasiley besieged the city of Smolensko with cannon, some of which he had taken with him from Moscow, and some he had founded there during the siege, and though he battered the city to pieces, he accomplished nothing. In like manner he besieged Kasan with a large force of men, and brought up some cannon against it, which he had conveyed thither by the river, but on that occasion also he produced no beneficial result; for such was the cowardice manifested on this occasion, that during a lapse of time while the citadel was in flames and was burning down to the ground—aye, and even might have been completely built a second time—not a single soldier had the courage to scale the naked hill to take possession."

The ceremonies of state were equally barbarous with the rest of the Russian manners, and seem to have been partly borrowed or imitated from the Tartars. They presented a mixture of overstrained dignity and boon-companionship. Herberstein gives a very amusing account of his own reception and treatment in his quality of ambassador, and of the manners of the Russian court. Whenever the ambassador made his appearance there was a struggle between the fear of lowering their own dignity towards him with the desire of not being uncourteous, though they evidently set the question of dignity before that of courtesy. When one of the czar's ministers first met the ambassador, the former always tried to manage that the stranger should alight, to show the superior dignity of the Russian court. On one of these occasions, the Baron von Herberstein, who seems to have been equally tenacious of his master's dignity in this point, had to employ all his diplomatic skill to escape humiliation:

"In my first embassy, I told the person who came to meet me from Moscow, that I was weary with travelling, and that we could transact our business on horseback; but for the reason I have mentioned, he did not think fit to go through the ceremony in this fashion. The interpreters and the rest had already alighted, and advised me to do the same; to which I replied, 'That as soon as the Russian alighted, I would alight'. The fact was, that when I found they laid so much stress upon the matter, I was equally unwilling to fail in my duty to my own master, or to compromise his dignity. But as he refused to descend first, and as this question of pride was causing some little delay, in order to put a stop to the business I moved my foot from the stirrup as if I was about alight, and the delegate seeing this, immediately dismounted; I, however, got down from my horse very slowly, which made him greatly vexed that he had been cheated by me."

The presentation at court was a very stiff, ceremonious proceeding, which puts one in mind of a Chinese imperial audience. It was a custom always to make the ambassador remain to dinner, and no exception was made in the case of Herberstein. The ceremonial appears to have been kept up with tolerable effect until everybody was fairly seated at table, but the good cheer seems to have pro-

moted rather more familiarity, though it still appears to have been an embarrassing affair for a novice. After describing the mode of proceeding from the presentation to the czar until the whole court was seated at table, our ambassador proceeds :

" When all were seated, the prince called one of his servants to him, and giving him two long pieces of bread, said : ' Give this to Count Leonhard, and this to Sigismund.' The servant taking the interpreter with him accordingly presented the bread to each of us in rotation, accompanied by the following speech : ' O Count Leonhard, the Grand Duke Vasiley, by the grace of God, King and Lord of all Russia, and Grand Duke, extends his favour to thee, and sends thee bread from his own table.' These words the interpreter delivered to us in a loud voice. We received this expression of the prince's favour standing. The other guests also, with the exception of the prince's brothers, rose up in compliment to us. For such an expression of honour and favour as this, it is not necessary that any answer should be given, except in so far as that you accept the offered bread, place it upon the table, and express your thanks by an inclination of the head, first to the prince himself, and then to the councillors and the rest of the guests, turning the head round in every direction and bowing. Bread is used by the prince to express his favour towards anybody, but when he sends salt, it is intended to express his affection—indeed it is not possible for him to show greater honour to any one at an entertainment given by himself, than by sending him salt from his own table. I may, moreover, state that the loaves, which are made in the form of a horse's collar, seem in my opinion to serve as emblems of the hard yoke and perpetual servitude of those who eat them. At length the servers going out for food, again without showing any honour to the prince, first brought in brandy, which they always drink at the commencement of the dinner ; then they brought in roasted swans, which it is almost always their custom to lay before their guests for the first dish whenever they eat meat. Three of these being placed before the prince, he pierced them with his knife to try which was the best, and which he would choose in preference to the rest, and immediately ordered them to be taken away. The servers going out in the same order in which they had entered, placed the swans, after they had been cut up and divided into parts, in smaller dishes, laying four pieces of a swan upon each dish. Then coming in again they placed five dishes before the prince, and distributed the remainder among the prince's brothers, the councillors, the ambassadors, and the rest of the guests in rotation. A certain person stands by the prince to present him his cup, and it is he by whom bread and various dishes are sent by the prince to different individuals. The prince generally gives a small portion of the swan to his server to taste, and then cuts off portions from different parts and tastes them ; after which he sends one of his brothers, or one of the councillors or ambassadors, a dish of which he has tasted. Viands of this kind are always offered with especial solemnity to ambassadors, in the same manner as has been related respecting the bread, and in receiving them it is not only the duty of him to whom they are sent, but of all the rest, to rise ; so that one is put to no slight fatigue in rising, standing, offering thanks, and then bowing one's head in all directions as often as the prince's favour is shown to any of the company. In my first embassy, when I served as ambassador from the Emperor Maximilian, I had to rise several times in honour of the prince's brothers ; but as I saw that

they offered me no thanks in return, and made no response whatever, every time afterwards when I perceived that they were about to receive a favour from the prince, I began immediately to talk with somebody and pretend to know nothing about it; and although somebody opposite would beckon to me and call to me while the prince's brothers were standing, I pretended so long to know nothing about it, that it was not till after the third admonition from them that I would inquire what they wanted, and while they were telling me in reply that the prince's brothers were standing, the ceremonies would in some sort be over before I looked and rose up. Then, as sometimes I rose too late and sat down again immediately, they who sat opposite would laugh, and I, pretending to be otherwise engaged, asked them what they were laughing at; but as no one liked to tell the reason, at length appearing to understand the case, I put on a grave countenance and said: 'I am not here now as a private person, I shall certainly show disrespect to him who shows disrespect to my master.' Moreover, when the prince sent food to any of the younger people, and an observation was made upon my not rising, I answered: 'Whoever honours my master, him also will I honour.' When we began to eat the roast swans, they placed vinegar on the table with salt and pepper mixed in it, which they used instead of sauce or gravy. Sour milk was also placed on the table for the same purpose, with pickle cucumbers, and prunes cooked with the same object, which are not removed during dinner time. The same fashion is observed in bringing in the other dishes, unless they be again taken away to be cooked. Various kinds of drink are placed on the table, namely, malmsey, Greek wine, and different kinds of mead. The prince generally orders his goblet to be presented to him once or twice, and after drinking from it, he calls the ambassadors to him in rotation, and says, 'Leonhard,' or 'Sigismund', as the case may be, 'thou hast come from a great sovereign to a great sovereign, thou hast made a great journey; after thou hast experienced our favour it shall be well with thee; drink, and drink well, and eat well even to thy heart's content, and then take thy rest, that thou mayst at length return to thy master.'

These banquets often lasted very long,—several hours, or even a whole day,—though they appear to have been not very copious in delicacies, at least according to the taste of modern gourmets. The ambassador was surprised to find that most of the vessels used at the royal table were of massive gold. The feast, too, was continued after the guests left the king's tables:

"The prince often honours his guests by sending them dishes and drink. He never meddles with matters of serious moment during dinner; but when the dinner is over, it is his custom to say to the ambassadors, 'Now you may depart.' When thus dismissed, they are escorted back to their hotels by the same persons who had conducted them to the palace, who state that they have orders to remain with them in the hotel, to make merry with them. Silver goblets, and various other vessels containing liquor, are then produced, and all strive to make each other drunk; and very clever they are in finding excuses for inviting men to drink, and when they are at a loss for a toast to propose, they being at last to drink to the health of the emperor and the prince his brother, and after that to the welfare of any others whom they believe to hold any position of dignity and honour. They think that no one ought or can

refuse the cup, when these names are proposed. The drinking is done in this fashion. He who proposes the toast takes his cup, and goes into the middle of the room, and standing with his head uncovered, pronounces, in a festive speech, the name of him whose health he wishes to drink, and what he has to say in his behalf. Then after emptying the cup, he turns it upside down over his head, so that all may see that he has emptied it, and that he sincerely gave the health of the person in honour of whom the toast was drunk. He then goes to the top of the table and orders as many cups to be filled, and then hands each man his cup, pronouncing the name of the party whose health is to be drunk, on which each is obliged to go into the middle of the room, and, after emptying his cup, to return to his place. He who wishes to escape too long a drinking-about, must pretend that he is drunk or sleepy, or at least declare that, having already emptied many cups, he cannot drink any more; for they do not think that their guests are well received, or hospitably treated, unless they are sent home drunk. It is the common practice for the nobles and those who are permitted to drink mead and beer, to observe this fashion.

"In my first embassy, when I had brought my business to a conclusion, and had received my dismissal, at the close of the dinner to which I was invited (for it is the custom to invite ambassadors to dinner on their departure, as well as on their arrival), the prince rose, and standing up at the table, ordered his cup to be given him, and said: 'Sigismund, I wish to drink this goblet to the affection that I bear to our brother Maximilian, elect Emperor and supreme King of the Romans, and to his health; which toast thou also shalt drink, and all the others in rotation, that thou mayest witness our love towards our brother Maximilian, and report to him what thou seest.' He then handed me the cup, and said, 'Drink to the health of our brother Maximilian, elect Emperor and supreme King of the Romans.' He then handed it to all the other guests, as well as to those who were otherwise present, using the same words to each. Having received the cups, we drew back a small space, and, bowing our heads towards the prince, drank. When all this was finished, he called me to him, held out his hand, and said, 'Now depart.'

We have already hinted that, under cover of Christianity, the Russians of the time of Herberstein preserved a great mass of their earlier superstitions. Some of these are mentioned by the ambassador in the course of his narrative, and relate to the old popular objects of worship, while others are simply local legends. They belong to the interesting chapter of Slavonic popular antiquities. Thus, in the description of the city of Novogorod, we are told—

"The people of Novogorod formerly offered their chief worship and adoration to a certain idol named Perun, which was placed on the spot where now stands the monastery named Perunski, after the same idol. When subsequently they received baptism, they removed it from its place, and threw it into the river Volchov; and the story goes, that it swam against the stream, and that near the bridge a voice was heard, saying, 'This for you, O inhabitants of Novogorod, in memory of me;' and at the same time a certain rope was thrown upon the bridge. Even now it happens, from time to time, on certain days of the year, that this voice of Perun may be heard, and on

these occasions the citizens suddenly run together, and lash each other with ropes, and such a tumult arises therefrom, that all the efforts of the governor can scarcely assuage it."

Two other curious legends are given in the account of the country beyond the river Oby,—of the first of which the Baron von Herberstein says somewhat indulgently, that it is "very like a fable."

" It is said, that a certain marvellous and incredible occurrence, and very like a fable, happens every year to the people of Lucomoryae, namely, that they die on the 27th of November, which among the Russians is dedicated to St. George, and come to life again, like the frogs, in the following spring, generally on the 24th of April. These people hold a novel, and otherwise unusual kind of intercourse with the Grustintzi and Serpovtzi: for when their stated period for dying or sleeping is approaching, they deposit their merchandize in a certain spot, which is taken away in the interim by the Grustintzi and Serpovtzi, who leave their own merchandize in exchange; but when the former come to life again, they require their own property to be given back if they find it has been taken at an unfair valuation, and hence occasion arises for many conflicts and quarrels among them. In descending the river Oby on the left, we come to the Calami nation, who migrated thither from the Obiosae and Pogosa. Below the Oby up to the Golden Old Woman, which is situated at the confluence of the Oby with the ocean, are the rivers Sossa, Berezya, and Danadin, all of which have their rise in the mountain of Camen, Bolschega, Poiassa, and the neighbouring rocks. All the races which dwell between these rivers and the Golden Old Woman, are said to be tributary to the Prince of Russia.

" Slata Baba, that is, the Golden Old Woman, is an idol situated on the mouths of the Oby, on its further bank, in the province of Obdora. There are many fortresses scattered here and there along the banks of the Oby, and about the neighbouring rivers, the lords of which are all said to be subject to the Prince of Moscow. The story, or I should more correctly call it the fable, runs, that this idol of the Golden Old Woman is a statue, representing an old woman holding her son in her lap, and that recently another infant has been seen, which is said to be her grandson; they also say that she has placed certain instruments upon the spot, which constantly give forth a sound like that of trumpets. If this be the case, I think that it must arise from the vehement and constant blowing of the wind through those instruments."

Another primitive superstition is described as existing in the province of Samogitia.

" This province abounds in woods and forests, in which horrible sights may occasionally be witnessed; for in them there dwell a considerable number of idolators, who cherish, as a kind of household gods, a species of reptile, which has four short feet like a lizard, with a black flat body, not exceeding three palms in length. These animals are called 'givoites,' and on certain days are allowed to crawl about the house in search of the food which is placed for them. They are looked upon with great superstition by the whole family, until the time when, having satisfied their hunger, they return to their own place. But if any accident should occur to them, they believe that their household god, the reptile, has been ill-received and ill-fed. On my return

from my first journey to Moscow, I came to Troki, and was informed by the landlord of the house at which I happened to put up, that he had in that same year purchased some bee-hives of one of these reptile worshippers, and had by his reasoning won him over to the true faith of Christ, and persuaded him to kill the reptile which he worshipped ; but some time after, when he returned to look at his bees, he found the man with his face deformed, and with his mouth drawn in a hideous manner up to his ears. On inquiring the cause of so fearful a disaster, he replied, that he was punished with this calamity by way of expiation and penance, for having laid guilty hands upon the reptile, his god, and that he should have to suffer many more grievous penalties, unless he returned to his former mode of worship. Although this did not take place in Samogithia, but in Lithuania, I have quoted it as a specimen of their customs."

We will quote one other of these legends, which relates to the navigation of the Baltic :

" A voyage of eighty miles, after leaving the land of the Laplanders, brought them to the country of Nortpoden, which is subject to the King of Sweden. The Russians call the country Kaienska Senula, and the people, Kaiemai. Then coasting along a winding shore which stretched out to the right, he said that they came to a certain headland called Holynose [Sviatoi Nos]. Holynose is a huge rock, in the shape of a nose, protruding into the sea, under which is seen a cave, which every six hours receives the waters of the ocean, and forms a whirlpool, and alternately discharges them with great uproar, causing a similar whirlpool. Some have called it the navel of the sea. He stated that the force of this vortex was so great, that it would draw into it ships and other things in the neighbourhood, and swallow them up ; and that he himself was never in greater danger, for finding that the whirlpool began suddenly and violently to draw the ship in which they sailed towards itself, they escaped with great difficulty by laboriously plying their oars. Having passed the Holynose, they came to a certain rocky mountain, which they were obliged to sail round. Here they were detained several days by contrary winds, upon which a sailor said, ' This rock which you see is called Semes, and unless we appease it with a gift we shall not easily pass it.' Istoma, however, reproached him with his vain superstition. The sailor, upon this rebuke, held his peace ; and, after being detained there four days by the tempest, the wind abated, and they weighed anchor. When a favourable wind arose for carrying them on, the pilot said, ' You laughed at my warning about appeasing the rock Semes, as though it were an empty superstition ; but if I had not secretly climbed the rock in the night, and propitiated Semes, you would on no account have had a passage granted to you.' Upon being questioned as to the offering which he had made to Semes, he said that he had poured out upon the projecting rock which we had seen, some oatmeal mixed with butter."

One of the great amusements of the Russian court was hunting, especially of hares, and hawking. The hare-hunt was a sort of large *battue*, a mere massacre ; the poor animals being driven together in vast numbers in a confined space, while the dogs were set on to worry them, just as at the present day a quantity of rats

are collected to try how many a favourite rat-dog can kill in a given time when they are all within his reach. Bear-fights were also favourite spectacles, the combat taking place usually between a bear and a man. The bison was hunted in Lithuania, a much more spirited and more perilous sport :—

" Those who hunt the bison had need be men of great strength, agility, and cunning. A suitable spot for the hunt is selected, where there are trees growing at equal distances from each other, with trunks of moderate thickness, so that it may be easy to run round them, and yet sufficiently large to protect the body of a man. Each of the hunters places himself at one of these trees, and when the bison has been roused by the dogs that are set upon him, and is driven towards the spot, he rushes with great ferocity upon the first hunter who presents himself. The latter, however, protects himself by placing the tree between them, and strikes the beast with his hunting-spear, wherever he can ; the animal does not often fall under the blow, but, exasperated with fury, not only tosses with his horns, but also darts out his tongue, which is so rough and strong, that if it only touch the garment of the hunter, it will lay hold of it and draw him, and the beast will never leave him until he has killed him. But if the huntsman should become weary with chasing about and striking, he presents to the beast his red cap, against which he will rage both with feet and horns. If, however, another of the hunters wishes to join the contest before the beast is slain, which must be done if the men wish to get away with a whole skin, it is easy to call off the beast against himself by once shouting the barbarous cry of ' lululu !'"

Several of the notices of natural history in the narrative of the Baron von Herberstein are curious, and indeed there is much that is interesting in every part of the work, and we repeat the judgment expressed at the beginning of our article, that the Hakluyt Society deserves credit for having brought it forth again in so accessible a form. Not the least interesting part of it is the contrast between the Russia of 1527 and the Russia of 1853 ; and however great that contrast may be, we doubt if it be not much more apparent in the chief cities and among the higher classes than in the mass of the population.

Mr. Major, to whom we owe this translation of Herberstein, has added to it, we suppose chiefly to give sufficient bulk to the second volume, a reprint (from the edition of 1555) of Richard Eden's book on ' North-East Frostie Seas, and Kingdomes lying that way.' It is a curious treatise, compiled from various authors, but is chiefly interesting for an original though short account of Sebastian Cabot and his voyages, introduced incidentally, but taken down from that navigator's own recital.

ART. IV.—*Ancient English Ballad Poetry.*

*Reliques of Ancient English Poetry; consisting of old Heroic Ballads, Songs, and other Pieces of our Earlier Poets (chiefly of the Lyric kind), together with some few of later date.* 3 vols. By Dr. THOMAS PERCY, Bishop of Dromore. London: 1794.

*Popular Ballads and Songs, from Tradition, Manuscripts, and scarce Editions.* By ROBERT JAMIESON, A.M., &c. 2 vols. Edinburgh: 1806.

*The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border.* By WALTER SCOTT, Esq. 3 vols. Edinburgh: 1812.

WHEN Bishop Percy published his ‘Reliques of Ancient English Poetry,’ he probably little imagined the effect his work was to produce on the imaginative literature of the succeeding century.

During the seventy-six years which have elapsed since the ‘Reliques’ appeared, very much of our best poetry and many of our best prose romances have been moulded by the antique forms he then reproduced; and to that more than to any other single work it may be ascribed that English poetry was rescued from the mere-tricious life it had long been leading, and brought back once more to the fresh and vigorous feelings of its earlier day. The rough genuine music of the old ballad has indeed often helped to recall our poets to nature and simplicity. Sir Philip Sydney saw and felt its power for this purpose, and his famous words in the ‘Defence of Poesy,’ uttered three hundred years ago, have perhaps never during all that time been altogether without their influence, and have been sounding in the ears of the last half-century with even more than the authority of their first utterance, helping to restore force and purity of style. “I must confess my own barbarousness,” says he. “I never heard the old song of Percy and Douglas that I found not my heart more moved than with a trumpet.” This very “old Song” modernised into our ballad of ‘Chevy Chase,’ Bishop Percy was the first to publish; and though, as Sir Philip Sydney says, it is “evil appareled in the dust and cobwebs of a barbarous age,” there are trumpet notes in it which have stirred many a heart since his ceased to beat, and which will thrill the hearts of centuries to come,—perhaps after wars of nations and races shall have become as traditional as the old Border feud, celebrated by ‘Chevy Chase.’

The 'Reliques' were followed by many collections of old songs and ballads; foremost in time and in merit among which stands Sir Walter Scott's *Border Minstrelsy*. "In early youth," says he, "I had been an eager student of Ballad poetry, and the tree is still in my recollection beneath which I lay, and first entered upon the enchanting perusal of Percy's 'Reliques of Ancient Poetry.'" The effect of this early bias is well known to every reader. "In the text and notes of this early publication," says Mr. Lockhart, in the preface to the 'Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border,' 1833, "we can now trace the primary incident or broad outline of almost every romance, in verse or in prose, which Sir Walter Scott built in after life on the history or traditions of his country." Had the 'Reliques' done nothing more than produce the Scott literature of the last half century, we may well say that few modern books have been followed by such splendid results. But besides the works of the northern minstrel himself and of all his school, "without number numberless,—throughout the minds of all the poets of the nineteenth century, and in very many of those of their writings which seem likely to live, we can trace the influence and hear the music of the old ballad. 'The Ancient Mariner' and 'Christabel,' for example, as well as the spirit of that spiritual poem,

"All thoughts, all passions, all delights,  
Whatever stirs our mortal frame,  
Are all but ministers of love,  
And feed his sacred flame;"—

does not the old minstrelsy breathe through them all? Wordsworth and Southey, too, seem to have had the same love for the ancient ballad poetry, but failed in the lyrical power necessary to imitate it well. No one ever heard any of the 'Lyrical Ballads' of the Lake poets *sung*, and the simplicity of language—the language of actual lip—for which Mr. Wordsworth contended, and which is really visible in our ancient ballads and songs, was travestied, not imitated, in 'Peter Bell,' 'the Idiot Boy,' and 'the old Woman of Berkeley.' However, in Southey's fine little lyrical ode of the 'Holly Tree,'\* and in his 'Chronicle of the Cid,' there is much of the quaint spirit of the ancient minstrelsy; and in Wordsworth's three exquisite poems on the Yarrow, there breathes the purest and

\* The holly-tree, which gave birth to Southey's poem, and which he often used to stop to admire, stands near the turnpike-road, in a field "a little west of the village of Portinscale, a mile and a half from Keswick. It is a fine old bush, smooth-leaved at top, like the high leaves upon the holly-tree."

richest melody of the old Scottish lyric. His famous image, by the way,—

“The swan on sweet St. Mary’s Lake  
Floats double, swan and shadow,—

was probably not drawn from the lake of St. Mary’s; for, we believe, there were and are no swans there; but at Estwaite Lake, near Hawkshead, in Westmoreland, where Wordsworth was educated, there were swans when he was a boy; and here probably the beautiful image and its immortal expression found their way into his mind, when lying on the “fountain’s brink,” with his old teacher and companion, Matthew,—

“A pair of friends, though I was young,  
And Matthew seventy-two.”

To the old ballad spirit, too, we owe ‘Lord Allen’s Daughter,’ and much of the tone of Campbell’s finest poetry. Poor Motherwell’s fierce and tender ballads show that he possessed no less than admired the minstrel spirit of the old centuries. No one has more finely imitated the manner in which the ancient northern bards dashed *in medias res* than Motherwell:—

“The eagle hearts of all the north  
Have left their stormy strand;  
The warriors of the world are forth,  
To choose another land.

Nor swifter from the well-bent bow  
Can feather’d shaft be sped,  
Than o’er the ocean’s plain of snow  
Their snoring galleys tread.

Then raise the can to bearded lip,  
And smite each sounding shield—  
Wassail! for every dark-ribb’d ship,  
For every battle-field,” &c.

And no one has caught the tender tearful tone of the pathetic old minstrelsy more successfully than the same poet, as every one acquainted with his exquisite description of the dying girl, “a mother but no wife,” seated on the knee of her lover but not her husband, in the churchyard, speaking of her coming escape into the kindly grave, mourning for her fault, and entreating the partner of her guilt and sorrow to remember her with affection:—

“Oh, wae’s me, for the hour, Willie,  
When we thegither met;  
Oh, wae’s me, for the time, Willie,  
When our first tryst was set!

Oh, wae's me, for the loanin' green,  
Where we were wont to gae !  
And wae's me for the destinie,  
That gar'd me luve ye sae ?

\* \* \* \*

A storm gangs through my head, Willie,  
A sair storm through my heart :  
Oh, hand me up, and let me kiss  
Your brow ere we twa pair !  
  
Anither and anither yet !  
How fast my life-strings break :—  
Farewell ! farewell ! through yon kirkyard,  
Step lightly for my sake."

Hamilton of Bangour, William Crawford, and indeed all the "inglorious young gentlemen" who assisted Allan Ramsay in his Collections of Scottish Songs, derived their excellencies from the old minstrels.

There is perhaps no finer imitation of the wild musical wail of the old ballad than Hamilton's 'Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny bonny bride,' founded on 'the Dowie Dens o'Yarrow.' These and the 'Douglas Tragedie' have invested the lonely pastoral hills of the Yarrow with a wild traditionary interest, which is felt by every person of sensibility who visits the scene, and the tender melancholy of the Yarrow ballads, which is really just the echo and reflex of the scene itself, will probably be prolonged through many succeeding centuries. "And this is Yarrow!" exclaim, with Wordsworth, hundreds of annual visitors, in such tones as we use in speaking of a personal grief now mellowed and softened by time.

" Fair hangs the apple frae the rock ;  
Sweet is the wave of Yarrow flowing ;"

and so all the way down from the spot in which the river flows from St. Mary's Lake, which—

" Feeds it as a mother who doth make  
A fair and froward infant her own care."

from the "Deuchar Mill Stream," whence the grim lonely tower of Mary Scott, the Flower of Yarrow, is seen, and the site of the old Moorland chapel, beneath whose ruined burial-ground have slept for centuries the sorrows whose memory still seems to float like the mists about their mountains, down by the Douglas burn, Altrive Lake, where stands the white cottage of the Ettrick Shepherd, Yarrow Kirk, the Dowie Dens themselves, and the towers of

Newark, the whole vale is full of "pastoral melancholy," and the sound of all its streams seems blent into one note of sorrow, as of the voice of tradition brooding over the griefs of the olden time.

Robert Jamieson also, who published, in 1806, a collection of Popular Ballads and Songs, in two volumes, in which may be seen some pieces of merit not found in the other collections, and a few of the choice old ballads in a more perfect state than elsewhere,—has not only written some very good imitations and translations from the Danish, but has caught in one or two of his original poems much of the spirit and simplicity of the ancient strain. His little ballad entitled 'Fair Annie's Complaint,'—founded, like Burns's song 'Lord Gregory,' and Dr. Wolcot's on the pathetic ballad of 'Annie of Lochrogan,'—is worthy of comparison with that of the bard of Coila, and infinitely superior to that of Peter Pindar. As it is brief and little known, our readers may not be displeased to see it here.

**FAIR ANNIE'S COMPLAINT.**

"O open the door, my love Gregor,  
O open the door to me;  
Dark, wild, and bitter is the night,  
And rough has been the sea.

And I'm your Annie of Lochrogan  
Turn'd out frae house and hauld,  
Wi' our sweet babie in my arms  
That dies for weet and cauld.

Sae open the door, my love Gregor,  
O open and let me in,  
For the sea surf freezes on my hair,  
The cald sleet on my chin.

And cald, my love, is now that lip  
Whase smile ye aft ha'e blest,  
And cald the bosome that your cheek  
Has aft sae fondly prest.

And cald, cald, soon will be that heart  
That ay was warm to thee,  
Nor ever mair your babie's smile  
Delight his father's e'e.

Then open the door, my love Gregor,  
For an we twa should tine,  
Ye never mair frae womankind  
Can hope sic love as mine."

Then there is Allan Cunningham, whose earliest lessons in poetry were in the same school of the Northern, or Scoto-Scandinavian

lyric. We remember, through the mist of thirty years, one of his early poems relating to an eruption of Hecla.

"O spare sunny Scalholt  
And crystal Tingalla,  
O spare merry Oda  
And pleasant old Hala!  
The bard said no more,  
For the deep sea came dashing,  
The smoke flew on high  
And the fires came flashing;  
But matron and maiden  
Shall long look in sorrow,  
To dread Hecla, and sing thus  
The sad song of Snorro."

From the writing of this youthful poem to his last favourite song, the old minstrelsy swayed the mind of "honest Allan." Even Byron and Shelley—though the first was too aristocratic, passionate, stately, and discursive; and the latter too subtle, dreamy, and metaphysical, to rest content with the simplicity and brevity of the old ballad—show that they have drunk at the same fountain. Lord Byron's 'Good Night,' in Childe Harold, is founded on the old 'Good Night' of Johnnie Armstrong, and Shelly's quaint, sweet little poem, 'Love's Philosophy,' the most likely of all he ever wrote to survive for a few centuries, contains the true spirit of the old songs which Ophelia sings, and which are strewed elsewhere over the pages of Shakespeare. Much of John Gilpin's "credit and renown" is due to ancient models, and "brave Kempenfeldt went down" to the same strain. What reader does not recollect the strange, wild imitations of the old ballad, by Chatterton,—

" . . . . . the marvellous boy,  
The sleepless soul that perish'd in his pride."

imitations which show how deeply imbued he was with ancient poetry, and must ever cause us to mourn that this golden bowl should have been so early broken at the very fount of song. The best of the Ettrick Shepherd's poetry—all his curious imitations of the old ballad, as well as his beautiful and popular songs—are to be traced to that ancient source, whose springs he helped so much to clear out and lay open to the day. His "bonny Kilmeny" is a most delicate sketch from the antique—the measure, the mystery, the tenderness, the sweet purity, and pathos—like the legend and superstitions it contains, are all in the tone of the old minstrels in their choice passages. And some parts of his "Witch o' Fife," one of the most successful of his ballads, might have been written

by the author of the oldest Scottish poem of this kind, what Coleridge called "the grand old ballad of Sir Patrick Spens." On the voyage of the witch—

"The thunder it growlit, and the sea-dogs howlit  
As we gaed scouring by.

\* \* \* \* \*

As fast as the hail, as fast as the gale,  
As fast as the midnight leam,  
We borit the breast o' the bursting scoale,  
Or fluffit in the floating faem!"

We have often listened to the old bard discoursing on the ancient minstrelsy of the Yarrow, and remember the serious tone he was wont to adopt, and the visionary look of his pleasant, clear blue eye, when narrating any of the wild, sorrowful legends of the valley. Even when speaking of fairies, brownies, and ghosts, though he always gave a slight tone of humour to his tale, it was evident he had a hankering after the poetic superstitious faith of his earlier days, and seemed always well pleased that any friend should listen with gravity, and yield a sort of respectful credence to the legends in which he himself so much delighted. There is a bank of broom on the Yarrow, above Altrive cottage, every seed of which the shepherd had pressed into the soil with his forefinger, and the image of the fine old poet as he lay there a quarter of a century ago, descanting on his favourite topic, is before us now.

In Alfred Tennyson also we trace the heroic spirit of ancient song, and some of his finest models are from the ballad antique. The ruggedness and fierceness of the ancient minstrelsy is indeed nowhere seen; but its impassioned force, tenderness, and pathos are there. In the exquisite and miraculous melody of his lines the old chivalrous music often rings, though in softer modulations, as if the same air which stirred Sir Philip Sydney's gallant heart from the trumpet was now blown into modern ears by the deftest of all musicians on the flute. Between some of the finest old ballads, and his 'O the Earl was fair to see,' and the 'Landscape Painter,' 'Lord of Burleigh,' there is the same sort of similarity which exists between the mail-clad warrior, mounted for battle, and the same warrior in festal hall or ladies' bower, apparelled in velvet. 'Sir Galahad,' 'the Beggar Maid,' and many other of Tennyson's ballads will remind the reader of the truth of this remark. In 'the Sisters,' the whole spirit is that of the old minstrelsy, and there are two or three couplets in the wildest antique style.

"I kissed his eyelids into rest,  
His ruddy cheek upon my breast.  
The wind is raging in turret and tree.  
*I hated him with the hate of hell,*  
*But I loved his beauty passing well.*  
O the Earl was fair to see!"

And

"As half asleep his breath he drew,  
Three times I stabb'd him through and through.  
O the Earl was fair to see!"

And

"I curl'd and comb'd his comely head;  
*He look'd so grand when he was dead.*"

These and many other passages echo the wildest and the sweetest music of the olden time.

The "overwords," which, if good, help the sentiment of a song so much, and which have been travestied in modern and comic songs, by all sorts of absurd chorus sounds, from "Hie ho chevy" to "Derry down," are derived, by our modern authors, directly from the ancient ballad. Thus we have, very old,—

"There were twa sisters sat in a bower;  
Edinborough! Edinborough!  
There were twa sisters sat in a bower;  
Stirling for age.  
There were twa sisters sat in a bower;  
There came a knight to be their wooer.  
Bonny St. Johnstown stands upon Tay."

And

"You could not see her middle and ma';  
Binnörie o Binnörie.  
Her gowden girdle was sae bra'  
By the bonny milldams o Binnörie."

Probably these overwords were frequently sung, even when interspersed through the narrative, and not as a terminating chorus, by the assembled company; and this, if the words were musical, and in their meaning or sound, or both, were in harmony with the sentiment, would help greatly to keep together the hearts of the listeners, and greatly increase the emotion natural to the song.

In 'Duncan Gray' we have the use of the "overword" in a comic ballad—

"Ha, ha, the wooing o't;"

and in Tennyson's wild, noble ballad of 'Oriana,' and in the overwords of 'The Sisters,'

"The wind is raging in turret and tree,"

And

"Oh the Earl was fair to see,"

we have, as might be expected from this supreme vocal melodist, words, in the first instance, from the sound, in the second, from the idea they convey,—calculated to harmonise with and heighten the pathos of the narrative with which they mingle.

In the old ballad of 'the Wife of Usher's Will,' we have the original of the famous line in 'Willie brewed a peck o' maut,'—

"The cock doth craw, the day doth daw."

Some more objectionable peculiarities of modern poetry have been taken from the old ballad minstrels. Coleridge's frequent "Dear God!" and "Oh Christ!" and Wordsworth's ejaculation in

"Dear God! the very houses seem asleep,  
And all that mighty heart is lying still;"

these and some other affectations of phrase are barbarisms from the old ballads.

Poor Hood's terrific tale of Eugene Aram, owes its power as it derives its method and rhythm from his study of the old ballad; and the best parts of it are those in which the stern simplicity of the ancient model is most closely followed. In his fearful, piteous tale of the 'Suicide,' though, like the 'Song of the Shirt,' the style is peculiarly "Hood's own," some of the spirit belongs to the old minstrelsy.

"Had she a sister—had she a mother—  
Had she a father—had she a brother,"

is, perhaps unknowingly, a verse of an old ballad. But it would be an endless task to show how much of what is likely to live in modern poetry owes its element of vitality to the antique lyrical muse. Goldsmith (Edwin and Angelina) derived from 'the Gentle Herdsman,' Mickle (Cumnor Hall), Mallet, Parnell, Ferguson, Tannahill, Gall, Gilfillan, Riddell, &c.,—and more recently the authors of *Modern Lays*—of Romans, Cavaliers, and Covenanters, have all taken up the ancient harp, or made one for themselves in imitation of it. Let us conclude these brief illustrations of our remark, respecting the value of the ancient ballad to modern poets, by mentioning the name of one, to whom, more than to any—perhaps all other men, we owe the preservation of the ancient relics of Scottish song, and who possessed more of the true spirit of the choice old masters of the Scottish lyre, than any one born since the times of tradition—Robert Burns. He did not indeed *imitate* the

historical ballad so well as Sir Walter Scott, Kirkpatrick Sharpe, and some others, for he did not try, except in one or two instances.

But he far surpassed them all in transfiguring the ancient spirit into modern song. His genius loved better to create and revel in the exulting aspirings of patriotism, or the passionate delights of love, than to dwell on the details of narrative; the law of his nature was to go directly to the heart, and melt it by the burning force of his passion,—not to play round the head, or dazzle the admiration by events or descriptions. The incidents and scenery of his songs, accordingly, and even of his ballads, are quite subservient to the sentiment. In the early ballad of the ‘Lass o’ Ballochmyle’ only, the scene is more dwelt on, before the introduction of the lady, than the reader, and especially the listener, wishes; and even in that, how finely does the lovely evening bring on the happy mood of the poet, and that leading to the presence of the fair maiden, raises the flood-gate of his poetry and passion.—

“ ’Twas even—the dewy fields were green,  
On every blade the pearls hang;  
The zephyr wanton’d round the bean,  
And bore its fragrant sweets alang;  
In ev’ry glen the mavis sang,  
All nature listening seem’d the while;  
Except where greenwood echoes rang  
Amang the braes o’ Ballochmyle.  
  
With careless step I onward stray’d,  
My heart rejoic’d in Nature’s joy;  
When musing in a lonely glade,  
A maiden fair I chanc’d to spy:  
Her look was like the morning’s eye,  
Her air like Nature’s vernal smile;  
Perfection whispered, passing by,  
Behold the lass o’ Ballochmyle!”

We give these verses, usually omitted in singing, as, perhaps, the only instance of a song of Burns being at all loaded with description; for, like the old minstrels, he generally dashes into the midst of his subject at once;—a few slight, but graphic touches of description usually suffice, and the burning sentiment of the song is reached as rapidly as possible, in obedience to the poet’s warm and electric temperament. It was this predominance of passion over every other element of his nature, which made Burns a writer of songs, and scarcely of anything else. Those who knew him best, knew that he had dramatic and mathematical powers, capable, if cultivated, of leading him to the highest distinction in

these pursuits: but this his emotional nature forbade; and to the same cause it may be ascribed, that we have nothing but Tam o' Shanter, and two or three ballads, which can be properly called narrative. That he had the power of producing ballads on the antique model, his "When wild war's deadly blast was blawn," and others, sufficiently prove. But he had neither time nor patience for narrative. 'Tam o' Shanter,' 'Duncan Grey,' 'McPherson's Farewell,' and many others, show, indeed, an unrivalled power of description, but they show also a fierce impatience of detail, and a glowing energy of passion, incompatible with aught else but its sudden utterance.

Though Burns, however, never imitated the ancient historical ballad, no one has gathered its gems so carefully, and woven so many of them, which would otherwise have been lost, into the popular songs of the day. To a quick fancy like his, ever ready to explode into song, a happy old phrase was enough, and to these ancient choruses and lines, we owe very many of his best songs, as well as some of the finest of our other Scottish lyrics. For example, 'The Flowers of the Forest,' by Miss Elliot, of Minto (of Lady John Russell's family),—the two lines containing the key note of the sentiment,—

"I've heard a lilting at the ewe milking,"  
and

"The flowers i' the forest are a' wide away,"

are old. So too of the 'Good night, and joy be wi you a,' the multitudinous 'Lea Rigs,' nay, even 'Auld Lang Syne' itself. The genius of Burns lighted up at the first happy catch-word, and he transfused his very soul into song. A touching phrase was enough to lift him to the region where he had "his garland and singing robes about him." Many an old lifeless lyric he reanimated; however lost and mutilated, if yet the fragment retained some touch of its former loveliness,

"Before decay's effacing fingers  
Had swept the lines where beauty lingers,"

the spirit of Burns, like the soul of the magician in the 'Arabian Nights,' entered reanimated, and endowed it with more than pristine grace.

As Dr. Johnson says of Goldsmith, *Nullum quod tetigit non ornavit*; but in Burns, working with an old fragment of song, it was the "maker" (as poets were called in Scotland), rather than the artist, at work, and in his inlaying of the scattered gems of

ancient vocal melody, the hand is often invisible, while the skill is almost always unapproachable.

These brief illustrations will remind the reader how much modern poetry is indebted to ballad literature for some of its best characteristics, and how desirable it is that the public taste should be cultivated by frequent recurrence to the ancient models. For it is not merely by the *poets* studying the old masters, that the true spirit will be preserved. All the poets of the last century probably knew the ancient minstrelsy well; but this did not preserve them from the mannerism of the day. The *nation* must have the taste to appreciate a certain music before the tone will be adopted in the national literature—and this perhaps, especially, in lyrical poetry.—We trust no reader will think that these imitations of the spirit and letter of the old minstrels by our modern bards are adduced in any carping or censorious mood, or with a view of derogating from the original power of the poets whose names have been mentioned as students of ancient song. Our motive is directly the reverse of this;—it is to show that our best modern poets have carefully studied the old masters of our own land;—that much of what we most admire in their works is owing to that study,—and from this example to urge our younger readers, especially those who feel, or think they feel, some especial vocation for poetry, to look carefully into the old minstrels, and strive to catch those graces which have survived through so many centuries, and have charmed each generation as it rose and passed away.

It cannot be said indeed that the ancient minstrelsy has been neglected by the poets in very recent times: we have had ‘Lays’ of various times and heroes,—from Macaulay to Mrs. Menteith,—from Horatius Cocles to Richard Cameron,—many of them of very high merit, yet none perhaps likely to exercise any lasting influence upon poetry. It seems to us probable that the simplicity of the genuine ancient ballad, may be needed again by and by to correct a refined, which may soon degenerate into a meretricious taste. Already the exquisite polish and melody of Tennyson is producing much mellifluous inanity; and if, even in his own exquisite strain, the art of the melodist is sometimes seen through the glories of the poet, we must expect by and by to be deluged by his imitators, with productions in which that art will be too visible, so that the ear will sicken at the silken sounds. Then once more perhaps will strike in the rough stormy music of the old ballad, and revive the taste for simplicity, pathos, and the stern realities of actual life.

It is in this belief that we have ventured to draw the attention of

our younger readers to the ancient Scottish ballad, a few of which we shall here in a brief and cursory manner notice. To enter into any detail, on any of the branches of the subject—historical, legendary, or critical—would take up ten times the space which can be spared for the subject; and those who may wish seriously to study the topic, will find in Percy, Scott, Pinkerton, Jamieson, Ritson, Buchan, Chambers, Cunningham, Herd, and Ramsay, everything they can desire on every branch of it.

The general character of primitive poetry—if we could examine it—would probably be found to be the same in all countries—as similar as are the faculties and passions of the whole human family. The *bellum inter omnia*, which is the earliest historical condition of society, is followed by another state in which the skill of man has enabled him to procure shelter and leisure from the occupation of defending himself or seeking food, and then comes the want of occupation for the mind. The carving of the battle-axe or tomahawk is cheered with the tale or declamation of some “brave;” and the furbishing of the halberd or helmet, and still more the tedium of the long nights after the armour was cleaned, required and would produce some species of amusement such as music and song could alone supply.

Measured sounds in prose, of which we have examples in the genuine Ossianic fragments, set, like gems, in the works of McPherson, would probably be adopted at a very early period,—so soon indeed as the language of the tribe became capable of being adapted to them. The first bard, speaker, or reciter, who, with an ear for melody, combined an impassioned and voluble nature, might, we can imagine, have uttered, “O thou that rollest above, round as the shield of my father: whence are thy beams, O Sun,—thine everlasting light?” Chanting would be suggested by the very roll of the words; chance or rather the instinctive wants of the voice and ear would effect the first rhythmical cadences, and thus equipped, like Minerva from the head of Jove, came forth the

“Twin-born harmonious sisters, Voice and Verse.”

With how few varieties of rhythm a primitive people remains satisfied, is shown by the limping romance rhymes of the ancient Norse and early Scottish minstrelsy, and the almost universal ballad metre of old legendary and romantic song, and how difficult it is to improve upon the metre which so many early nations adopted, is shown by the fact, that the most polished and beautiful poems of Tennyson and other popular bards of modern times, are in the same

old rhythm in which the Scandinavian harper sung, and the deeds of the Cid were chronicled : the oldest poem in the Spanish language is, Dr. Southey says, beyond all comparison the finest. There is something melancholy in the reflection, that perfection seems to have been reached in the high art of poetry at very early stages of society ; that the old ballads of Homer are never likely to be equalled ; that the choice passages of the old minstrels of Europe are the choice passages of modern song; and that the very metre adopted by the free-booters of the Border, and the jongleurs of Spain, is the most popular of all metres even now. During the present century there have been editions and collections of old ballads innumerable : the German and Danish ballad poetry has been introduced into England, the ‘Niebelungen Lied’ is translated and commented on by sundry critics, from Thomas Carlyle to Mary and William Howitt ; Spanish ballads have appeared in English dresses ;—all this indicates the opinion of the lovers of poetry, that after all the poetic splendour of the Georgian era, we must still go back for the purest melody to the early founts of song. The Ossianic poetry affords another illustration of the same remark. Whatever may be the scepticism of most readers, as to the genuineness of the greater portion of the poems published by McPherson, we believe it is not doubted by any one who has examined the subject, that some of the very best passages are antique, that they were known long before McPherson’s time, and may be heard, even at the present day, chanted in various and remote parts of the Highlands. Sir Charles Napier, but the other day, when presenting new colours to the 22d Regiment, his last official act before leaving India, in addressing the troops, uttered a speech, some parts of which were Ossianic in their eloquence. The style and language is, in the old as well as the modern warrior, that of high chivalrous enthusiasm, and before this ever-during sentiment, a thousand or fifteen hundred years—with the varieties of language and custom which they bring—vanish like mere adventitious lights on a mountain or the sea, leaving the old primeval objects as they have ever been.

We give the following passage from Sir Charles’s address, some of the words of which may perhaps not be exactly quoted.

“I will pass over bygone glories, and speak of what has happened in our own times. Never can I forget the banks of the Fullailee, and the bloody bed of that river, where 2000 of our men fought 30,000 enemies ! When, for three hours, the musket and bayonet encountered the sword and shield in mortal combat ; for on that dreadful day no man spared a foe,—we were too weak for mercy. \* \* \*

"Men of Meanee! you must remember, with exultation and with pride, what a view burst upon your sight, when, under a heavy fire, you reached the bank of the river, and a hurl of shields and Scindian capped and turbanned heads, and flashing scimitars, high brandished in the air, spread as a sea before you, and 35,000 valiant warriors of Beloochistan came down threatening destruction. *Then the hostile squadrons rushed together, and desperate combats thickened along the line!* The superb 9th Cavalry of Bengal, and the renowned Scinde Horse, the dark chivalry of India, burst as a thunder-storm cloud,—charging into the dry bed of the torrent, driving the foe before them! At that moment a terrible cry arose on the right. It was the dreadful British shout of battle. It began with the 22d, and was reechoed from right to left, from regiment to regiment, along the line. *Lines of levelled bayonets now gleamed, charging through the smoke,* and the well-fought field of Meanee was your own. Soldiers! these are not clouds that pass away like summer clouds, and are forgotten!"

Alas, yes! they are forgotten,—and soon may the time come when they shall for ever cease to appear. But this brief stirring record of them should not be lost. It is a description which might be placed beside that of one of Fingal's fields, and reminds one, with its "dark chivalry," of one of the Cid's battles.

"Then you might see the Moors arming themselves in haste,  
And the two main battles,—how they were forming fast,  
Horsemen and footmen mixt, a countless troop and vast;  
\* \* \* \* \*

Their shields before their breast forth at once they go ;  
Their lances in the rest levell'd fair and low,  
Their banners and their crests waving in a row,  
Their heads all stooping down towards the saddle bow.  
The Cid was in the midst, his shout was heard afar,  
I am Rui Diez, the Champion of Bivar ;  
Strike amongst them, gentlemen, for sweet mercy's sake !!"\*

Poetry seems, therefore, to flourish most in those states of society in which civilisation is so far advanced as to call forth the cultivation of the intellectual powers, but not to trammel those powers with formal rules and precedents. This is perhaps true, with reference to lyrical poetry, in the individual as well as in the national mind. There is a certain rudeness, or at least freshness and simplicity, necessary to lyric excellence; and this seems most developed at those periods of the national or individual life to which primitive modes of thought and expression belong. The esteem in which early poetry has been held during the present century corroborates this. There have been pauses and bursts in the enthusiasm for the old ballad many times during the last sixty years; but, on the

\* Given in the Notes to Southey's 'Cid'; not from his pen, "but from that of a literary friend, who has caught," says the Quarterly Review, for February, 1809, "the true tone of the Spanish Homer."

whole, the feeling has been steadily in the advance. Judging from the songs, rather than the 'Lays' of the last fifteen years, there seems rather "a syncope and solemn pause" in this enthusiasm at present. The modern Popular Ballads and Songs—sung by those successors to the ancient minstrels, who chant their ditties from the stage, instead of the market-cross, to crowded houses of box, pit, and gallery, instead of to groups in the street—contain as weak a dilution of the ancient lyric spirit as can well be imagined.

The modern rants about "the sea, the sea," and the gambling and gin melodies, though most respectable in their motives, are in poetical execution very, very far indeed below the old lyrics of the people to which they have, for a brief season, succeeded.

The sentimental songs of the last fifteen years too, it may be remarked as a collateral fact, with a very few exceptions, are only the grindings of an old organ whose points are worn down out of all fire, energy, and pathos. Can any of our readers tell us of a dozen songs or ballads written within fifteen years, which, at the close of the century, are likely, even in the opinion of their authors, to be alive? Yet that genuine lyrics will incessantly be listened to, poor Wilson's career, with a few of the Scotch songs, clearly proves. Had there been half a dozen Wilsons, we believe they would always have found audiences to listen and to pay. Nay more, we believe that if any musician with half the feeling and vocal adroitness of Wilson would make a selection from the ancient ballads—confining himself to the ancient melodies—with the briefest introductions from the ballad books interspersed, he would produce an entertainment fitted for the year 1852, and worthy of a section in Crystal Palaces among the productions of old British industry.

The present century has shown love enough for the ancient minstrelsy; but a vulgar, riotous style, founded on it, has for a brief period silenced it, or at least made it "caviare to the multitude."

The old ballads of all the nations of the north-west of Europe seem to have been, in general, reduced from the ancient metrical romances, with which our ancestors were entertained, as the nations of the east seem to have been by their story-tellers, from the remotest period till the present day. Of these metrical romances we cannot here speak, but refer the reader to Ellis's specimens of Early English Romance, and to other collections to be found in most libraries. He will there see how the ancient metrical romance

was, as Sir W. Scott says, “degraded into the old ballad;” and that afterwards became the foundation of the modern ballad, or narrative song.

We shall first mention the famous Seer of Eildon Hills, still in high reputation on the Border. Thomas the Rhymer—True Thomas, Thomas of Ercildoune—lived in the latter part of the thirteenth century. It appears probable that he was born at Ercildoune, a village on the little river Leader, two miles from its junction with the Tweed; and here he lived, and from his tower, according to tradition, he departed to Fairy Land, and was no more seen on earth. He was venerated both as a prophet and a poet; his prophecies were held in high estimation even a short time after his death or disappearance from Ercildoune; and even now that between five and six centuries have passed away, his sayings are regarded with veneration by the peasantry. The legend goes, that True Thomas was carried off to Fairy Land, where he remained seven years, and there acquired the prophetic insight which afterwards rendered him so famous. A stone, the Eildon Tree Stone, still marks the site of the tree beneath which he delivered his prophecies, and the Bogle Burn (Anglie, Goblin Stream), so called from being frequented by Thomas’s “ghostly companie,” runs near it. The Rhymer’s Glen, a ravine near the Huntly Bank, of the ancient ballad,

“True Thomas lay on Huntly Bank,  
A ferlie (marvel) spied he wi’ his e’e,”

is also adjoining; and the whole came into possession of Sir Walter Scott, was much prized and frequented by him, and remains part of the classic land of Abbotsford. Edwin Landseer’s portrait of Sir Walter has the scenery of the Rhymer’s Glen for an appropriate background. The reader who may never have seen any of the ancient minstrelsy, will obtain a good idea of an old legendary romance, from the poem containing True Thomas’s intrigue with the Queen of Faëry, a portion of which may be seen in the Appendix to the ‘Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border,’ vol. iv, p. 122, or in Jamieson’s ‘Ballads.’ Like so many of the old romances, a ballad was formed out of the incidents of this tale; and we shall commence our brief notices of a few of the old Scottish Ballads, with the antique portion of Thomas the Rhymer, recommending the reader to see the two other parts, written by Sir Walter Scott, and affording a very successful specimen of imitation of the antique

style. True Thomas, lying on Huntly Bank, spies a lady bright, the Queen of Faëry, whose lips having kissed, he becomes, in consequence, her servant for seven years, and is compelled to accompany her to Elfland :—

“She mounted on her milkwhite steed,  
She’s taen True Thomas up behind ;  
And ay whene’er her bridle rang,  
The steed flew swifter than the wind.”

And so they ride along,

“Until they reached a desert wide,  
And living land was left behind.”

Then she shows him “the narrow path of righteousness,” beset with thorns, and “the braid, braid road” of wickedness, which some call the road to heaven, and another “bonny road, that winds about the fernie brae,” and along this road to Fairy Land they two are to travel. Then she warns him to be silent, for if he speak a word in Elfland he will never see his home again ; and now

“They ride on, and farther on,  
And they waded through rivers above the knee ;  
And they saw neither sun nor moon,  
But they heard the roaring of the sea.

It was mirk mirk night, and there was nae stern light,  
And they waded through red blude to the knee ;  
For a’ the blude that’s shed on earth  
Rins through the springs o’ that countrie.”

The second part of ‘Thomas the Rhymer,’ in the Border Minstrelsy, contains some of his ancient prophecies, thrown into a legendary ballad, by Sir Walter Scott, and contains many fine verses. The third is entirely modern, containing the traditional account of Thomas’s marvellous return to Fairy Land, for he had got back to Ercildoune, after his seven years’ servitude to the Elf Queen had been accomplished. The Rhymer held a feast in his castle of Ercildoune, and after entertaining lords and ladies with his harp and poetry, when all were gone to rest, he became aware of a message to return to Elfland. Down the path

“A hart and hind pace side by side,  
As white as snow in Fairmalee ;”

and while the autumn moonbeams are gleaming on his old grey ancestral tower, and the silver Leader “danced skimmering in the ray,” True Thomas bids his native haunts farewell, and, with the hart and hind, crosses the flood, and disappears for ever ;—

“ Some said to hill and some to glen,  
Their wondrous course had been;  
But ne'er in haunts of living men  
Again was Thomas seen.”

Such is the wild legend of the life of the first Scottish poet whose supposed works have come down to modern times.

“ Blind Harry” or Henry the Minstrel, Barbour, Wintown, Spottiswoode, and many others, speak of Thomas the Rhymer’s prophecies with veneration, and numbers of them are quoted as having been fulfilled, long after they were known to have been uttered; *e.g.* some relating to the battles of Flodden and Pinkie, and the union of the Scottish and English crowns.

Among other sayings of Thomas of Ercildoune there was one relating to the Haigs of Bemerside, an old family in the neighbourhood. It ran,

“ Betide, betide, whate’er betide,  
Haig shall be Haig of Bemerside.”

Sir Walter Scott tells a story of the grandfather of the Haig of his day, who had twelve daughters, and the male line of the Haig’s seemed so likely to be broken, that the country people trembled for the truth of their prophet; but at length the laird’s lady brought him a son, and this belief in the Rhymer’s prophetic power was confirmed beyond doubt.

Before leaving this subject, we should say that Mr. Jamieson commences his second volume with a much more extended ballad of ‘True Thomas and the Queen of Elfland,’ than that given in the Border Minstrelsy. “The following copy,” says Mr. Jamieson, “of this very curious old romance, is given from a MS. said to be of the fifteenth century, in the Public Library at Cambridge,” with “different readings,” from a MS. in the Cathedral of Lincoln, and from another MS. in the Cotton Library. In the latter, the Faëry Queen leads Thomas forth in the following verse:

“ She ledde hym forth with all her myzt,  
Undir nethe the derne lee;  
Wher it was as derke as at mydnyzt,  
And evyn in water unto the kne.”

“ There is something,” says Mr. Jamieson, “uncommonly romantic and poetical in Thomas’s going under ground with the Queen of Elfland, as Eneas does with the Sibyl; marching for three days in pitchy darkness, and hearing nothing but the *swechyngh* and *swowyng* (*i.e.* swinging and booming) of the waves over his head.”

Many of True Thomas's prophecies are given in Jamieson's copy of the ballad, as he obtained them from the lips of the Elf Queen; and as prophecies which really were employed for national purposes, in some of the quarrels between England and Scotland, they are worth the reader's attention.

Henry the Minstrel or Blind Harry, Merdwynn Wyltt or Merlin the Wild—a poetic and prophetic Nebuchadnezzar of the Tweeddale woods—who, in remorse for the death of his nephew, is said to have exiled himself from society, and to have been endowed with the fatal gift of prophetic song, both speak of True Thomas; and Sir David Lindsay diverted James the Fifth during his boyhood, in addition to his own verses, with the old minstrelsy of Rhymer and Merlin.

This subject will be resumed in a future number.

#### ART. V.—*National Characteristics in the Sixteenth Century.*

*The fyrist Boke of the Introduction of Knowledge. The which doth teache a man to speake parte of all maner of Languages, & to knowe the usage & fashion of al maner of Countreys. And for to knowe the moste parte of all maner of Coynes of Money, y<sup>e</sup> which is curraunt in every region.* Made by ANDREW BORDE, of Phisicke Doctor. Dedicated to the right Honorable and gracious lady Mary, daughter of our soverayne lord kyng Henry the eyght. (1542.)

TO most people the name of Andrew Borde—Andreas *Perforatus*, as he quaintly called himself: ‘Merry Andrew,’ as he has been designated by posterity—is perfectly familiar; though his writings, from their rarity, are known only to the few. The character, both of his life and books, presents a strange admixture of respectable with unworthy qualities. Born of a good Sussex family (who gave name to Board-hill, in the central district of the Weald, and who are at this day represented by the Countess of Winterton), and educated at Oxford, he exhibited in after life at once the apparently opposite qualities of scholar and pedant—authorised physician and quack-doctor—ascetic friar and good fellow—man of genius and buffoon. Living amidst the convulsions, social and religious, of the Reformation, he stedfastly adhered to the old faith, and although he preferred the profession of medicine to the Carthusian rule which he had originally embraced, he never altogether quitted the austerities of monastic life, but lived in celibacy, drank cold water three days

out of the seven, wore a hair-shirt next his skin, and, as a *memento mori*, hung his winding-sheet every night at his bed's foot. This must have resulted, however, from a deeply-seated conscientious conviction, rather than from natural disposition ; and no man ever more fully testified than he did to the Horatian truth—

“ Naturam expelus furcā, tamen usque recurret,  
Et mala perrumpet furtim fastidia victrix ;”

for in spite of this self-abnegation, his native lightness of temper would ever rise to the surface of his outward life. As the friar, the physician, and the astronomer, he has long been consigned to oblivion, but as the putative author of the ‘Tales of the Wise Men of Gotham,’ and as the founder of the race of Merry Andrews, he is by no means forgotten. Like some other humorists, he seems to have been the victim of misfortune, for he ended his days in the Fleet prison in 1549. It is our intention, in a future article, to enter more fully into the writings of this singular personage ; at present we must confine ourselves to the very curious production whose title we have above quoted.

It is a rare book ; only two or three copies of each of the two early editions being known ; while the reprint of 1814 (by Haslewood) was limited to 124 copies. The dedication is dated from “ Mountpyler,” where he had originally taken his degree of doctor of medicine. The work is divided into thirty-nine chapters, each treating more or less fully of the “naturall disposycyon,” the language, and the current coins of the people of a particular country. Each chapter is prefaced by a few verses of very indifferent description, as the author himself confesses, and sometimes accompanied by a rude though spirited woodcut. At the head of chap. vii is a portrait of “Doctor Boorde,” standing in a pulpit with an open book before him, and his head surrounded with a chaplet of laurel. This section of the work explains the nature of the author's design :

“ ¶ The vii Chapyter sheweth howe the Auctor of thyss  
boke, how he had dwelt in Scotland and other  
Ilands, did go thorow and rounde about  
Christendome, and out of Christendome,  
declarynge the properties of al  
the regyons, contreys, and  
provynces the whiche he  
did travel thorow.

“ Of noble England, of Irland, and of Wales,  
And also of Scotland I have tolde som tales,  
And of other Ilandes I have shewed my mynd,  
He that wyl travell the truthe he shall fynd ;

After my conscience I do wryte truly,  
Although that many men will say that I do lye;  
 But for that matter, I do not greatly pas,  
 But I am as I am, *but not as I was*;  
 And where my metre is ryme dogrell,  
 The effecte of the whiche no wyse man will depell;  
 For he wyll take the effecte of my mynde,  
 Although to make metre I am full blynde.

"Forasmuche as the most regall realme of Englande is ciuitated in an angle of the world, havyng no region in Christendom, nor out of Christendom, equivalent to it. The commodities, the qualite, and the quantite, with other and many thinges considered within and about the sayd noble realme, wherof if I were a Jewe, a Turke, or a Sarasin, or any other infidele, I yet must praise and laud it, and so wold every man if thei dyd knowe of other contries as well as Englande. . . . I have travailed round about Christendom, and out of Christendom, and I dyd never se nor know vii Englishmen dwellynge in any towne or citie in anye region byyondethe see, excepte merchants, students, and brokers, not their beyng permanent nor abiding, but resorting thither for a space. In Englande howe many alyons hath and doth dwell of all maner of nacions, let every man judge the cause why and wherfore, yf they have reason to persecute the mater. . . . I have traveylid speccially aboute Europ, and parte of Affrycke; as for Asia, I was never in, yet I do wryte of it by auctours, cronycles, and by the wordes of credyble parsons, the whiche have travelled in those partyes. But concerningy my purpose, and for my travelling in, thorow, and round about Europ, which is all Chrystendom, I dyd wryte a booke of every regyon, cuntry, and provynce, shewinge the miles, the leeges, and the dystaunce from citie to citie, and from towne to towne, and the cyties and townes names with notable thynges with in the precyncote or about the said cities or townes, with many other thynges longe to reherse at this time; the whiche booke at Byshops Waltam, viii myle from Wynchester in Hampshyre, one Thomas Cromwel had it of me. (*One Thomas Cromwell!*) And because he had mani matters to dyspache for al England, *ni boke was loste*, the which myght at this present tyme have holpen me, and set me forward in this matter."

It is not improbable that this document still exists. Should this be the case, it is no doubt highly worthy of publication.\* Borde continues:

"But syth that I do lacke the aforesaide booke, humbly I desyre al men, of what naeyon soever they be of, not to be discontent with my playn wrytyng, and that I do tell the trewth, for I do not write any thyng of a malicious nor of a perverse mynd, nor for no evyll pretence, but to manifest things the whiche be openly knownen. And the thynges that I dyd se in many Regyons, Cyties, and Countries openly used. . . . Also I do not, nor shal not disprave no man in this booke perteinly, but manifest things I doo wryte openly and generally of comen usages for a generall commodite and welth."

\* We have before us a work of similar scope, called 'The European Mercury,' which professes to mention every important town, fortress, or remarkable object in all the great highways of Christendom. It is a translation from the Italian, by James Wadsworth, 1641.

Might not some modern writers of travels very advantageously for themselves, and for the cause of truth and candour, take a leaf out of honest Andrew's 'Boke'?

The most humorous *hit* in the 'Boke of Knowledge'—that by which it has a sort of popular celebrity among many who have never seen it—occurs in the first chapter. This chapter is headed with a kind of Albert Durer-ish design, representing a rude bearded figure holding on his left arm a piece of cloth, and in his right hand a pair of tailor's shears, and who is made to say:—

"I am an Englysh man, and naked I stand here,  
Musyng in my mynd what rayment I shal were ;  
For now I wyll were thyss, and now I wyl were that ;  
Now I wyl were I cannot tel what.  
All new fashyons be plesaunt to me ;  
I wyll have them whether I thryve or thee.  
\*     \*     \*     \*     \*

What do I care yf all the worlde me fayle,  
I wyll get a garment shal reche to my tayle.  
Than I am a minion, for I were the new gyse ;  
The yere after this I trust to be wyse,"

*et cætera*,—including some smart censures on the boastful characteristics of Englishmen, which moderns are wont to style John Bullism; to which "the auctor respondith," in terms which show at once his good sense, his patriotism, and his knowledge of human character, by calling upon his fellow-countrymen to follow good learning, to eschew profanity, and pride, and all other sins and vices. One of our old Homilies, 'Against excessse of Apparel,' alludes to this part of our 'Boke,' in the following terms: "A certaine man that would picture every countryman in his accustomed apparell, when he had painted other nations, pictured the Englishman all naked," &c.

In enumerating the excellencies of this country, he mentions, among its productions, *gold*, silver, tin, lead, and iron, plenty of fish, flesh, wild-fowl, wool, and cloth. The following sentences will be interesting to political economists, as showing the changes which have come over us in the space of three centuries. "If they wold kepe theyr corne within their realme, they had ynone enough to find themself without scarcite, and of a low price :" and again, "the region is of such fertilitie, that they of the countrey nede not of other regions to helpe them." Among the wonders of England he reckons—the hot waters of Bath, and tells us that "in winter the poore people doth go into the water to kepe themself warm, and to get them a heate ;—the salt springs, "of the whych waters salte is

made ;”—the “Stonege,” on Salisbury Plain, “certayne great stones,” so placed “that no gemetricion can set them as they do hang ;”—fossil wood, “there is wood the which doth turne into stone ;”—and the royal touch, which “doth make men whole of a syckness called the kynges evyll.” Curiously enough, the chapter on England has an Appendix of almost its own length, on Cornwall and its inhabitants. Honest Andrew seems to hold the Cornish men in the utmost contempt, and condemns their barren soil, their bad cookery, their wretched ale, and their dialect (which where not Cornish speech is “naughty Englyshe”), in no measured terms ; “and there be many men and women the which cannot speake one worde of Englyshe, but all Cornyshe. Whoso (he adds) wyll speake any Cornyshe, Englyshe and Cornyshe doth follow :—

“ Oue. two. thre. foure. fyve. six. seven. eyght. nyne.  
Ouyn. dow. tray. peswar. pimp. whe. syth. eth. naw.”

and so on up to thirty, beyond which he tells us the Cornishmen cannot count. This is followed by some conversational phrases for the use of travellers who wish to speak “part” of the language. He also condemns the litigious spirit of these westerns : “for wagginge of a straw they wyl go to law, and al not worth a hawe, playing so the dawe ;” and again, he makes one of them say of a troublesome neighbour—

“ For putting a straw dorow his great net,  
My *bedaver* wyl to London, to try the Saw.  
To sew Tre, Pol, Pen, for waggyng of a straw.”

Yet this very county, less than a century later, boasted of the paucity of its attorneys !

Our author’s description of a Welshman happily hits off some of the points of his character down to the present day—we say some, because the accusation contained in the first six lines, whatever may have been the case in Borde’s days, is quite at variance with truth now. We modernize the orthography.

“ I am a Welshman, and do dwell in Wales ;  
I have loved to search budgets and look in males ;  
I love not to labour, nor to delve, nor to dig ;  
My fingers be limed like a lime twig ;  
And whereby riches I do not greatly set,  
Since all is fish that cometh to the net.  
*I am a gentleman, and come of Brutus’ blood ;*  
My name it is ap-Rice—ap-Davy—ap-Flood !  
I love our Lady, for I am of her kin,  
He that doth not love her I beshrew his chin.

My kindred is ap-Hoby, ap-Jenkin, ap-Goffe  
 Because I do go barelegged I do catch the cough.  
 And if I do go barelegged it is for no pride  
 I have a grey coat my boby for to hide.  
 I do love "cawse boby"—*good roasted cheese*,  
 And swish-swash *metheglin* I take for my fees.  
*And if I have my harp, I care for no more,*  
 It is my treasure and I keep it in store;  
 For my harp is made of a good mare's skin  
 The strings be of horse-hair, it maketh a good din.  
 My song, and my voice, and my harp doth agree,  
 Much like the buzzing of a humble-bee;  
 Yet in my country I do make good pastime  
*In telling of prophecies that be not in rhyme !*

The chapter on Ireland is accompanied by a woodcut of the rudest description, evidently designed for the illustration of some other subject. A youth, holding a large arrow, is shown reclining upon the shoulder of a woman, who attentively examines a wound upon the top of his head, which has apparently been caused by the weapon. At first sight, however, she appears as if engaged in another *pursuit*—that, namely, of a certain “familiar beast,” of ill reputation; and this is broadly referred to in a subjoined poetical legend :

“ *Pediculus* otherwhyle do byte me by the back,  
 Wherefore dyvers times I make theyr bones cracke !”

Speaking of the Irish within the English pale, he says, “ Naturally they be testy, specially if they be vexed ; yet there be many well-disposed people, as wel in the English pale as in the wyld Iryshe, and vertuous creatures when grace worketh above nature. . . . and in my lyfe I dyd never know more faythfuller men and parfytlayers than I have knownen of them.” Of the well-known absence of reptiles in the island he says :—

“ In Ierland is stupendyous thynges, for ther is neyther pyes, nor venimous wormes. There is no adder, nor snake, nor toode, nor lyzard, nor no evyt, nor none suche lyke. I have sene stones, the whiche have had the forme and shap of a snake and other venimous wormes. And the people of the countre sayth that suche stones were wormes, and they were turned into stones, by the power of God and the prayers of saynt Patrik. And Englysh marchauntes of England do fetch of the erth of Ierland to caste in their gardens, to kepe out and to kyll venimous wormes.”

Borde’s portraiture of the Scotchman is by no means a flattering one. “ Muche of their lyving standeth (he says) by stelyng and robbing. Also it is naturally geven, or els it is of a devyllyshe dysposition of a Scotysh man, not to love nor favour an English

man. And I being there and dwellynge amoneg them was hated ; but my sciences and other policies did keepe me in favour. . . . Of al nacyons they wyl face, crake, and boost them selfe, their frendes, and theyr cuntrey above reason, for many wyll make strong lyes." Their manners too shocked our good doctor : they " wyll gnawe a bone, and caste it into the dish againe !" O fie !

The following are a few more national characteristics.

**The Icelander—**

" I was borne in Islond, as brute as a beest,  
When I eat candels ends, I am at a feest."

**The Fleming—**

" I am a Flemyn, what for all that ?  
Although I wyll be dronken otherwhyles as a rat ;  
Buttermouth Flemyn men doth me call,  
Butter is good meat, it doth relent the gall."

**The Brabanter—**

" I have good wyne, and good Englyshe bere,  
Yet had I rather be drowned in a beere barel,  
Than I wolde chaung the fashion of my olde apparel."

**The Saxon—**

" I do persist in my matters and opinions dayly,  
The which maketh the Romayns vengians on me to cry ;  
Yet my opinions I wyl never leve,  
The cursyng that they gyve me, to them I do bequeue."

[“ Martyn Luter and other of his factours in certayne thinges dyd take simestral opinions.”]

**The Bohemian—**

" For the pope's curse I do lytle care,  
The more the fox is cursed the better he doth fare ;  
Ever sens Wyclif dyd dwel wyth me,  
I dyd never set by the pope's auctoryte."

**The Hungarian—**

" Bytwyxt the Turkes and me is lytle marcy,  
And although they be strong, proud, and stout,  
Other whyle I rap them on the snowt."

**The Lombard—**

" I am a Lambert, and subtyl craft I have,  
To decyve a gentylman, a yeman, or a knave ;  
I werke by polysē, subtylyte, and *caught*,  
The which other whyle doth bryng me to nought."

This also is said of the same personage :—" The Lomberd doth set much bi his berd, and he is scorneful of his speche ; he wyl give an aunswere with wrieing his hed at the one side, displaysyng his

handes abrode. Yf he cast his head at the one syde, and shroge up his shoulders, speake no more to hym, for you be answerd!"

**The Frenchman—**

" I am ful of new invencions,  
And dayly I do make new toyes and fashions ;  
Al nacions of me example do take,  
Whan any garment they go about to make."

**The Spaniard—**

" A Spanshe cloke I use for to were,  
To hyde mine old cote and myn other broken gere."

**The Jew—**

" I am an Hebrycyon, some call me a Jew,  
To Jesu Chryst I was never trew,  
I should kepe Moses olde lawe,  
I feare at length I shall prove a dawe ;  
Many thynges of Moyses lawes do I not keepe,  
I believe not the prophetes, *I lye to longe a sleepe.*"

Some of the customs which Andrew records with the most intense disgust relate to food. In Flanders and Brabant, he tells us, the people eat the " hinder-loins" of frogs, and also toad-stools, by which latter he clearly means mushrooms, since he afterwards assures us that the Lombards do not stick at eating adders, snails and " musheroms," and what is still worse, they devour *their* frogs " guttes and all ! " The Germans too—nasty fellows—do feed grossly, and eat maggots as we eat comfits. They have a way to breed them—*in cheese !* The Hollander and Brabanter drink too much English beer, and very disagreeable results, fully detailed by the Doctor, ensue. Extravagances in costume, too, come in for his biting censure. The Portuguese maidens, for example, who have their heads shaven, except the lower part, where a ' garland' of hair is tolerated, are likened to barefoot friars; the head-dress of the Spanish ladies is reviled as a " copped thing within their kerchers that looks like a goose-pudding ;" and the man of Bayonne is made to say

" Although I jag my hosen and my garment round about,  
Yet it is avantage—to pick pediculus out !"

His account of Spanish food and accommodations is not inviting. " Otherwhile you shall get kid, and measly bacon, and salt sardines, which is a little fish as big as a pilchard, and they be rusty. All your wine shall be kept and carried in goat-skins, and the hairy side shall be inward, and you shall draw your wine out of one of the legs of the skin. When you go to dinner and to supper, you must

fetch your bread in one place, and your wine in another place, and your meat in another place, and hogs, in many places shall be under your feet at the table, and (worse and worse) lice in your bed."

Andrew relates a few extraordinary things, of some of which he was an eye-witness, such as the following: In the churches of Holland he saw many women laying their heads in priests' laps and making confession—crying forfeits, which they themselves had to pay! At Genoa he found a medicament, which he calls a "treacle :" "A man," he says, "wyll take and eate poysen, and than he wyl swel redy to borst and to dye, and as sone as he hath takyn treacle, he is hole agene." In Norway there were certain wells which possessed the property of transforming wood into iron. But concerning other marvels he is very sceptical: for instance, St. Patrick's Purgatory in Ireland possessed nothing like the "efficacity" that was commonly believed of it; and there was not at Compostella one single bone of St. James, either the Greater or the Less ! There is abundant internal evidence of Borde's having actually seen most of the countries and things described by him, though the 'Boke' possesses few traits of personal adventure, his object being rather to produce a work for the use of travellers than a history of his own peregrinations. The following incident, however, is worthy of attention. We make no apology, after the numerous examples we have given of Borde's orthography, for modernising it in the present instance :—

"When I did dwell in the University of Orleans, casually going over the bridge into the town, I did meet with nine English and Scottish persons going to St. Compostella—a pilgrimage to St. James. I knowing their pretence advertised them to return home to England, saying that had I rather to go five times out of England to Rome; and so I had indeed, than once to go from Orleans to Compostella; saying also that if I had been worthy to be of the king of England's council, such persons as would take such journeys on them without his license, I would set them by the feet. And that I had rather that they should die in England through my industry than to kill themselves by the way: with other words I had to them of exasperation. They, not regarding my words nor sayings, said that they would go forth in their journey, and would die by the way rather than return home. I having pity they should be cast away, pointed them to my hostage, and went to dispatch my business in the University of Orleans. And after that I went with them in their journey through France, and so to Bordeaux and Bayonne, and then we entered into the barren countries of Biscay and Castile, where we could get no meat for money, yet with great hunger we did come to Compostella, where we had plenty of meat and wine, but in returning through Spain, for all the craft of physic that I could do, *they died all* by eating of fruits and drinking of water, the which I did ever refrain myself."

Borde complains of two "stulticious" practices among the Welsh. One of them is, we fear, by no means extinct—that of selling their lambs, calves, and crops, before they are produced.

"The second stulticious matter is that if any of their friends do die, when they shall be buried and put into the grave, in certain places, they will cry out, making an exclamation, and saying, *O venit*, that is to say, O sweeting, why dost thou die? Thou shalt not go from us! And will put away the corse saying, *vinit*, we will die with thee, or else thou shalt tarry with us; with many other foolish words, as the Castilians and the Spaniards do say and do at the burying of their friends. This did I see here in Ruthyn, and Oswestry, and other places."

The 'Boke of Knowledge' must have been in its day a valuable as well as a curious production. By its means, the merchant, the pilgrim, and the traveller were enabled not only to make themselves in some degree acquainted with the character of the peoples with whom they were to be in communication—and the national traits given are, in general, extremely correct even to the present hour;—but also to learn the names of their coins, and to speak a few ordinary phrases of their languages. It is essentially a traveller's *vademecum*, and those who like to trace things to their sources may find in it the germ of those correct, agreeable, and useful companions of a tour, 'Murray's Handbooks.'

As a finale to this brief notice of a very singular book, we give Borde's version of the miracle of St. James of Compostella, familiar already, in a slightly different form, to the readers of Mrs. Jamieson's 'Legendary Art.' A young pilgrim has refused the love of a certain damsel of St. Domingo:—

"The wench repleted with malice for the said cause, of an evil pretence conveyed a silver piece into the bottom of the young man's scrip; he, with his father and mother, and other pilgrims, going forth in their journey, the said wench raised officers of the town to pursue after the pilgrims, and took them, finding the aforesaid piece in the young man's scrip; wherefore they brought to the town the young man, and he was condemned to be hanged, and was hanged upon a pair of gallows (whosoever that is hanged beyond sea shall never be cut or pulled down, but shall hang still on the gallows or gibbet); the father and the mother of the young man, with other of the pilgrims, went forth in their pilgrimage. And when they returned again, they went to the said gallows, to pray for the young man's soul. When they did come to the place, the young man did speak, and said, I am not dead: God, and his servant Saint James, hath here preserved me alive; therefore go you to the justice of the town, and bid him come hither and let me down; upon the which words they went to the justice,—he sitting at supper, having in his dish two great chickens, the one was a hen chick, and the other a cock chick. The messengers, showing him this wonder, and what he should do, the justice said to them: This tale that you have shewed me, is as true as

these two chickens before me doth stand up and crow ! And as soon as the words were spoken, they stood in the platter and did crow ; wherupon the justice, with procession, did fetch in alive from the gallows that said young man, and for a remembrance of this stupendous thing, the priests and other credible persons shewed me that they do keep still in a cage in the church, a white cock and a hen. I did see a cock and a hen there in the church, and do tell the fable as it was told me, not of three or four persons, but of many."

#### ART. VI.—*The Scottish Colony of Darien, 1698-1700.*

*The History of Caledonia, or the Scots Colony of Darien, in the West Indies ; with an Account of the Manners of the Inhabitants and Riches of the Country.* By a Gentleman lately arrived. London : 1699.

*Caledonia ; or the Pedlar turn'd Merchant, a Tragi-Comedy, as it was acted by his Majesty's subjects of Scotland in the King of Spain's Province of Darien.* 4to. London : 1700.

*The History of Darien.* By the Rev. FRANCIS BORLAND, sometime Minister of the Gospel at Glassford, and one of the Ministers who went with the last Colony to Darien. Written mostly in 1700, while the author was in the American regions. 2d Ed. Glasgow : 1779.

*The Darien Papers ; being a Selection of Original Letters and Official Documents relating to the establishment of a Colony at Darien by the Company of Scotland trading to Africa and the Indies, 1695-1700.* 4to. Edinburgh : 1849.

THE enterprises of Scotland beyond sea, although obscure in many details, present, nevertheless, certain well authenticated facts which place our neighbours north of the Tweed fairly on our level in point of ability and of energy, even if their undertakings of that kind have not always had the deserved success. Patrick Macdowall, an adventurer in the great expedition to be here described from original papers, was amply justified in his boast, that "the Scotch would no way succumb to the English designs of overawing them ; but to the last drop of their blood maintain the character which *Charlemayne, in his league with their Achaius,* believed they merited."\* But the maritime and colonial annals of

\* Journal of the Voyage of the Ship Margaret, of Dundee. (Darien Papers, p. 309.) The commission given by the directors of the Company of Scotland trading to Africa and the Indies, ordered the Margaret's commander not to suffer her "to be insulted by the ships of war of any nation, nor to be searched, nor her men to be pressed ; but he was by force of arms to defend his trade and navigation, pursuant to his privilege granted by act of Parliament,—unless such ships of war were authorised by the king, and the orders were countersigned by the king, or his Secretary of State for the kingdom of Scotland.—5 March, 1700." (Ib. p. 307.)

Scotland may be searched with advantage, without going so far back as to the Emperor of the Franks, for a testimony to her honour. More modern Scottish sovereigns than Achaius were eminent patrons of nautical adventure. James the Second was a good sailor, and a spirited supporter of colonies. Henry, the elder son of James the First, gave promise of becoming one day skilful in marine affairs, and he zealously promoted them in his youth. If this prince had lived, the plan of Sir James Campbell, in his time, for cutting a ship-passage through the Isthmus of Panama, might have been followed out. James the Fifth, father of Mary Queen of Scots, greatly encouraged nautical science, at a time when at least one intelligent Scotch seaman accompanied Magellan, the first circumnavigator; and when a distinguished French geographer gives the palm of maritime superiority to the Danes and English, who must in that testimony have included the Scotch. In our time colonisation, sunk to the lowest ebb in England, found enlightened advocacy from the pen of the Earl of Selkirk; and this Scottish nobleman made the greatest efforts to relieve his tenantry and neighbours, by a well-conceived system of emigration, which a monopolising company opposed and the government neglected. Nor will it be thought trivial to refer, on this head, to the solitary Scottish seaman, Alexander Selkirk, whose story in the hands of a man of genius, the author of ‘Robinson Crusoe’ has been a remarkable stimulant to sea-adventure in every country of Europe.

But it was in the reign of William the Third that the Scotch attempted to extend foreign trade and colonies, with an enthusiasm and upon a scale of which no other people have given so striking an example, in proportion to their wealth and numbers. This enterprise—the Darien Colony, founded in 1698, and broken up in 1700—was a part only of the great design of “the Company of Scotland trading to Africa and to India.” That design had in view the general commercial improvement of Scotland; and it aimed at extending trade to the north of Europe, as well as to the east and west.. The company had originally more than half its shareholders in England, Holland, and Germany, who withdrew, in consequence of the jealousy of the older East India Companies; and in obedience to the malignant injunctions of the English parliament, who impeached the leading Scottish adventurers for raising money in England to support the company. This treatment only the more vehemently roused the national spirit of the Scotch, and they alone provided all the funds needed for the work. Hence the

Darien colony of *Caledonia* assumed an exclusively Scottish character, preserved to this day upon the maps, in the name of *Port Escoces*, the bay in which their colony was founded on the Spanish main. The interest taken in the company in England at the first, was afterwards appealed to with great sagacity by the original projector, Paterson ; and, upon that occasion, King William's sudden death alone prevented the Darien enterprise acquiring an important influence upon the political state of Europe. It was indeed a striking merit in the whole scheme that, from first to last, it had a cosmopolitan character ; and that, even at the moment when ill-treatment goaded the Scotch almost into open war with England, the originator of the Darien enterprise never ceased to advocate the union of the two countries as a general good.

The two chief actors in this energetic attempt to extend commerce and civilisation, have received unequal notice in Scottish annals. One of them, Fletcher of Salton, is familiar to all as the inflexible patriot, the earnest orator, the acute political writer ; and his authority in regard to the condition of his countrymen in his time, is a standard without appeal. The other, William Paterson of Dumfriesshire, a far more important party to the company which he had founded, and to the expedition which he accompanied to Darien, is scarcely admitted by the best informed modern Scottish authors to be entitled to more than the doubtful praise of a mere projector.

Mr. H. Burton, the most recent of those authors, who was appointed by the Bannatyne Club to edit the Darien Papers, says of Paterson, in the 'Criminal Trials in Scotland,' that although "usually called the founder of the Bank of England, it would be more correct to call him its projector. That he first laid out the design of that great corporation is admitted by all who have written on its history ; but *his name was not practically associated with it as a director.* It has been usual to say that Paterson was ungratefully superseded by the plodding capitalists, for whose slower wits he had designed a solid fortune. *But his connexion with the Darien scheme showed that his capacity lay far more in projecting, than in executing ;* and it is quite possible, *that his name was unknown in the history of the bank,* simply because his colleagues found it necessary to prevent him from practically obstructing the project he had so ingeniously designed."—(Criminal Trials in Scotland, p. 107).

The extraordinary error of Mr. Burton as to Paterson's "prac-

tical" association with the Bank of England, of which he was certainly\* one of the first directors in 1694, permits a doubt upon the soundness of the learned advocate's surmise respecting the character of Paterson's mind, and his incapacity to direct difficult political affairs. Equally groundless is Mr. Burton's doubt, whether Paterson was a native of Scotland, which fact is not only proved by the strictest documentary evidence, but it is established upon contemporary testimony, and confirmed by all subsequent judgments, instead of resting on "no visible authority."

These somewhat rash assertions of the editor of the Darien Papers, do not stand however uncompensated, since he has in another remarkable passage presented most correctly the condition of Scotland at the time, and borne honourable and true testimony to the genius of Paterson. The passage furnishes a valuable introduction to the story of the Darien colony, as well as to the genuine biography of its founder. "Soon," he says, "after the establishment of the revolution of 1688, the ardent feelings of the Scottish people were turned out of their old channels of religious controversy and war in the direction of commercial enterprise. When the crimes and conflicts of Queen Mary's day—the plots that made her son's reign precarious—the great conflicts of the Commonwealth,—the persecutions of the Restoration,—and the reaction of the revolution were all over,—the vessel of the state, after having been so long tossed and strained, felt itself suddenly in the calm waters of tranquillity and security. Now was the time to turn the national energies to those arts of peace, on which the impoverished Scots could not help seeing that the wealth and power of England were based. *Nothing but a guiding mind was necessary to concentrate the national wisdom, and bear it on towards the great object, and such a MIND APPEARED AT THE TIME IN THAT OF WILLIAM PATERSON.*"

(Criminal Trials, p. 104.)

This strong, unqualified eulogium is but simple justice to one of the greatest men Scotland has produced; and, notwithstanding "the obscurity that still overhangs his *early history*," as Mr. Burton says, and it must be added, the even less generally known but more remarkable latter years of his life, to its close in 1718, enough can be clearly stated of him to convince us that his whole career, from

\* See his name, as one of the first Directors, in the copy of the Bank Charter, in Lawson's History of Banking, 1st ed. 1849, p. 445. See also Francis's History of the Bank of England 1st ed., p. 266; and Logan's Scottish Banker, p. 9, in confirmation of the fact of Paterson being a member of the first Direction of the Bank of England.

the cradle to the grave, was one often of the highest interest, and replete with the most valuable instruction.

Already in the last century, Sir John Dalrymple, in the ‘Memoirs of Great Britain,’ had done him substantial justice as a man of genius; and a contemporary judgment of the Court of Exchequer in Scotland, passed after a special inquiry into Mr. Paterson’s claims upon the crown, did him due honour as one who had performed important public services. Even Bishop Burnet, who is little disposed to flatter him, mentions “his great notions” with respect.

At the outset of the new Company of Trade and Colonies, William the Third encouraged the scheme, which was reasonable in itself; and the king was pleased, by this encouragement, to do an act that might allay the discontent occasioned by the horrible massacre of Glencoe. If his Majesty afterwards opposed it with extraordinary harshness and great want of discrimination, its originators also fell into errors respecting the part of the enterprise which concerned the Darien settlement, that casts much blame on them for its ultimate failure. Even after unjustifiable jealousies in England had led the House of Commons to resolve, that several parties to it, including Paterson, should be impeached for raising money in England under the Scottish statute, King William gave it only limited opposition; and by respecting his caution in regard to the Spanish title to Darien in its earlier years, the great undertaking might have succeeded. The Spanish title was at least debateable; and at the time the expedition was in preparation, our negotiations with the court of Madrid, for the purpose of thwarting the influence of France, were in anxious progress. The Scotch were at this time (1697) warned that any infringement by them of the existing treaties with Spain would be extremely embarrassing.\* Yet they persisted, and despatched 1200 men, in 1698, to colonise Darien, in defiance of the warning.

But the Scotch pursued their whole object with the enthusiasm natural to men whose national pride was wounded. They confounded the objections of the government, prompted by wise policy, with the insolent opposition of English merchants, to their fair interests. It was a period, too, most remarkable for the extension of foreign enterprises from all parts of Europe, surpassing even those that

\* Mr. Secretary Vernon states, in September, 1697, that King William had written from Holland to recommend the Lord Justices “to take care the Scotch Company did not settle in the Isthmus of Darien, as . . . prejudicial to the treaties with Spain.”—*Vernon Correspondence*, vol. i, p. 413.

followed upon the discovery of the Cape of Good Hope and America; and only equalled by what is doing now in the like undertakings. It is not surprising, therefore, that all Scotland, as one man, should adopt so eagerly what combined the reasonable prospect of large profits with the excitement of honourable adventure.

The amount of £400,000 stock was subscribed for by the most illustrious as well as the most modest names in the country; and of this sum there was paid up £153,448, at the date of the abandonment of the undertaking in 1700. The first subscriber on the list is the Duchess of Hamilton, for £3000. The Countess of Rothes and Lady Margaret Hope subscribed for £2000 and £3000 each, for themselves and their sons. The Lord Provost of Edinburgh subscribed for £3000 for the "Gude Town," and £3000 more for the "Royal Boroughs." Other towns, such as Glasgow, Perth, Ayr, Inverness, made subscriptions proportioned to their wealth. William Paterson was a subscriber for £3000, of which it appears he paid an instalment of one fourth, as required by the terms of the engagement.

Nothing can be more curious than the documents, with fac-similes of the autographs of shareholders of the company, which are published from the original by the Bannatyne club in the 'Darien Papers.' The merry 'Punch' of the day in London, in the poem 'Caledonia,' mistook his aim, when meaning to be hard on our Northern friends, in the stanza lxix, which says,—

" Such a number of scrawlls, and of pot-hooks, and marks,  
No parish beside this could boast;  
And the knights of the thistle, fine blue ribbon'd sparks,  
Join their hands with the knights of the post."

So far from the fact being so, the signatures of her Grace the Duchess of Hamilton, of Lord Basil Hamilton, of Haldane of Gleneagles, of the Duke of Queensberrie, the Earl of Argyle, "Mr. Hew Dalrymple, commissioneer of his brother John, Viscount of Staires;" of Lockhart of Carnwath, and Andrew Fletcher of Salton, among the rest, are all remarkable specimens of good penmanship, although the document in its confounding "subscribe and subscribe," betrays initiation only in the mysteries of stock business and its foreign origin. Some other words are genuine illustrations of the transition state of our orthography; such as the words " Dutches," " starling," " sterlyn," " advocat," " soume," " soumme," " somm," " hundreth,"—"Collony" and "fovourish."

On the whole, the fac-similes of the signatures to the company's

deed, and of an original letter of Paterson's, are useful helps to the study, not only of handwriting, but of spelling.

The capital was raised so rapidly that on the first day of opening the books £50,400 was subscribed by seventy-nine persons, and all the rest of the £400,000, except £2000, in five months. The remaining sum was taken by one of the members at once, in order that the amount might be complete! This quick termination of the business had been urged by Mr. Paterson, in a characteristic passage of one of his letters, published by the Bannatyne Club. He says—

" If we should lay books open in Scotland, for six or eight months, or a year together, we should become ridiculous at home and abroad. For that we have many instances in England, where, when Parliament gives a long day for money, the funds hardly ever have success; but where the days are short they seldom fail. The Bank of England had but six weeks time from the opening of the books, and was finished in nine days. In all subscriptions in London it is limited to a short day; for if a thing go not on the first heat, the raising of the money seldom succeeds, the multitude being commonly held more by example than reason." (Darien Papers, p. 31.)

The lists of names and qualities well represent the 'Post-Office Directory,' as well as the 'Court Guide' of Scotland, as will be seen in the following entries, which show how earnestly all ranks in Scotland cherished the most sanguine hopes of riches from this enterprise.

" Andrew Johnston, servant of William Paterson, by virtue of a deputation from David Walker, farmer in Leslie, £100; and Andrew Urie, late minister of the Gospel at Moravonside, for himself in life-rent, and after his decease to Anna and Elizabeth Urie, his lawfull children, equally betwixt them, £100.—James Pringle, of Torwoodlie, curator to George Pringle, of Greenknow, his nephew, by his desire and with the consent of the remanent curators, and in his name, £400.—Elizabeth Lady Southhouse, for William Fullerton, son of John Fullerton, of Kinavon, her grandchild, for herself, and failing of her, her grandchildren, £100.—Robert Stevenson, for the Wrights of Glasgow, £100.—George Nisbett, convener for the Trades of Glasgow, £400.—William Cumming, visitor of the Maltmen of Glasgow, £200.—John Bryce, deacon of the Cordwainers of Glasgow, £100.—Roderick Pedison, in the name of the Cordwainers of Aberdeen, £100."

The money was raised under an act of the Parliament of Scotland (7 Will. III, 4 sess. act 32, and 7 Will. III, 5 sess. act 8), which authorised the formation of a Company "to trade with Africa and the Indies; and where no Christian state was already established, to found a settlement or settlements, with the consent of the inhabitants." The proceedings of the Company were mainly based upon maps and manuscripts, recording discoveries made by

Paterson, along with negotiations and agreements concerning trade with foreigners, in which he had been at "vast charge."<sup>\*</sup> The operations of the Company were to extend to the Fisheries, to Greenland, and Archangel.<sup>†</sup> It was early resolved to establish "a settlement upon some island, river, or place in Africa or in India, or both, for the Company's trade and navigation."<sup>‡</sup>

At this time William Paterson was a director of the Company, and was included in a council of seven, appointed, with the aid of a parliament of free men, to rule the colony, founded in 1698, and he went out to Darien in the first fleet. It had been debated "whether the government of the colony should be by a governor and deputy-governor, or by a council of four, seven, or nine."<sup>§</sup> Unfortunately for the unity of action, so needful in such undertakings, the latter scheme was adopted, to which may be traced many of its disasters. But another grave error was committed in regard to the administration. Paterson had been formally recorded in their minutes, as "having evidenced his affection to his native country (Scotland) and to the Company, by relinquishing England and any hospitable establishment he had or might AT PRESENT (1696) have in that kingdom, to his evident damage and loss."<sup>||</sup> He was further recognised in the minutes as "the contriver of the principal designs, and as constant in promoting the service of the Company."<sup>¶</sup> He was also sent abroad to engage foreign merchants and others, to aid in the Company's operations.<sup>\*\*</sup> "In consideration of all this, large pecuniary advantages were to be given to Mr. Paterson, out of the Company's stock and out of their future profits."<sup>††</sup>

Nevertheless, not only was he not set at the head of Darien Colony, as its governor, but, when the rule of a council of seven was unfortunately preferred, he was not in it; and its members soon proved, by their conduct, that they were unequal to their duties.

After a voyage of three months, the first fleet with 1200 souls on board, reached Darien, the place selected by Paterson for one of the Company's settlements; their arrival alarmed the authorities of the neighbouring Spanish provinces of Cartagena, Porto Bello, and Panama; but a small force thereupon sent against them was easily repulsed. They were well

<sup>\*</sup> Darien Papers, p. 12.

<sup>†</sup> Ibid. p. 32.

<sup>‡</sup> Ibid. p. 12.

<sup>§</sup> Preface to Darien Papers, p. 18.

<sup>||</sup> Darien Papers, p. 17.

<sup>¶</sup> Ibid. p. 19.

<sup>\*\*</sup> Darien Papers, p. 21 (1696).

<sup>††</sup> Ibid. p. 17.

received by the native Indians, at all times hostile to the Spaniards, and not numerous ; thus it was not difficult to effect a landing in Port Escoces, and erect a small fort preparatorily to the regular establishment of the new colony.

King William complained bitterly of the step ; and ordered the governors of all the West Indian and North American Colonies to prohibit the supply even of provisions to the Scottish settlers in Darien. Hostile proclamations were issued to this effect.

Nevertheless, with so strong a body of men, to be soon followed by larger numbers, it would not have been difficult to hold the place in defiance of all opposition. In the distress to which the incompetency of the seven councillors reduced the colony, Mr. Paterson was added to the body ; but too late to do it much service. In his report, made to the Company after his returning home, he shows how indifferently the first expedition was provisioned ; and how imprudently the council lost the means of themselves supplying want in Darien by encouraging traders. He had earnestly urged that to give some unity of action to their movements, a *president* should be appointed for at least a month at a time, which was not adopted. His advice as to the first landing of the expedition in the country he was acquainted with, and the others were strangers to, was disregarded, and, says he, they obstinately selected "a mere morass, neither fit to be fortified, nor planted, nor indeed for the men to lie upon ; and only after near two months, in which time experience, the schoolmaster of fools, convinced their masters that a fitter spot must be found for the building."

Yet the report of the council to the directors was favourable as to the climate.

"As to the country," they say, "we find it very healthful ; for although we arrived here in the rainy season, from which we had little or no shelter for several weeks together, and many sick among us, yet they are so far recovered, and in so good a state of health as could hardly anywhere be expected among such a number of men together. Nor know we anything here of those several dangerous and mortal distempers so prevalent in the English and other American islands.

"In fruitfulness this country seems not to give place to any in the world ; for we have seen several of the fruits, as cocoa nuts, whence chocolate is made, bonellos, sugar-canæs, maize, oranges, plantains, mango yams, and several others, all of them the best of their kind anywhere found.

"Nay, there is hardly a spot of ground here but what may be cultivated : for even upon the very tops and sides of the hills and mountains there is commonly three or four foot deep of rich earth, without so much as a stone to be found therein."\*

\* Quoted from official records in Sir John Dalrymple's *Memoirs*, vol. ii, p. 69; Edinburgh, 1788.

The fertility of the country has never been disputed; but all experience is opposed to this testimony of its healthiness, except on the mountains.

It was a fatal error at this time that the incorporated council resisted the general wish of the settlers to have an elective assembly called, as provided for; and, it is believed, that the speedy abandonment of the place by the first expedition of 1200 men, could not have taken place if that measure had been duly pursued.

After a vigorous and unsuccessful resistance in the field, the Spaniards sent an overwhelming force against the remaining party; and they capitulated on honourable terms. Accordingly the whole settlement was broken up in 1700, when the Scotch quitted Darien. Of the whole body composing the three expeditions, not being fewer than 3000 men, it is thought that some hundreds only ever returned home. Some were killed in battle; a large number died on shore<sup>s</sup> or on board ship, of want and tropical diseases; many were dispersed in the British colonies, in the West Indies and North America. The capital of the company was ultimately redeemed by a portion of what was called the *equivalent* fund voted by Parliament to compensate Scotland, as agreed by the act of Union. This fund long survived its original application; and so lately as in 1850, an item in the Budget representing it, as it stood for a century and a half, at the extravagant interest of Queen Anne's time, with a discreet silence on the part of our Northern friends, was redeemed by the Chancellor of the Exchequer. On this occasion, the terms *equivalent* puzzled the antiquaries of the Treasury, until the perusal of De Foe's 'History of the Union' cleared up the mystery.

The colony thus miserably destroyed was planned by Paterson, in the hope that it would be the first link of a line of settlements carried into the opposite bay upon the Pacific, so as to connect the trade of Europe direct with Asia westward. His views respecting the navigation of the Pacific between the Tropics, merit consideration, now that this passage to Australia is become of the first importance.

"He knows," says Sir John Dalrymple, "that ships which stretch in a straight line from one point to another, and with one wind, run less risks, and require fewer hands, than ships which pass through many latitudes, turn with many coasts, require many winds. In this evidence of vessels of seven or eight hundred tons burden are often to be found, in the South Seas, navigated by no more than eight or ten hands, because these hands have little else to do than to set their sails when they begin their voyage, and to take

them in when they end it; that as soon as ships from Britain got so far south as to reach the trade-wind which never varies, that wind would carry them to Darien, and the same wind would carry ships from the bay of Panama on the opposite side of the isthmus to the East Indies; that as soon as ships coming from the East Indies to the bay of Panama got so far north as the latitude of 40, to reach the westerly winds, which, about that latitude, blow almost as regularly from the west as the trade-winds do from the east, these winds would carry them in the track of the Spanish Aquapulca ships, to the coast of Mexico; from whence the land wind, which blows for ever from the north to the south, would carry them along the coast of Mexico into the bay of Panama. So that, in going from Britain, ships would encounter no uncertain winds, except during their passage south into the latitude of the trade-wind; in coming from India to the bay of Panama, no uncertain winds, except in their passage north to the latitude of the westerly winds; and in going from the other side of the isthmus to the east, no uncertain wind whatever."

Valuable as the materials are from which this sketch is made, further research is wanted in the stores which Sir John Dalrymple slightly examined before 1788, namely, "The records of the African company in the Advocate's Library, at Edinburgh, those in the Court of Exchequer there; and the *family papers of many engaged in the Darien expedition.*" When it is considered that at least 3000 men, of the very flower of Scotland, went to Darien, and that the whole nation shared in their sanguine hopes of success, it is impossible that many works or memorials of their disapprobation should not remain in private hands.

There was far too much intrinsic merit in the Darien design to permit its abandonment without a further struggle. King William discovered at last, that the King of France had deceived him; and the crown of Spain fell to a Bourbon, notwithstanding Louis the Fourteenth's solemn engagements. The disclosure united the most powerful parties in Scotland with the English, to resist the new danger that threatened Europe by this event; and the advocates of the Scottish Company were now encouraged to hope for its revival under the king's patronage, as a means of contributing to the general defence against that danger.\* Paterson most ably struck in with this view of the case. Only a few months before the king's decease he presented a memorial, which is thought to have made a deep impression upon his majesty. The measures it recommended were the formation of great settlements in Darien, from Port Escoces to the Pacific, and the seizure of a powerful port of trade in Cuba. Two passages from this memorial, which is

\* Carstear's State Papers, p. 679.

preserved in MS. in the British Museum, will suffice to show the important objects thus planned by Paterson.

In it he proved, from the example of Spain, at that time rapidly declining in wealth and consideration, how mischievous are the effects of commercial monopoly; and he at the same time anticipated all that the world is now preparing to accept as the best doctrine for the management of trade.

"Not only," says Paterson, "the trade of the West Indies, but the West itself is capable of vast improvement; because the Isthmus of America, is its natural centre, and easily to be put in a state of becoming also the centre of at least two thirds of the trade and treasure of both Indies. . . .

"Notwithstanding the lazy, negligent, and untoward management of the Spaniards, yet their importation of gold and silver only, has been capable of sinking the value thereof, and consequently to enhance the price of labour and staple commodities here in Europe, from about one to five; and to increase the navigation and shipping thereof, to near if not quite in that proportion. Not only so, but the importation of gold has raised the revenue of all States near, if not quite, ten to one, of what they were before the year 1500, insomuch, that it may justly be affirmed, that with anything of a tolerable management, the Spaniards could not have failed to be much more than in a condition, not only to conquer, but even to buy what was valuable of the rest of Christendom; and that it has been rather by the more immediate hand of Almighty God, than by any human foresight, prudence, or by reasonable conduct, of those concerned, that Europe, and the most valuable part of the world has not, long ere this, been brought to submit to the yoke of Spain. . . .

"To pass over the times of the Kings as they were called, Ferdinand and Isabella, and the Emperor Charles their grandson, had Philip the Second but added the five hundred and sixty-four millions of ducats he spent upon his projects in the Netherlands, to what he bestowed in order to the bringing France and England under his yoke;—if instead of consuming this immense sum in planting the standard of his more than inhuman inquisition in that piece of German bog, and instead of making this his greatest obstruction, he had by good usage brought the seventeen Provinces to be the principal support of his vast designs, humanly speaking, what could have hindered the rest of Europe, if not of the world, from becoming a prey to him?

"But to come closer to the matter; had Charles the Emperor, and Philip his son, instead of setting out upon the principle of their execrable inquisition, and an exclusive trade, founded their acquisitions in the Indies, and elsewhere, upon the generous maxims of the great King Henry the IV of France, and by granting general naturalization, liberty of conscience, and a free trade, to the people of all nations on reasonable terms, they might doubtless have gained that which they aimed at, not only without hazard but with ease, in every step they took.

"By such free trade, besides the immense wealth this must have centred in Spain, as the emporium of the Indies, and consequently of the trading world, even the inconsiderable duty of five per cent. upon the value of the importations into, and the like on the exportations from, their colonies, together with very easy impositions upon the consumption of the inhabitants, might long ere this have been capable of bringing a much greater annual

income to the treasury of Spain, than the value of all the present returns, not only of the King, but even of that Kingdom from the Indies.

" But quite contrary to all this, the Spaniards by their too eager pursuit, instead of overtaking, have quite outrun their game ; and their monopoly of those unequalled mines in the Indies, being added to that of their souls in Spain, instead of enriching them, as they so greedily designed, hath only contributed to heighten their presumption and avarice the more ; and cramped and enervated their industry to such a degree, that most of their bulky trade, with their shipping, mariners, and manufacturers, hath been lost to the English, Dutch, and others, whose labourers are incomparably cheaper than theirs. Thus the Indies, which but indifferently managed, might have made the Spaniards the greatest and richest people that ever were, by mismanagement have not a little contributed to their ruin. For by their prohibiting any other people to trade, or so much as to go or dwell in the Indies, they not only lost the trade, which they could not in this manner possibly grasp or maintain, but they have depopulated and ruined their old countries therewith ; insomuch, that properly speaking, the Indies may be said to have conquered the Spaniards, rather than that to have been conquered by them. . . .

" People and their industry are the true riches of a nation, insomuch that in respect of them, all other things are imaginary. This was well understood by the people of Rome, who, contrary to the maxims of Sparta and Spain, by general naturalizations, liberty of conscience, and immunity of government, not only more easily, but likewise much more effectually conquered the world, than ever they did, or possibly could have done by the sword. . . .

" *Thus*, whatever some unthinking and misinformed persons may otherwise suppose, yet it is manifest it hath only been from the unaccountable mismanagement of the Spaniards, that any of the nations of Europe have been left in a condition to preserve their liberty, or of gaining ground in the points of manufactures, navigation, and plantations. And certainly it administers no small cause of wonder, that the best spirits of Christendom have hitherto been so little concerned in a matter of so vast consequence, that none of those we commonly call the politicians of the last two ages, have been at any tolerable pains to search into the source of this new evil, introduced into the rest of the world by these discoveries in the Indies, should so long sleep upon this precipice, and run even the risk of the rising of a great prince, or perhaps of some considerable subject of a suitable genius, among the Spaniards, so to new model their Indies, then instead of being a dead and insupportable burthen to themselves they might become their firm and permanent support.

" But as when Providence will deliver a people from the dangers that attend so fatal an infatuation as this, mankind are commonly awakened by some excellent or capable persons raised up for this purpose, so it is hoped our statesmen and politicians, who, not many months ago, would have reckoned it altogether absurd in any one to expect this late formidable conjunction of France and Spain, will now be brought to account the study of trade, navigation, discovery, and improvement in the world, worthy of their regard. As an incitement we may now venture to assure them, that when they shall begin once to give it a reasonable thought, they will quickly find there is somewhat more in the main springs and principles of trade and industry than only to manage a little conceit or selfish intrigue,—to encourage and procure a monopoly, exclusive pre-

emptions and restraints, or prohibitions;—to tax the nation for encouraging the export of corn, when cheap, but to discourage its export when dear; to settle the price of corn, and such like;—raise or fall the value, name, or interest of money;—to restrain, prohibit, and disjoin the interest of his Majesty's subjects, not with other nations, but even with and in respect to one another. They will find, that all those, and many more pretended encouragements, are so far from the things they are called, that they are only intrigues to make private advantage from the ruins of the publick, and arise from the mistaken notions and conceits of unthinking men—who neither have temper, nor allow themselves time or opportunity to consider things as they are, but only take them as they seem to be,—a sort of presumptuous meddlers, who are continually apt to confound effects with causes, and causes with effects; and not to measure the trade or improvement of house, family, or country, and even that of the universe, not by the nature and extent of the thing, but only by their own narrow and mistaken conceptions thereof."

The memorial, from which the oregoing passages are extracted, is preserved in MS. in the British Museum; and endeavours are making to have it published, along with all Paterson's remarkable works upon political economy, and with a careful account of his still more remarkable career.

Whilst his views were urged with much effect upon King William, Paterson was busily engaged in Scotland. He there urged the Darien Company to persevere in a prudent maintenance of their adventure; and he devised for Scotland a plan of Colonial government and trade, analogous to what had produced the best results in England, under the advice of Lord Clarendon, of Locke, and Lord Somers. The Duke of Queensberry, whom he had warmly supported in favour of the Union, writes of his proceedings at this period, to Carstares, the king's confidential secretary:—

"The African Company have appointed seven of their number to confer with Mr. Paterson; but he is against moving anything this session, and tells me he thinks he has gained some considerable men to his opinions. He acts with great diligence and affection to the king and the country. He has no bye-ends."\*

At the same time Mr. John Stewart writes thus concerning him, to the same eminent person:—

"The hearts of all good countrymen are bent upon an union with England . . . They have projectors now at work making plans of trade. The design is a national trade, so that *all Scotland will become one entire company of merchants*. It proposes to raise above £300,000 in two years: with this stock they are—1. To trade to both the Indies, and settle colonies in the terms of the act establishing their company. 2. To raise manufactoryes throughout all the kingdom. 3. To pursue their fishing to greater profit in the markets

\* Carstares, p. 630.

of Europe than any other fishing company in Christendom can do. 4. To employ all the poor of the nation; so that in two years not a beggar shall be seen in all the kingdom, and that without an act of slavery. 5. To pay back to any of the subscribers of the African stock his money if demanded, so that nobody can complain of loss that way."

This account was written by Mr. Stewart to Carstares, on the 3d Sept. 1700; the next letter on the 14th Sept., adds,—

"Mr. Paterson is very tenacious and stiff as to his project; and, indeed, he has a good genius. Some of his notions are very metaphysical, though I am not fool enough to be persuaded that they are not true, but practicable. As to his council of trade, I know not how it is to be for the king to constitute such an office. It is true twelve angels might be well enough trusted with powers and privileges absolutely necessary, but they are too much for men; for while they act in concert with a African Company, and it is impossible they can have different interests, they are too powerful even for the king; they are in a manner a committee of parliament constantly sitting; they have all the power, thought, and treasure of the kingdom in their hands. In short, nothing but time and experience can tell us what the consequences of such a constitution may be. So that I have no manner of hope that this project will take. But I think still that it is fit to encourage the projector, who indeed has a prodigious genius; and a vast extended thought *valeat quantum; valere potest.* It is possible the wisdom of Parliament may cull out some things to be of use to the country; and a means to accommodate matters betwixt the king and his people."

The serious nature of the *matters* to be accommodated, will be inferred from a single paragraph of Mr. Secretary Vernon's correspondence. He says—

"The king acquainted the council to-day with the great tumult and riot that has been lately in Edinburgh, upon the news they received of their victory at Darien. They had bonfires and illuminations, and in those houses that wanted the latter the rabble broke all the windows, particularly at my Lord Argyle's, Lord Annandale's, and Lord Seafield's house. They endeavour to break open the prisons where some were committed for scandalous libels (on the Darien business). The prisons being too strong, they went to the Lord Advocate's, and forced him to sign a discharge for the men, upon which they were delivered to them. The city guards were routed by them, two or three being killed. But they dispersed before the regulars, or when they began to come to themselves."<sup>\*</sup>

The accommodation was complete, when Louis the Fourteenth not only put his grandson upon the throne of Spain, but even acknowledged a pretender as King of England; and thereupon the great war, which humbled the French on the Continent, was prepared for by William, in 1700, with extraordinary spirit. His unexpected death, at the beginning of the next year, deprived him of the victory over France, which it had been the object of his life to secure, and of which Marlborough won the glory.

\* Vernon Correspondence, vol. iii, p. 99.

The plans of Paterson, for making efforts in the West Indies and Spanish America, corresponded with those of King William in Europe.

The unfriended Scot, who, in the year 1693, could induce parliament to found the Bank of England, and the monied men of London to subscribe its funds in *nine* days—who, upon that great success, instead of sitting down in honourable ease, actually built up the Scottish African Company; and who would certainly have firmly established the Darien colony, if he had been its governor;—who, out of the ruins of a broken enterprise, could prepare a design that promised to retrieve it, and produce, perhaps, the greatest amount of good to England, as well as to Scotland, that ever sprang from one man's mind;—who, baffled by the unhappy death of King William, did not sink discouraged into obscurity, but passed the remainder of a long life in literary pursuits, guided by the same enlightened principles as had ennobled his earlier career;—such a man was well worthy of the high esteem in which his contemporaries held him; and should not be forgotten by posterity.

His less known, later labours are of much interest. Instead of returning to Scotland a needy, neglected man, he lived in London from 1701 to his death, in 1711, associated with men of letters, and with eminent politicians. By his will, registered in Doctor's Commons, it appears that he possessed at the last a fortune of £7,000, no inconsiderable sum in the days of Queen Anne.

In the year 1703 we find him founding a Public Library of Trade and Political Economy at Westminster. The Catalogue is preserved in the British Museum: the contents show his various studies; and the terms of the benefactor's plan proves his sagacity and his judicious views. This library anticipated, by thirty years, the Commercial Library of Hamburg, stated before Mr. Ewart's Committee to have been the *first* of such *special* collections made in any country.

He was a member of the Wednesday Night Club, in Friday Street, whose *conferences* seem to have been like the proceedings of our Anti-Corn-Law League. In fact, the literary labours and the financial plans of Paterson were among the best antecedents of the doctrines of Adam Smith, which now promise to rule the world; as his enterprise of Darien long guided the policy of this country, in its attacks on Spanish America, under Hosier, Vernon, Anson, and Nelson. The development of the immense resources of

this region, is destined, in our day, to have a new and a better direction. The Treaty of Washington of 1850, has laid the foundation of friendly arrangements by all the maritime powers, to respect the independence of the Central American States ; and by the combination of the capital and science of the Old and New Worlds, to promote the execution of gigantic ship-passages, in order to unite the two oceans, and indefinitely extend commerce and civilisation in the channels contemplated by the founder of the Scottish Colony of Darien.

The last remarkable incident in the life of Paterson, was of a character not without parallel in modern times ; it was spread in dark tints, over the formidable portion of the last twelve years of his life. He had been a great loser by the ruin of the Darien colony ; and a special act of Parliament of the United Kingdom gave him a title to a share of the indemnity voted for such losses, out of the equivalent fund. Legal difficulties impeded the payment of the money under that statute ; but at length another bill passed the House of Commons, after rigorous inquiries before committees, awarding him the sum of £18,421 10s. 10*½d.* in consideration of his public services, and his well deserving, both in England and Scotland. This bill was thrown out in the House of Lords, upon no grounds that are intelligible at the present day. The Scottish Court of Exchequer had supported the claims as voted by the House of Commons ; and if the jurisdiction of the Privy Council shall ever be carried out upon the old principles of the constitution, as a court of appeal, open of right to all claimants upon the crown, injustice, such as he suffered, could not occur. For want of this jurisdiction, the cases are not unfrequent, which, like William Paterson's, show how strongly intrigue taints the fountain of justice and honour among us.

There is a tradition in the family of Paterson, that large sums of money, originating in unappropriated portions of his estate, are still available to his heirs. His fair fame belongs to us all ; and it may be hoped, that means will be taken to secure to it a monument commensurate with the merit of the man, and the great public importance of his works. To such efforts as his, Scotland owes much of the social improvement that has made her people industrious, and highly civilised at home ; and capable of relieving their domestic pressures, by carrying industry and high civilisation all over the globe.

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## ART. VII.—Political Satires under George the Third.

*The Rolliad, in two Parts; Probationary Odes for the Laureateship; and Political Miscellanies: with Criticisms and Illustrations. Revised, corrected, and enlarged by the Original Authors.* London: Printed for J. Ridgway, York Street, St. James's Square. 1795. (8vo, fourth edition.)

*Poetry of the Anti-Jacobin: comprising the celebrated Political and Satirical Poems, Parodies, and Jeux-d'esprit of the Right Hon. George Canning, the Earl of Liverpool, Marquis Wellesley, the Right Hon. J. H. Frere, G. Ellis, Esq., W. Gifford, Esq., and others. New and Revised Edition, with Explanatory Notes. [Edited by CHARLES EDMONDS.]* London: G. Willis, Great Piazza, Covent Garden. 1852. (12mo.)

THE literature of politics is a very distinct and a very peculiar one, and is not undeserving of our attention; for, though full of exaggeration and falsehood, it alone gives us an insight into an important part of historical knowledge, that of contemporary political sentiment, and it often throws a light on political motives and causes for which we may look elsewhere in vain. It is a literature which, wherever it exists, strongly marks the independence of the people, and the freedom of the press, yet it varies much, according to times and circumstances. In England, under the commonwealth it was a bitter war of controversial pamphlets; after the restoration it degenerated into mere personal slander and defamation; and this character was unfortunately more or less preserved until the commencement of the present century. With George II, political caricatures began to be numerous and influential, and these and political satire took a grand development under the eventful reign of George III. Use breeds familiarity, and we derive a strong argument in favour of the freedom of the press from the contrast between the extraordinary influence of such productions in the age when the government tried to overawe the press, and their utter harmlessness at present, when the press is altogether unshackled. When we cast a retrospective glance over the political writings of different ages, we cannot but feel the great worthlessness of this literature in general, as a literature, but at times—moments of extraordinary excitement—a few political writings have appeared which deserved to be remembered, and perhaps republished, although

even these are too temporary in their allusions to admit of being made very popular at the present day.

The sentiments of George III were hostile to the Whig party, which had so vigorously supported the house of Hanover on the English throne, and the men who had been accustomed to guide the helm of the state with small interruption since the revolution, were bitterly provoked at the triumph of their opponents. The reign of Bute was assailed in a continual strain of coarse and indecent abuse, which deserved only to be forgotten. The Whigs again obtain a temporary triumph. We pass over the period of the American war, which was followed by the coalition ministry of North and Fox. Then came the India bill, back-stairs influence, the overthrow of the ministry, and the commencement of the long ministerial career of young William Pitt. These events, and especially the Westminster election of 1784, with the political activity of the beautiful and accomplished Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, and the defeat of Sir Cecil Wray by Fox, drew forth an extraordinary number of caricatures and political squibs. Many of the latter exhibited more than usual talent, but one among them gained a reputation which has outlived that of nearly all its contemporaries. John Rolle, one of the ministerial supporters, had acted a very prominent part in the vexatious scrutiny set agoing by the court, after the Westminster election, and one of the cleverest of the Whig writers, a young doctor of laws, named Lawrence, conceived the idea of making him the subject of a supposed epic poem, in which his descent was pretended to be traced from Rollo, Duke of Normandy. This supposed epic was only produced in fragments, imbedded in a witty, and often very ludicrous critique, which first appeared in consecutive chapters in the journals, but was subsequently collected together in a volume, and went through rather numerous editions.

The subject of the pretended epic is supposed to be the invasion of England, by Duke Rollo, who has a child by the wife of a Saxon drummer, and in a secret visit to London is indulged by the soothsayer, Merlin, with a vision of the future glories of his descendant, Rolle, in the House of Commons. On this canvass is engrafted a running satire on the Tory ministers and their partisans, which is often exquisitely refined and pungent. The style of banter in which the critique is carried on through page after page, may be best illustrated by one or two examples. The first is an extract from the description of the king's chaplain, Dr. Prettyman:—

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*The Rolliad, in two Parts; Probationary Odes for the Laureateship; and Political Miscellanies: with Criticisms and Illustrations. Revised, corrected, and enlarged by the Original Authors.* London: Printed for J. Ridgway, York Street, St. James's Square. 1795. (8vo, fourth edition.)

*Poetry of the Anti-Jacobin: comprising the celebrated Political and Satirical Poems, Parodies, and Jeux-d'esprit of the Right Hon. George Canning, the Earl of Liverpool, Marquis Wellesley, the Right Hon. J. H. Frere, G. Ellis, Esq., W. Gifford, Esq., and others. New and Revised Edition, with Explanatory Notes. [Edited by CHARLES EDMONDS.] London: G. Willis, Great Piazza, Covent Garden. 1852. (12mo.)*

THE literature of politics is a very distinct and a very peculiar one, and is not undeserving of our attention; for, though full of exaggeration and falsehood, it alone gives us an insight into an important part of historical knowledge, that of contemporary political sentiment, and it often throws a light on political motives and causes for which we may look elsewhere in vain. It is a literature which, wherever it exists, strongly marks the independence of the people, and the freedom of the press, yet it varies much, according to times and circumstances. In England, under the commonwealth it was a bitter war of controversial pamphlets; after the restoration it degenerated into mere personal slander and defamation; and this character was unfortunately more or less preserved until the commencement of the present century. With George II, political caricatures began to be numerous and influential, and these and political satire took a grand development under the eventful reign of George III. Use breeds familiarity, and we derive a strong argument in favour of the freedom of the press from the contrast between the extraordinary influence of such productions in the age when the government tried to overawe the press, and their utter harmlessness at present, when the press is altogether unshackled. When we cast a retrospective glance over the political writings of different ages, we cannot but feel the great worthlessness of this literature in general, as a literature, but at times—moments of extraordinary excitement—a few political writings have appeared which deserved to be remembered, and perhaps republished, although

even these are too temporary in their allusions to admit of being made very popular at the present day.

The sentiments of George III were hostile to the Whig party, which had so vigorously supported the house of Hanover on the English throne, and the men who had been accustomed to guide the helm of the state with small interruption since the revolution, were bitterly provoked at the triumph of their opponents. The reign of Bute was assailed in a continual strain of coarse and indecent abuse, which deserved only to be forgotten. The Whigs again obtain a temporary triumph. We pass over the period of the American war, which was followed by the coalition ministry of North and Fox. Then came the India bill, back-stairs influence, the overthrow of the ministry, and the commencement of the long ministerial career of young William Pitt. These events, and especially the Westminster election of 1784, with the political activity of the beautiful and accomplished Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, and the defeat of Sir Cecil Wray by Fox, drew forth an extraordinary number of caricatures and political squibs. Many of the latter exhibited more than usual talent, but one among them gained a reputation which has outlived that of nearly all its contemporaries. John Rolle, one of the ministerial supporters, had acted a very prominent part in the vexatious scrutiny set agoing by the court, after the Westminster election, and one of the cleverest of the Whig writers, a young doctor of laws, named Lawrence, conceived the idea of making him the subject of a supposed epic poem, in which his descent was pretended to be traced from Rollo, Duke of Normandy. This supposed epic was only produced in fragments, imbedded in a witty, and often very ludicrous critique, which first appeared in consecutive chapters in the journals, but was subsequently collected together in a volume, and went through rather numerous editions.

The subject of the pretended epic is supposed to be the invasion of England, by Duke Rollo, who has a child by the wife of a Saxon drummer, and in a secret visit to London is indulged by the soothsayer, Merlin, with a vision of the future glories of his descendant, Rolle, in the House of Commons. On this canvass is engrafted a running satire on the Tory ministers and their partisans, which is often exquisitely refined and pungent. The style of banter in which the critique is carried on through page after page, may be best illustrated by one or two examples. The first is an extract from the description of the king's chaplain, Dr. Prettyman :—

" Our author now pursues his hero to the pulpit, and there, in imitation of Homer, who always takes the opportunity for giving a minute description of his *personæ*, when they are on the very verge of entering upon an engagement, he gives a laboured, but animated detail of the doctor's personal manners and deportment. Speaking of the penetrating countenance for which the doctor is distinguished, he says,

' ARGUS could boast an hundred eyes, 'tis true,  
The Doctor looks an hundred ways with two : }  
Gimlets they are, and bore you through and through.'

" This is a very elegant and classic compliment, and shews clearly what a decided advantage our reverend hero possesses over the celebrated ὄφθαλμόσσωνλος of antiquity. Addison is justly famous in the literary world, for the judgment with which he selects and applies familiar words to great occasions, as in the instances :

' ——The great, the important day,  
Big with the fate of Cato and of Rome.'  
' The sun grows dim with age,' &c. &c.

" This is a very great beauty, for it fares with ideas, as with individuals ; we are the more interested in their fate, the better we are acquainted with them. But how inferior is Addison in this respect to our author ?

' Gimlets they are,' &c.

" There is not such a word in all Cato ! How well-known and domestic the image ! How specific and forcible the application !"

The following passage illustrates the manners of the young country members of the House of Commons, who lounged in the lobbies, while it strikes sideways at the habits of ineptitude of the prime minister :—

" The description of the lobby also furnishes an opportunity of interspersing a passage of the tender kind, in praise of the Pomona who attends there with oranges. Our poet calls her HUCSTERIA, and, by a dexterous stroke of art, compares her to Shiptonia, whose amours with ROLLO form the third and fourth books of the ROLLIAD.

' Behold the lovely wanton, kind and fair,  
As bright SHIPTONIA, late thy amorous care !  
Mark how her winning smiles, and witching eyes,  
On yonder unfiled' orator she tries ?  
Mark with what grace she offers to his hand  
The tempting orange, pride of China's land ! '

" This gives rise to a panegyric on the medical virtues of oranges, and an oblique censure on the indecent practice of our young senators, who come down drunk from the eating-room, to sleep in the gallery.

' O ! take, wise youth, th' Hesperian fruit, of use  
Thy lungs to cherish with balsamic juice.  
With this thy parch'd roof moisten ; nor consume  
Thy hours and guineas in the eating-room,  
Till, full of claret, down with wild uproar  
You reel, and stretch'd alone the gallery, snore.'

" From this the poet naturally slides into a general caution against the vice of drunkenness, which he more particularly enforces, by the instance of Mr. Pitt's late peril, from the farmer at Wandsworth.

' Ah ! think, what danger on debauch attends :  
 Let PITTR, once drunk, preach temp'rance to his friends ;  
 How, as he wander'd darkling o'er the plain,  
 His reason drown'd in JENKINSON's champaigne,  
 A rustic's hand, but righteous fate withstood,  
 Had shed a premier's for a robber's blood.'

The back-stair influence, and the part which the Marquis of Buckingham had acted in it, provoked the following sarcastic passage :—

" It being admitted, that the powers of the human mind depend on the number and association of our ideas, it is easy to show that the illustrious marquis is entitled to the highest rank in the scale of human intelligence. His mind possesses an unlimited power of inglutition, and his ideas adhere to each other with such tenacity, that whenever his memory is stimulated by any powerful interrogatory, it not only discharges a full answer to that individual question, but likewise such a prodigious flood of collateral knowledge, derived from copious and repeated infusions, as no common skull would be capable of containing. For these reasons, his lordship's fitness for the department of the Admiralty, a department connected with the whole cyclopaedia of science, and requiring the greatest variety of talents and exertions, seems to be pointed out by the hand of Heaven ;—it is likewise pointed out by the dying drummer, who describes, in the following lines, the immediate cause of his nomination :—

' On the great day, when Buckingham, by pairs  
 Ascended, Heaven impell'd, the K——g's back-stairs ;  
 And panting, breathless, strain'd his lungs to show  
 From Fox's bill what mighty ills would flow ;  
 That soon, *its source corrupt, opinion's thread,*  
*On India's deleterious streams wou'd shed* ;  
 That Hastings, Munny Begum, Scott, must fall,  
 And Pitt, and Jenkinson, and Leadenhall ;  
 Still, as with stammering tongue, he told his tale,  
 Unusual terrors Brunswick's heart assail ;  
 Wide starts his white wig from his royal ear,  
 And each particular hair stands stiff with fear.'

" We flatter ourselves that few of our readers are so void of taste, as not to feel the transcendent beauties of this description. First, we see the noble marquis mount the fatal steps "by pairs," *i. e.* by two at a time ; and with a degree of effort and fatigue : and then he is out of breath, which is perfectly natural. The obscurity of the third couplet, an *obscurity* which has been imitated by all the ministerial writers on the India bill, arises from a confusion of metaphor, so inexpressibly beautiful, that Mr. Hastings has thought fit to copy it almost verbatim, in his celebrated letter from Lucknow. The effects of terror on the royal wig, are happily imagined, and are infinitely more sublime than the "*steleruntque comeæ*" of the Roman poet ; as the attachment of a

wig to its wearer, is obviously more generous and disinterested than that of the person's own hair, which naturally participates in the good or ill-fortune of the head on which it grows. But to proceed. Men in a fright are usually generous; on that great day therefore the marquis obtained the promise of the Admiralty. The dying drummer then proceeds to describe the marquis's well-known vision, which he prefaces by a compliment on his lordship's extraordinary proficiency in the art of lace-making. We have all admired the parliamentary exertions of this great man, on every subject that related to an art in which the county of Buckingham is so deeply interested; an art, by means of which Britannia (as our author happily expresses it)

‘Puckles round naked breasts a decent trimming,  
Spreads the thread-trade, and propagates old women! ’ ’

These extracts will be enough to show the character and style of the famous Rolliad, which must be read through to be appreciated. Unfortunately, many of its allusions are to persons now so entirely forgotten, that it would require a rather copious commentary to make it generally understood.

Several other remarkable political satires came out nearly contemporaneously with the Rolliad. A vacancy in the laureateship, which was filled by the well-known Thomas Warton, gave occasion for the publication of a collection of what were supposed to be “Probationary Odes,” written in the names of the ministers and leading men of the ministerial party, in the characters of candidates for the vacant office. Some of them are exceedingly droll, and amusingly characteristic of the pretended writers. The batch of ode writers opens with Sir Cecil Wray, the defeated of Westminster, who was accused of childish incapacity, and of having perpetrated some attempts at poetry of a very laughable kind. We need only give the opening lines of the ode here fathered upon Wray:

“Hark! hark!—hip! hip!—hoh! hoh!  
What a mort of bards are a singing!  
Athwart—across—below—  
I’m sure there’s a dozen a dinging!  
I hear sweet shells, loud harps, large lyres—  
Some, I trow, are tun’d by squires—  
Some by priests, and some by lords!—while Joe and I  
Our *bloody hands*, hoist up, like meteors, on high!  
Yes, *Joe* and I  
Are em’lous—Why?  
It is because, great CÆSAR, you are clever—  
Therefore we’d sing of you for ever!  
Sing—sing—sing—sing  
God save the King!  
Smile then, CÆSAR, smile on *Wray*!  
Crown at last his *poll* with bay!—

Come, oh ! bay, and with thee bring  
 Salary, illustrious thing !—  
 Laurels vain of Covent Garden,  
 I don't value you a farding !—  
 Let sack my soul cheer,  
 For 'tis sick of small beer !” &c.

The Attorney-General (Pepper Arden), in a truly legal ode, comes out strong on his domesticities :—

“ And oh ! should *Mrs. Arden* bless me with a child,  
 A lovely boy, as beauteous as myself, and mild ;  
 The little *Pepper* would some caudle lack ;  
 Then think of *Arden's* wife,  
 My pretty *plaintiff's* life,  
 The best of caudle's made of best of sack !  
 Let thy *decree*  
 But favour me  
 My *bills* and *briefs*, *rebutters* and *detainers*,  
 To *Archy* I'll resign  
 Without a *fee* or *fine*,  
*Attachments*, *replications*, and *retainers* !  
 To *Juries*, *Bench*, *Exchequer*, *Seals*,  
 To *Chanc'ry Court*, and *Lords*, I'll bid adieu ;  
 No more *demurrers* nor *appeals* ;—  
 My *writs* of *error* shall be *judg'd* by you.”

Major Scott is preeminently loyal, and makes choice attempts at the sublime :—

“ Curs'd be the clime, and curs'd the laws, that lay  
 Insulting bonds on George's sovereign sway !  
 Arise, my soul, on wings of fire,  
 To God's anointed, tune the lyre ;  
 Hail ! George, thou all-accomplished King !  
 Just type of Him who rules on high !  
 Hail ! inexhausted, boundless spring  
 Of sacred truth and Holy Majesty !  
 Grand is thy form,—'bout five feet ten,  
 Thou well-built, worthiest, best of men !  
 Thy chest is stout, thy back is broad,—  
 Thy pages view thee, and are aw'd !  
 Lo ! how thy white eyes roll !  
 Thy whiter eyebrows stare !  
 Honest soul !  
 Thou'rt witty, as thou'rt fair !”

The swearing and blustering Lord Chancellor Thurlow is made equally to keep up his character ; and his ode is so absolutely profane, that we can venture no further than the commencement :—

“ Damnation seize ye all,  
 Who puff, who thrum, who bawl and squall !  
 Fir'd with ambitious hopes in vain,  
 The wreath that blooms for other brows to gain ;  
 Is THURLOW yet so little known ?—  
 By G—d I swore, while GEORGE shall reign,  
 The seals, in spite of changes to retain,  
 Nor quit the woolsack till he quits the throne !  
 And now, the Bays for life to wear,  
 Once more, with mightier oaths by G—d I swear !  
 Bend my black brows that keep the Peers in awe,  
 Shake my full-bottom wig, and give the nod of law.”

The weight of literary talent was now certainly on the side of the Whigs, and for several years their opponents smarted bitterly under these satirical attacks. At length the French revolution broke out, and the atrocities which accompanied it, and the sanguinary wars that followed, produced a reaction in public sentiments in England. Still the Tory ministers winced under the force of satirical talent which was bent against them, until, in the autumn of 1797, George Canning started the ‘Anti-Jacobin Review,’ which was edited by Gifford, the author of the ‘Baviad’ and ‘Mæviad,’ and which was written by a knot of young Tory writers, of no mean talent. Its object was to turn into ridicule the French republicans, as well as those in England who were supposed to favour their sentiments, which the ministerialists insinuated, included the whole liberal party. These writers (including, besides Canning and Gifford, John Hookham Frere, Jenkinson (afterwards Earl of Liverpool), George Ellis, Lord Clare, Lord Mornington (afterwards Marquis of Wellesley), and Dr. John Whitaker, “entered upon their task with no common spirit. Their purpose was to blacken their adversaries, and they spared no means, fair or foul, in the attempt. Their most distinguished countrymen, whose only fault was their being opposed to government, were treated with no more respect than their foreign adversaries, and were held up to public execration as traitors, blasphemers, and debauchees. So alarmed, however, became some of the more moderate supporters of ministers, at the boldness of the language employed, that Mr. Pitt was induced to interfere, and, after an existence of eight months, the ‘Anti-Jacobin’ (in its original form) ceased to exist.”

These are the words of Mr. Charles Edmonds, to whom we owe a very nice edition of the only part of the ‘Anti-Jacobin’ that will bear reprinting, its poetry. The poetry of the ‘Anti-Jacobin,’

which comprises some of the best effusions of the witty writers mentioned above, was reprinted in a collective form soon after the 'Review' was discontinued; and, always sought after with interest, the original edition had become a rare book. Mr. Edmonds's reprint is not only very carefully edited, but it is rendered intelligible to readers at the present day, by a tolerably copious addition of illustrative notes; and this celebrated, though small, collection is now placed so far within the reach of every reader, that it is quite unnecessary for us to enter into any detailed account of it. We need only say, that it contains one or two of the most celebrated pieces in our language, such as Canning's 'Friend of Humanity' and the 'Knife Grinder,' the song of 'La Sainte Guillotine,' and others. The 'Loves of the Triangles,' and the 'Progress of Man,' written for the purpose of ridiculing Dr. Darwin's 'Loves of the Plants,' and Payne Knight's 'Progress of Civil Society,' are among the cleverest parodies of modern times. Tom Moore has said of the two works to which we have been more especially calling attention: " 'The Rolliad' and the 'Anti-Jacobin' may, on their respective sides of the question, be considered as models of that style of political satire, whose lightness and vivacity give it the appearance of proceeding rather from the wantonness of wit than of ill-nature, and whose very malice, from the fancy with which it is mixed up, like certain kinds of fire-works, explodes in sparkles." The poetry of the 'Anti-Jacobin' deserved a reprint; and we rejoice to hear that Mr. Edmonds's first edition is already sold, and that he is preparing another, to be made more complete, by the addition of new notes, and of an appendix. We would recommend to him, afterwards, the 'Rolliad' itself, which is, in many respects, superior to the 'Anti-Jacobin' poetry, and a new edition of which, with explanatory notes, would, we think, be equally successful. We believe, indeed, that a 'Select Political Library,' of a few of the choice works of this class, would not be an unsuccessful undertaking.

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## ART. VIII.—Popular Satires of Pierre Gringore.

*¶ Sensuyt le testament de Lucifer : Fait et compose par Pierre Gringore dit  
Mere sotte. Et nouvellement imprime a Paris.*

*Maistre Aliborum q̄ de tout se mesle. Et scait faire tous mestiers et de tout  
rien.*

THESE two little books belong to a class of popular publications which were very copious in France in the earlier part of the sixteenth century, and which mark the great extent of the intellectual agitation in western Europe, at the age of the Reformation. Satirical tracts on contemporary vices and manners, generally turning them more or less to ridicule, had a wide circulation among the middle class of society, in the age which preceded the publication of Rabelais, and such of them as now exist are sought up greedily by collectors of old books. Among the writers of these tracts, none were more celebrated in their time than Pierre Gringore, the writer of the first of the little black-letter books of which the title is given above, and the presumed writer of the second; we give them both, as very fair, though rather favourable, examples of the class of literature to which we have just alluded. Pierre Gringore was, perhaps, the best of the popular rhymers of his time; for, while many of the books of this class consist of the most execrable doggrel in the shape of verse, there is some poetry, and much ease of style and command of language in his compositions.

The first of the tracts mentioned above, which is incontestably the work of Gringore, since it bears his name on the title, is founded upon an idea which had been often worked upon by the older medieval satirists, that of matching the various vices with the individuals, or with the classes of society, of whom they were supposed to be characteristic. The writer of this satire supposes himself to be carried in a dream (which he says occurred at Nancy, in October, 1521) to the infernal regions, where he found Lucifer, making his will, and giving orders for the marriage of his daughters. The first daughter is Pride, whom, oddly enough, Lucifer bequeaths to the Genevese and Swiss, no doubt referring to the obstinacy with which they resisted their powerful neighbours in their aggressive designs.

“¶ Premierement affin que ie ne faille  
 Les bien pourueoir fierte superbe baille  
 Aux geneuoys et aux suysses aussi  
 Les nobles gens auront vaille que vaille  
 Ambition cest pour vne bataille  
 Encommencer ou maint sera transsy  
 Je prens plaisir et suis hors de soucy  
 Quant les mondains fôt lung a lautre guerre  
 Tard vit en paix qui a pecune et terre.”

A number of other vices, such as curiosity, adulation, presumption, &c., are matched with the people most accessible to them, as to women, courtiers, and so forth; but Vainglory is especially portioned to the people of Hainault:

“¶ Bien est requis de pourueoir vaine gloire  
 Car de elle iay sur tous autres memoire  
 Elle se treue en maintz differendz lieux  
 Et cõnoistoit on au haynault territoire  
 Tout son pouoin et interlocutoire  
 Entretenant les folz audacieux  
 Elle sera espousee pour le mieulx  
 Aux haynois q<sup>i</sup> fôt de eulx trop de estime  
 Tel veult monter qui descend en abisme.”

Pride and Vanity are given to the Spaniards and French:

“¶ Jactance soit mise en auctorite  
 Je precongois quelle a bien merite  
 De estre pourueue haultement ceste fois  
 Les espaignolz en leur societe  
 Lauront tousiours mais sans difficulte  
 Marier vuell bragerie aux francois  
 Car leurs habitz superflus ie cõgnois  
 Estre moyens de leurs terres destruyre  
 Plaisir mondain peult a son maistre nuyre.”

Luxury was given in common to all:

“¶ Je ne permetz q<sup>i</sup> ma fille luxure  
 Soit aux mondains rebelle fiere ou sure  
 Mais les sequeure et tire a soy a tas  
 La marier ie nay ne soing ne cure  
 Car iay tousiours procure et procure  
 De la laisser comment a tous estatz  
 Pour paruenir tousiours a ses optas  
 Changer pourra de maris a toute heure  
 Femme volaige est a tard de ferme et seure.”

Drunkenness was the portion of the lansquenets, who appear to have been the most licentious of the French soldiery; Gluttony

was given to the people of the North; Uncleanliness to the Germans; and Idleness to the people of Lorraine:

“¶ Ebriete qui nayme boire eaux  
 Les lansquenz pour ses amys loyaulx  
 Espouera ainsi quay discute  
 Mais gloutonnie aux septentrionaulx  
 Qui meinent vie et estat de pourceaulx  
 Dueil marier pour leur felicite  
 Almans auront orde immondicite  
 Paresse aussi vueil donner aux lorrains  
 A fiers cheualx fault bailler rudes frains.”

Hypocrisy and Bigotry are given to the monks and friars, although the author is a Catholic; and, singularly enough, the Normans receive Cowardice for their share.

“¶ Hypocrisie et de bigoterie  
 Dabusion faulx semblant on me prie  
 Les marier aueques seculiers  
 Mais mal leur siet hanter la seigneurie  
 Parquoy les vueil bailler pour industrie  
 Aux augustins carmes et cordeliers  
 Et iacobins feront leurs familliers  
 Les departir ie les laisse a eux quatre  
 A tard on fait partaige sans debatre.”  
 “¶ Conclusion ma fille pourete  
 Laisse aux normans pusillanimite  
 Sauoysiens sont contens de la prendre  
 Pour leur secours. . . .”

The second of these books is of a rather different character, less refined in sentiment, and calculated perhaps for a lower class of readers or listeners. Master Aliborum is a meddling sort of fellow, who busies himself with everything, and, as the title explains it, does nothing. Some of his pretended occupations are mere extravagances, and the whole, which consists of a sort of burlesque enumeration of the various businesses which engage mankind, seems to have no other object than to excite a laugh.

Books of this kind are extremely rare, and the two which we are noticing are only accessible to us among a series of facsimile reprints, which we owe to Silvestre of Paris. We will only add that the tracts of this class, though often very coarse and vulgar, contain so much interesting illustration of the manners and sentiments of the age in which they were published, that they ought not to be overlooked by the historian, and, if selected with judgment, they are quite worthy to be thus reprinted.

***Anecdota Literaria.*****EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF JOHN RICHARDS, ESQ.***Of Wormwell, in Dorsetshire; from March 1697, to March 1702.*

(CONTINUED FROM NO. I.)

**THE CHURCH, ETC.**

THE 4 ditto (April 1698).—This day I agreed w<sup>th</sup> Jonathan Haydon, in presence of Mr. Bound, to new build the pulpit and his desk w<sup>th</sup> good wainscot oak, and all appurtenances, w<sup>th</sup> a ground sole from the chancell wall to the farthest seat at y<sup>e</sup> door, and new frame and fit all the old seats for £5 10s, or if he affirms on his conscience tis a hard bargaine at y<sup>t</sup> price, I am to give him 10<sup>s</sup> more.

The 24 May.—This evening in presence of Jn<sup>o</sup> Thrasher, I agreed with Jonathan Hayden, of Dorch<sup>r</sup> to new build my pews at church for £6, w<sup>th</sup> choice oak wainscott, to find the soles against y<sup>e</sup> eyl, 24 foot in length, and the other 3 f. of ditto round my pews, with all the benches of oak bord 1 inch thick, and 11 inches broad, the lower pew to be made w<sup>th</sup> seats all round, and all the wainscot 4½ foot high from y<sup>e</sup> floor, I to find timber for the sleepers, and bords for the floor, and he to do y<sup>t</sup> work into the bargain, as also to right all the seats on y<sup>t</sup> side to y<sup>e</sup> door.

Munday the 10 of April, 1699.—This day I promised Rob<sup>b</sup> Wilshear, to execute y<sup>e</sup> office of churchwarden for him y<sup>e</sup> year ensuing, God permitting.

Sunday the 1<sup>o</sup> June, 1701.—This morning I was at Knighton Church and heard Mr. Knight\* preach, from the 2<sup>d</sup> Colossians, 6, “As yee have therefore rec<sup>d</sup> Christ Jesus the Lord, so walk yee in him.”

[None of Mr. Richards's notes on dinners would lead us to believe that the friendly board was disgraced by intoxication. The following entry would show that Mr. Richards himself was not indifferent to temperance in his own household.]

5 May, 1701.—John Melmer, of Hammon, engages as bailiff and promises “never to frequent any alehouse, nor ly out of my house without my leave.”

**TRAVELLING.**

(Friday,) 19 March, 1697.—W<sup>m</sup> White departed for Lond<sup>n</sup> with my young gelding yesterday morning in c<sup>o</sup> of Joseph Tett, and to be in Lond<sup>n</sup> next Saturday evening. He returned to Warmwell Wednesday night the 24<sup>th</sup> ditt.

Tuesday the 22<sup>d</sup> June, 1697.—Alee set out for Salisbury, w<sup>th</sup> W<sup>m</sup> White. He returned y<sup>e</sup> 23<sup>d</sup> ditto.

Friday the 23rd ditto (July 1697).—Cousin Mary Symes came hither w<sup>th</sup> young Jn<sup>o</sup> Samwaies to know my comands for Lond<sup>n</sup>. Shee intended thitherward on Munday next. I then deliverd her my part of Gonvill settlem<sup>t</sup> to carry up with her to take advice there about her new intended limitation.

Munday, 26 July, 1697.—This morning my Cousin Mary Symes took coach at Dorch<sup>r</sup> for Lond<sup>n</sup> with Mrs. Hodder of Litton, to return Saturday fortnight.

[So there was a coach from Dorchester to London in July 1697. In March of the same year, John White rode to London on a gelding.]

\* Mr. Knight's incumbency, labours, and death are recorded on a stone slab in the chancel of the church.

Sunday the 22<sup>nd</sup> August, 1697.—Alce returned this afternoon from Salisbury upon my little horse w<sup>ch</sup> W<sup>m</sup> White went w<sup>th</sup> yesterday morning.

Memorandum—Alce takes with her to Lond<sup>n</sup> of her own money 21 guineas and \$10 in silver. Rep<sup>d</sup> her this £23 1 6 the 3<sup>d</sup> 9ber 1699, at the Dolphin, White hart, or 3 Swans in Salisbury. Shee set out for Blandford, Munday morning the 10<sup>th</sup> Aprill, attended by W<sup>m</sup> White, and came home Wednesday, the 26<sup>th</sup> Aprill (1699).

Sunday, the 10<sup>th</sup> Ditto (July 1698).—Coll. Trenchard, Mr. Heninge, and Capt<sup>a</sup> Trenchard came in morning, to heare Mr. Bound preach. I went to Poxwell and dined with, and thence in the afternoon we came all down hither in y<sup>e</sup> Colonells coach. [The only private coach mentioned in the Diary.]

Munday the 11 March 1698.—This morning abo<sup>t</sup> 5 o'clock, Alce set out w<sup>th</sup> W<sup>m</sup> White to meet y<sup>e</sup> Dorch<sup>r</sup> coach for Lond<sup>n</sup> at Puddletown or Blandford, Shee returned Saturday the 23<sup>rd</sup> ditto.

#### AILINGS, MEDICINE, ETC.

Mr. Richards often speaks of Doctors who seem to have been true gentlemen as well as physicians, but some of the surgery as well as physicians cases of the neighbourhood seem to have been in the hands of the good Mr. Reade, the Rector of Morton, and one Giles Holland.

At one place Mr. Richards says,

"This morning Parson Read cut a new issue in my left arm."

At another,

Thursday, the 13 ditto.—This morning I heard Nan Jaspar was ill and would have been blooded in y<sup>e</sup> afternoon, but Giles Holland could not be got. Friday the 14 shee was blooded, and dyed Saturday the 15<sup>th</sup> at abo<sup>t</sup> 10 at night, was buried Sunday the 16 Ditto after evening prayer.

Again,

I took some juice of beet to purge my head.

Friday, 29 Xber.—This morning Tho. Voss went to Morton, and was let blood by Mr. Reade.

This night I had 10 drops of the juuce of rue mixt w<sup>th</sup> brandy and garlick, dropt into my right ear for the toothach.

Friday, 9<sup>th</sup> Aprill, 1697.—I took an ounce and  $\frac{1}{2}$  of syrup of buckthorne w<sup>ch</sup> gave me 20 stools.

Friday, the 23 Aprill, 1697.—This day I took 120 drops of the purging spirit surcuy grass w<sup>ch</sup> wro<sup>t</sup> very well.

Munday the 26 Ditto (Aprill 1697).—This afternoon I made abo<sup>t</sup> 1 d of balls for my horse, viz :—

| 6-flower  | oz. |
|---|-----|
| Aniseeds, cummin, and fenugreek seeds 2 oz each     | 6   |
| Flower brinstone, elecampane and sugar candy 2 each | 6   |
| An oz juuce liquorish, 1 oz aniseeds                | 2   |
| 3 ounces syrup colts foot                           | 3   |
| A pint of white—to dissolve ye liq. juuce           | 8   |
| A pint of best sallet oyl                           | 16  |
| A pint of honey and a pint of treacle               | 2 0 |
|   | 4 9 |

(30<sup>th</sup> Nov. 1697).—This night I took juice of beet.

Friday the 28 ditto (Ap. 1699).—After drinking 3 or 4 glasses of my bottled Oct. I had a looseness w<sup>ch</sup> continued.

Munday, the 26 (June 1699).—Last night the gout came into my left foot, and all this day it was very troublesome, but much worse Tuesday the 27 ditto, whereupon abo<sup>t</sup> noon this day, I applyd 5 leaches to it, next day ye<sup>e</sup> 28 was very severe, and all yt<sup>t</sup> night was much worse, not pmitting a moments sleep. June 29, the gout in my left foot was more tolerable, and this day I had a spice of it also in my right foot. The 30 at evening, I applyd 4 leaches to my right foot, having passed this day in tolerable ease, but ye<sup>e</sup> 1<sup>o</sup> July, my right foot tormented me violently all day, the 2<sup>d</sup> my right foot continued painfull, my left very easy, the 3<sup>d</sup> both were pretty easy till ye<sup>e</sup> evening when my left foot raged from one of ye<sup>e</sup> wounds made by bleeding, continued so ye<sup>e</sup> 4<sup>th</sup> and 5<sup>th</sup>, the 6 my right foot tormented me a gd<sup>t</sup> part of the afternoon and all night extreamly, the 10 my left foot was very troublesome, the 11<sup>th</sup> both being pretty easy I walked to my table and once abo<sup>t</sup> ye<sup>e</sup> room.

Wednesday the 9th ditto (Aug. 1699).—This morning my feet were first anointed with neats foot oil.

Thursday morning the 17 ditto (Aug. 1699).—I took 150 drops of ye<sup>e</sup> purging spirit, w<sup>ch</sup> mi davano 14 mo<sup>ni</sup> almeno. (*i.e. gave me 14 motions at least.*)

Mr. Richards is surgeon.

Saturday, the 12th ditto (Aug. 1699).—I cut ye<sup>e</sup> flesh from A's gum w<sup>th</sup> my penknife.

Tuesday morning the 7<sup>th</sup> 9ber (1699).—Pymer took brimstone and milk the first time for the itch.

Wednesday the 19<sup>th</sup> of November, 1701.—This night abo<sup>t</sup> 10 of the clock, Pears his daughter Jane dyed of the small-pox after a long sickness.

Sunday evening, the 6 June, 1697.—Io tirava, foro la 2<sup>da</sup> dente avante et fac. un altro nuova, the 7, ditto. (*I drew out the 2nd tooth before, and made another new (one).*)

Tuesday, ye<sup>e</sup> 1<sup>o</sup> 9ber, 1698.—Fac<sup>va</sup> un novo dente.

This seems to read, I made a new tooth. Does it mean “cut a tooth?” He speaks elsewhere of his tooth ache, and in the former extract of drawing a tooth; but ‘facere un dente,’ is not exactly good Italian for “to cut a tooth.” “Spuntare i denti,” is to breed or cut teeth.

Saturday the 5th Ditto (Nov. 1698).—This days post bro<sup>t</sup> the news to Dorch<sup>r</sup>, of my being on the list of 3 for Sheriff.

Thursday, the 29 Ditto (Dec<sup>r</sup> 1698).—This afternoon ab<sup>t</sup> 4 o'clock came 2 Sherborn trumpeters to salute me as high sherife, &c., an hour after, 2 others from Cap<sup>tn</sup> Coker on ye<sup>e</sup> same errand.

The trumpeters were premature; Mr. Richards was not sheriff.

The 12 Ditto (Jan. 1698).—Last Munday's gazet w<sup>ch</sup> came by this days post mentioned W<sup>m</sup> Okeden's being sherife for Dorset.

[This agrees with Hutchins's List of Sheriffs.]

Wednesday the 17<sup>th</sup> Ditto (Jan. 170 $\frac{1}{2}$ ).—Yesterday the Framptons [of Moreton] came to — Mr. Eastment, to salute me Sheriff.

Thursday, the 8<sup>th</sup> Ditto.—Mr. Templeman [of Dorchester, cunning Mr. Templeman. Did he keep up his visits? Mr. Richards's sagacity shows us the folly of such pretences as Mr. Templeman's] came hither to make me a visit, but chiefly to bespeak the under-sheriff's place for his son.

This afternoon came 2 other trumpeters, and a little after my Bro. James, w<sup>th</sup> ye<sup>e</sup> news yt<sup>t</sup> I was prickt sheriff by ye<sup>e</sup> Gazette.

Wednesday morning the 3<sup>d</sup> July (1700).—I sent my son William (William Richards was in Hutchins's time owner of Warmwell) to Wimborn, behind Pymer upon my little nag, and Jn<sup>o</sup> Bound with his things upon Ned Grant's horse.

Munday, the 2<sup>d</sup> June, 1701.—Jn<sup>o</sup> Thrasher went w<sup>th</sup> his own horse and my little nag to Wimborn, and bro<sup>t</sup> home Jack and Will. [They were Mr. Richards's sons at Wimborn school.]

Saturday the 12 ditto (July 1701).—I was this day sworn as commis<sup>r</sup> in the the land tax, w<sup>th</sup> Mr. Sergeant Bond, at Mr. Stokes coffee house, before Mr. Mohun, Mr. Guy, &c., and signed severall warnts w<sup>th</sup> s<sup>d</sup> Mr. Bond.

Saturday the 31<sup>st</sup> ditto (Jan. 1702).—This afternoon I reed<sup>d</sup> the news of my being taken off from y<sup>e</sup> shrievalty Mr. Hardy of Woolcomb being put in my place.

#### SPORTS, ETC.

The main field sport of the west, seems to have been coursing with harriers. Mr. Richards had a fowling piece, but gives no memoranda of shooting. He and his neighbours bestowed much care on the breeding of dogs and game cocks.

My dog Trill ran against Mr. Gundry's dog Fly, in Farthington field.

22<sup>nd</sup> ditto (Sept. 1697).—Pymer and I went out w<sup>th</sup> my greyhounds, and Mr. Bounds, we killed 1 young hare w<sup>ch</sup> we started in W. field; we killed 1 old hare on my down; we coursed another old hare w<sup>ch</sup> we started in 33 Acres.

The 15th ditto (Dec<sup>r</sup> 1697).—This morning I coursed and killed a hare, w<sup>th</sup> my dog Trill and Miss, in Mr. Frampton's heath at Morton.

Wednesday, the 16 March, 1697.—Mr. W<sup>m</sup>s, Mr. Bound, and I were a coursing in my ground and killed 4 hares, and this morning I sent Mr. W<sup>m</sup>s my cock.

Thursday the 18 Aug. 1698.—This morning, meeting Nath. Grant, w<sup>th</sup> his new dog in Warmwell field, I had a little falling out w<sup>th</sup> him thereabt, and in the evening a greater abt<sup>t</sup> the same subject near Gooshaies gate.

Wednesday morning the 5<sup>th</sup> Oct. 1698.—I went a coursing w<sup>th</sup> Pymer and my 2 greyhounds. We put up 2 hares in my wheat stubble on down, one of w<sup>ch</sup>, Minx, coursed down to wood, the other they coursed over y<sup>e</sup> down towards Foxwell, and lost both. We put up another hare on Friarnain, near my clover field, w<sup>ch</sup> they killed in Mr Hening's barley stubble. Next we put up y<sup>e</sup> hare w<sup>ch</sup> Farmer Tibs saw and had a very long course at her, chiefly w<sup>th</sup> Minx, but lost her almost run down. Coming home Pount put up another hare in Warmwell field, near 14 Acres hedg, w<sup>ch</sup> took y<sup>e</sup> field and ran such a course y<sup>t</sup> both my dog and bitch were tired, and Trill almost dead y<sup>t</sup> we could scarce get him home.

Munday, the 26 Xber, 1698.—Rob<sup>t</sup> Paint having found a brace of hares in Knighton field, gave me notice of it this morning. At 3 afternoon I met him there, and coursed y<sup>m</sup> w<sup>th</sup> my dogs Trill and Minch and my young bitch Tryk which will not be 9 m<sup>s</sup> old till the 5<sup>th</sup> of next moneth: they killed both hares after 2 very good courses, especially y<sup>e</sup> first, which was extraordinary, and so my s<sup>d</sup> young bitch was fairly entered and bleded. The hares I gave to Rob<sup>t</sup> Pount and Mr. Knight.

Mem. On Monday the 19<sup>th</sup> inst<sup>t</sup> (Jan. 1702).—My greyhound Miss lost one of her fore claws in a course in Ower\* field.

\* Ower Moyne, a village.

## HORSE RACING, ETC.

Saturday, the 11 Feb. 169<sup>g</sup>.—At the Antelope in Dorch<sup>r</sup>, I layd two guineas to one with Capt<sup>n</sup> Trench<sup>d</sup> that the wining horse in Mr. Plays and Mr. Hulls match, returnd not to ye place of starting in 4 hours and halfe. Mr. Guntry, Plays, Coning, Churchill, Mr. Hening, Alford, and other witnesses, Capt<sup>n</sup> Moor and Mr. Jackson.

Tuesday morning y<sup>e</sup> 20<sup>th</sup> (June, 1699).—My Darby mare bo<sup>t</sup> of Benville, was covered by Mr. Frampton's Dun stallion.

Thursday, the 14 Xber, 1699.—I sent my grey nag colt by Pymer this day twixt 11 and 12 to Mr. Frampton's horse breaker at Morton to be backed, he having been here w<sup>th</sup> me this morning and undertaken it.

This day Nathan Grant bro<sup>t</sup> home my Turky horse (given me by Mr. Jackson) from Salisbury.

Thursday the 8<sup>th</sup> of May, 1701.—This afternoon W<sup>m</sup> Justmer came hither to pace my grey mare.

Mr. Richards was a fancier of starlings, and kept some feathery pets of that tribe.

This day (22 Jan. 1697).—Alce gave the stare (starling) in my chamber to Betty Balson.

## COCK FIGHTING, ETC.

This evening (2 Aug. 1697).—Mr. Jn<sup>o</sup> W<sup>ms</sup> his man fetched away the following poultrey, w<sup>ch</sup> I bred out of Mr. Framptons, viz.:—1 reddish grey cock, 1 black pullet w<sup>th</sup> russet (w<sup>ch</sup> were hatched the 9<sup>th</sup> Aprill), 2 cock chicken of y<sup>e</sup> shake bag w<sup>ch</sup> were hatched the 12<sup>th</sup> of May.

The 16 (Aug. 1697).—This evening I cut my young black cock's comb, and markt my other young cock, as well as that, w<sup>th</sup> a punch on y<sup>e</sup> outer claw of the right foot.

The 29 ditto (Jan. 1698).—This evening my great shake bag cock, given me by Mr. Frampton, and the blew hem were killed.

Friday, the 14 ditto (July 1699).—Mr. Frampton, Mr. Heninge, and Mr. Alford, were here, being y<sup>e</sup> 3<sup>d</sup> visit made me since my present gout.

Sunday y<sup>e</sup> 16 ditto, I was at Morton.

Wednesday the 19 ditto (July, 1699).—This morning W<sup>m</sup> Humbon carried my great cock and 2 of my black game hens to Gorwell.

Wednesday, 19<sup>th</sup> Feb. 1700.—I went to Wimborn, where I saw the scholars cockfight, the next day being Thursday, the 20<sup>th</sup>, I returned home.

Thursday, the 27 ditto (Feb. 1701).—This morning I sent 15 of my game hen's eggs to be set under Gam<sup>r</sup> Wilsheares broody hen at her house.

Friday, the 28<sup>th</sup> ditto.—Goodman Bullocks boy bro<sup>t</sup> me 15 pullets eggs of Mr. W<sup>ms</sup> pullet and Coll. Trenchards cock.

Wednesday, the 5th March, 1701.—This afternoon Joan bro<sup>t</sup> Gam<sup>r</sup> Spratts broody hen, which was set on the 15 eggs bro<sup>t</sup> by Bullock.

Wednesday the 12 March (1701).—This evening my great shake bag cock given me by Coll Trenchard, was mortally wounded w<sup>th</sup> a pike prong by Mr. Bounds man, and dyed thereof y<sup>e</sup> same night.

## RELIGIOUS FRAGMENT, IN ANGLO-SAXON.

*From a MS., on vellum, of the tenth century, in the Royal Library at Copenhagen,  
No. 1595, 4to, Samla Samtingen, fol. 66, vo.*

Se þe þyses lytlan nele andgyt niman, ne truwie ic æt maran þ  
he wille gyman swa swa he scolde his agenre þearfe. Ac do  
swa ic lare, lufa God georne; 7 beseoh on þinre heortan  
gelome to his laran; þon sceal þe spowan 7 þe bet limpan,  
for Gode 7 for worolde. Gelyf gif þu wille. *A*lc man behofoð  
gastlices frostes.

Se þe bið of earde 7 feor of his cyððe, hu maeghe hā cuman gif he  
nele leornian hu se weg liege þe lið to his cyððe?

Hu mage we to hefenan rihtne weg aredian, buton we gewunian þ we  
oft spyrian, 7 geornlice smeagean hu we magan ȝyder cuman?  
Soð is þ ic sege, gelyfe se þe wille. Se gefærð gesællice þe god-  
cunde lare, oftost gehyreð 7 geornlicost gymeð. *AMEN.*

Qui est ex Deo, verba Dei audit. Non in sola pane vivit homo,  
sed in omni verbo quod procedit de ore Dei. Beati qui audiunt  
verbum Dei et custodiunt illud.

## TRANSLATION.

He who will not take care of this little, I trow not, so much the more  
that he will be mindful, as he should, of his own need. But do as I teach:  
love God earnestly, and have regard in thy heart oftentimes to his doctrine;  
then shall it speed thee, and go better with thee, for God and for the world.  
Believe if thou wilt. Each man hath behoof of spiritual food.

He that is on earth, and far from his kith, how may he home come, if he  
will not learn how the way lies that leadeth to his kith?

How may we find the right way to heaven, unless we are wont oft to  
inquire thereof, and earnestly consider how we may come thither?

Sooth is what I say, believe he who will. He fareth happily, who the  
holie doctrine oftenest heareth and observeth most zealously. *AMEN.*

He who is of God, heareth the words of God. Not by bread alone liveth  
man, but by every word which proceedeth from the mouth of God. Blessed  
are they who hear the word of God, and keep the same. G. S.

## THE ORDER OF SHOTING WITH THE CROSBOW.

*(From MS. Arundel, No. 359, fol. 26. vo, of the beginning of the 16th century, in  
the British Museum.)*

YE crosbow men, in trouthe ye have gret nede  
To be ful ware of deling with the game;  
Lest rechlesnesse cause you some tyme to blede.  
Be not to swyfte, for catching of a blame;  
Ye have hard say, and I have hard the same,  
An hasty man ful sildam wanteth wo;  
With sobirnesse to this dispot ye goo.

To many a thyngh the shoter must take hede,  
Or ever he take his bow in hande to play;  
A trusty cere, a stryne of wel goode thred,  
The wyndace cordes must kepe one lengh alwey;  
Tinting of shaftes ye must before assay,  
That whan the stringe is wounde into the nutte,  
Ye may be redy to shote at prik or butte.

Then furst at buttes I rede that ye begynne,  
 Mark your standinges before the buttes two ;  
 Bend up your bow, the ende towardes the pyn ;  
 Warne every man for to departe and goo,  
 From thende therof, lest that it breke in two ;  
 For though ye thinke that it be never so sure,  
 It was not made for ever to endure.

Take in your hand your bow boldly now bent,  
 The tiller ende set shortly on youre thygh ;  
 Hold up the stirop towardes the fyrnament ;  
 Beholde your mark, and turne you quarterly ;  
 Then take your vire fingerd in his degré,  
 And in his course the tiller upon ye lay,  
 And never forget at buttes stand fast to say.

The tiller side lay surely to your cheke,  
 Let thover egghe rest somwhat on the bone ;  
 Loke your content be never for to seke ;  
 Fetche ferre your breth, stand fast as any stone.  
 Your bow on crosse to tyme your shote be goone,  
 And if ye think the game among to wyn,  
 By myne advys point you upon the pyn.

Som man wolde have the paper grete and rounde ;  
 The which conceipte I not why to commende,  
 If I shulde shote at every shotte a pounde,  
 A fair white carde I wold set up on ende,  
 Wherat what man hym self can nat defende,  
 Seeing the pyn the nedre corners twayne,  
 Let hym set downe, or dresse him home agayne.

Though it be so that fortune be your frende  
 This day bycause ye use the best content,  
 Yet on the morn lest that ye come behynde,  
 Upon the pyn lat your furst shote be spent ;  
 And take goode hede iff ye the paper rente,  
 Go nygh the prike, that ye be nat in dowl,  
 At every shote to be the prike abowte.

I putte my case, ye joyne thes iij in one,  
 Your vires hede, your right e, and the prik,  
 Ye shote youre shafte, but paper have ye none,  
 Then take goode hede where that your shaft doth fayle,  
 Be it ferre or shorte, latte your wittes be quyk ;  
 Iff it be ferre, so ferre under ye lay ;  
 Iff it be shorte, then take another way.

For ferre ande shorte iij remedies ther be ;  
 The grunde, the vire, the iij<sup>de</sup> a privé mark ;  
 The grunde is lest, if ye have libertie ;  
 The vier the next convenient for the werk,  
 At your mawment your compaigny wolle bark ;  
 Remoe the prik for gile both high and low,  
 Then your mawment availeth nothing your bow.

Remember this, and who so lust assay,  
 One inche to shorte, x. inshe of grounde shal wyn,  
 At buttes only ; and whosoever saith nay,  
 Prove it untrue, and lat me lose my skyn.  
 Your bow may faynt, your string in lengh may ryn,  
 But wel I wote this have I proved in dede,  
 And so wol do at every tyme of nede.

Ye shot point vire, but wher fynde ye your shaftes,  
 Above the prik iij. ynshis or iiij. to high,  
 Stregh as a thred, then must ye use this crafte,  
 As moch under your vire hede and your e,  
 Shote onys ageyn, and therby shal ye se  
 Wher ye shal mark, and have a good content,  
 Crake not, for ther your shote is myspent.

Theis longbow men thai use a praty feate,  
 In myddes the butte thei set an oyster shelle ;  
 The care not whethre the white be litle or gret ;  
 The cause whereof for soth I shal you telle.  
 Lyke as the fischer wolde take on hym to selle  
 An ele in Themmy by porrynge with his spere,  
 So sure be they the prik for to come nere.

The crosbow man he doth the butte beholde,  
 Proeveth the myddes, it is a quasy place,  
 What doth he then ? for soth he is so bolde.  
 At thende of the butte, within a little space  
 He setteth a white fulle feire before his face ;  
 He shot before he hath a good content,  
 He wol not faile the paper for to rent.

Remembre this, and lerne this point of me ;  
 Wheresoever the white within the butte be sette,  
 As for your lengh kepe ever a certaintie,  
 Stand stregh upon, ande ye shal do the bette ;  
 Be it high or low, let it be surely mette,  
 And ye shalle fynde bute litil variaunce ;  
 For as nede is, ye must yr bow avaunce.

At buttes and prikkes this maner must ye use,  
 Your elbowez ende set surely on your side,  
 At every shote al other wayes refuse ;  
 And whether ye shote to ferre, to shorte, or wide,  
 Your hole body for lengh must be your gide ;  
 For streghnesse, nay it is your former fist,  
 And your kykmygge, at what content ye list.

At buttes and prikkes ther is grete difference,  
 At cheke that one the prik under the chyn,  
 Your hynder thombe must be a gret defensse  
 At either game whan that ye lust begyn ;  
 Endlong at buttes, at prikkes it is no syn  
 Though that your thombe overthart ye use to lay,  
 Content your thombe, your kikmygge then assay.

*Quod M. Beele.*

X. Y.

THE  
RETROSPECTIVE REVIEW.

ART. I.—*Ancient Ballad Poetry.*\*

*Reliques of Ancient English Poetry; consisting of old Heroic Ballads, Songs, and other Pieces of our Earlier Poets (chiefly of the Lyric kind), together with some few of later date.* 3 vols. By DR. THOMAS PERCY, Bishop of Dromore. London: 1794.

*Popular Ballads and Songs, from Traditions, Manuscripts, and scarce Editions.* By ROBERT JAMIESON, A.M., &c. 2 vols. Edinburgh: 1806.

*The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border.* By WALTER SCOTT, Esq. 3 vols. Edinburgh: 1812.

THE most uncouth and fierce of the Border war-songs is the ‘Fray of Luport.’ It no doubt contains a description of the real state of society on the Border three or four centuries ago, and therefore is well worthy of preservation; notwithstanding that the irregular chaunt to which it ought to be sung, and its chorus, wild as a war-whoop, almost place it out of the pale of poetry. A termagant widow, on the Cumberland side of the Border, who has been robbed by a party of Scottish moss-troopers, sings or howls the ditty, upbraiding her neighbours with their laziness in following the thieves, and making a terrific lamentation for her loss. She drives them all about in her song; plans the watching of the fords of the rivers by which the rievers would have to pass with her cows; sets some away with bloodhounds, as was the custom in following the fray hot foot, or “hot trod”—and altogether seems a virago well suited to these savage times. Our readers will probably be content with a brief extract:—

“Doughty Dan o’ the Houlet-Hirst,  
Thou was aye gude at a birst,  
Gude wi’ a bow, and better wi’ a spear,  
The bauldest March-man that e’er follow’d gear,  
Come thou here.  
Fie, lada! shout a’ a’ a’ a’  
My gear’s a’ gane!”

\* Continued from the last Number of this Review.

The following horrid description of a wound from a spear-thrust seems to have pleased the Borderers, for it appears in their ballads more than once :—

“They hae run him thro’ the thick o’ the thie and broke his knee-pan,  
And the marrow o’ his shin-bane has run down on his spur leather whang ;  
He’s lame while he lives, and where’er he may gang ;—  
Fie lads ! shout a’ n’ a’ a’  
My gear’s a’ gane ! ”

The Borderers were bound by their laws, as many of our readers know, to “follow the fray,” on being called on by any one in their district who had lost his cattle or other property by troopers from the opposite side of the Border. A wisp of burning straw stuck on a spear, or probably tarred sacking,—such as the liester fishers still use in the remote border streams, when out spearing salmon at night, was carried from house to house; the bloodhound was got out if necessary, and put on the track of the robbers, and every able man joined in pursuing the enemy “hot trod.” There is an excellent description of a border robbery in the ballad of ‘Jamie Telfer o’ the fair Dod head,’—of Jamie himself rushing off on foot to warn his neighbours, “bringing the fray” from house to house, until at length he gains sufficient help. It may be seen in the second volume of the ‘Border Minstrelsy.’ Jamie Telfer having had his cows stolen by a band of moss-troopers from the English side of the Border, sets off to rouse his friends to the rescue. The darkness of the hour when he starts on his journey is finely described :

“The sun was na up, but the moon was down,  
It was the gryming of a new-fa’n snaw.”

He rushes forth, and at length Wat Scott of Harden aids him effectually, crying to his men—

“Gae warn the water, braid and wide,  
Gae warn it sune and hastilie ;  
They that winna ride for Telfer’s kye,  
Let them never look in the face o’ me.”

They soon gather a troop, follow, and at length come up to the rievers encumbered with booty, and the old chief of Harden cheers them on :—

“Then till’t they gae wi’ heart and hand,  
The blows fell thick as bickering hail,  
And mony a horse ran masterless,  
And mony a comely cheek was pale.”

The son of old Wat Scott at length is slain, and the conduct of the chief is told with graphic force :—

" But he's taen aff his gude steel cap,  
And thrice he's waved it in the air,  
The Dinlay\* snaw was ne'er mair white  
Nor the lyart locks o' Harden's hair.

Revenge ! revenge ! auld Wat 'gan cry,  
Fie lads, lay on them cruellie !  
We'll ne'er see Tividale again  
Or Willie's death revenged shall be."

Jamie Telfer's cows are rescued ; the Scotch troopers return, and a band which had gone after a party of English who appeared in sight during the road home, by and bye come up with thirty more cows, so that the quarrel is well avenged, and Jamie pays his "rescue shot," or fee, for the service rendered him by old Wat Harden and his men.

The paying of the "rescue shot" at a Border farm-house would make a fine subject for Landseer ;—the recovered kye, wounded troopers, jaded horses, old white-haired chieftain aside, near the corpse of his son ; Jamie Telfer's wife and children coming out delighted to meet him ; joyful return of a little favourite dun cow to her calf ;—all these grouped about the old house in a wild glen, with its mountain stream, would, we think, form a fine subject for such an artist as the Queen's favourite. The minstrel or piper might be properly introduced into such a painting, receiving a cow for his share of the booty. "It was enacted by Howel Dha, that if the king's bard played before a body of warriors upon a predatory excursion, he should receive in recompense the best cow which the party carried off." †

Geordie Bourne, Hobbie Noble, and Kinmont Willie, on all of whom there are capital Border ballads, were types of the old free-booters ; and with "Jock o' the Syde," and other worthies, their names appear in the records of the Courts which, in the times of Queen Elizabeth, were held on the Borders for bringing—periodically, and when they could be caught—the rogues to justice. In the curious poem of the 'Complaynt' by Maitland, the poet describes the state of the Borders, and says of the moss-troopers :

" They spuilzie puir men of their pakis,  
They leif them nocht on bed nor bakis,  
Baith hen and cock,  
With reil and rok,  
The Lairdis Jock  
All with him takis."

\* A mountain in Liddesdale.

† Leges Walliae, quoted in 'Border Minstrelsy.'

The Laird's Jock was also a noted freebooter.

"The Laird's Jock ane, the Laird's Wat twa,  
O Hobbie Noble, thou ane maun be,"

says an old ballad.

Those who wish to learn something more of the old customs and laws of the Borders during the "riding times," may look into Nicolson and Burns's 'History of Cumberland,' or Clarke's 'Survey of the Lakes,' 1785;—or the 'Border Minstrelsy' itself. One would imagine the robbers must have found great difficulty in getting together such large herds of cattle and sheep as we find, from the records of the courts of the Wardens of the Marches, they really did frequently manage to carry away;—but, thin as the population might be, they seem soon to have gathered together a drove. Thus, in the ballad of 'Rookhope Ryde,' of the Scottish moss-troopers it is said—

"Then in at Rookhope head they came,  
They ran the forest *but a mile*;  
They gathered together in four hours  
Six hundred sheep within a while."

The song of the outlaw Murray is an old favourite in Yarrow and Ettrick, and has some of the wild woodland grace which makes much of the ancient minstrelsy so pleasant:

"Ettrick foreste is a feir foreste,  
In it grows manie a semelie trie;  
There's hart and hynd and doe and rae,  
And of a' wilde bestis grete plentie.  
  
There's a feir castelle, bigged wi' lyme and stane,  
O! gin it stands not pleasantlie!  
In the fore front o' that castelle feir  
Twa unicorns are bra' to see;  
There's the picture of a knight and a ladye bright,  
And the grene hollin abune their brie.  
  
There an Outlaw kepis five hundred men,  
He keepis a royalle companie!  
His merrye men are a' in liverye clad  
O' the Lincoln grene sue gaye to see;  
He and his ladye in purple clad,  
O! gin they lived not royllie!"

All this, in spite of the Scottish monarch, within an hour's ride by rail from Holyrood Palace.

We meet with many of the most popular of the old Scottish ballads in the South Highlands, as the pastoral hills about the Yarrow, Ettrick, Tweed, Liddell, Teviot, &c., are called. These

dales are all poetic ground, and each of them yet holds the remains of one or more of the castles in which dwelt the daring freebooters whose exploits form the theme of so many of the old ballads.

“ Sounds of insult, shame, and wrong,  
And trumpets blown for wars,”

“people the hollow dark” of the wild moorland glens of the Yarrow; and in the dark gray dale of the Douglas burn, which falls into that river,—such is the power of the old minstrel’s tale of sorrow,—we yet seem to see “ beauty and anguish walking hand in hand.”

The ‘ Douglas Tragedy ’ is a terrible story of a gallant carrying off his mistress (a Douglas) from a tower which stood on the Douglas burn ;—being followed by the lady’s seven brethren and her father, and fighting with them all in succession, while—

“ She held his steed in her milk-white hand,  
And never shed one tear,  
Until that she saw her seven brethren fa’,  
And her father hard-fighting, wha loved her sae dear.”

At her intercession the old father is spared, and then her lover, sore wounded,

— “ Mounted her on a milk-white steed,  
And himself on a dapple grey,  
With a bugelet horn hung down by his side,  
And slowly they baith rode away.

They lighted down to tak a drink  
O’ the spring that ran sae clear,  
And down the stream ran his gude heart’s blood,  
And sair she ’gan to fear.

\* \* \* \*

And on they rade, and on they rade,  
And a’ by the light o’ the moon,”—

till they came to his mother’s house, where

“ Lord William was dead lang ere midnight,  
Lady Margaret lang ere day,”

and so ends the tragedy. The seven stones, where the seven brethren fell, are shown on the heights above the dark, solitary farmhouse which stands upon the Douglas burn ; and it was upon the banks of this stream that, wandering above twenty years ago, the present writer met the Ettrick Shepherd angling, and learnt the story of the old ballad.\*

\* There may be admirers of the Shepherd who may like to know that he prided himself much on his skill in “fishing a burn,”—greater adroitness being of course required in a small than a large water,—and that the Douglas burn was one of his favourite haunts.

'Young Benjie' is an ancient ballad of two lovers, who, alas! like lovers still, though they

—“loved fu’ constantlie,  
Yet aye the mair that they fell out  
The sairer was their plea;”

that is, the more bitter was their dispute. And so young Benjie, in one of his passionate jealous fits, threw his “fair Marjorie” over the linn, a deep pool below the waterfall; and at the “lyke wake,” or watching of her corpse,\*—according to a superstition which was formerly fully credited in the wild Scottish dales,—the dead maiden gives up the secret of her murderer. The brothers having found their drowned sister, are thus described:—

“ Then they’ve taen up the comely corpse,  
And laid it on the ground ;  
O wha has kill’d our ae sister,  
And how can he be found ?

The night it is her low lyke wake,  
The morn her burial day,  
And we maun watch at mirk midnight,  
And hear what she will say.

Wi’ door ajar, and candle light,  
And torches burning clear,  
The streikit corpse till still midnight  
They waked, but naething hear.

About the middle o’ the night  
The cocks began to craw ;  
And at the dead hour o’ the night  
*The corpse began to throw :*”

that is, to heave convulsively. Being now interrogated by the brothers, she gives up her false lover’s name as her murderer, orders them to “pike out his gray e’en,” to tie a “green gravat” round his neck, appoint the best servant in the house to wait upon him, and to carry him at every seven years’ end to the linn, in order to expiate his crime. The modern reader may smile at the folly and superstition of all this, but when we recollect that such supernatural revelations and terrors were implicitly and shudderingly believed during many centuries, there is something at once touching and instructive in the old rhymes.

\* Lyke-wake Dirge.—“This is a sort of charm sung by the lower ranks of Roman Catholics in some parts of the North of England, while watching a dead body, previous to interment. The tune is doleful and monotonous, and, joined to the mysterious import of the words, has a solemn effect.”—*Border Minstrelsy*.

The last verse in the ballad of ‘Proud Lady Margaret’ is in the same sepulchral strain :—

“ For the wee worms are my bedfellows,  
And cauld clay is my sheets,  
And when the stormy winds do blow  
My body lies and sleeps.”

Every one knows the fine song of the ‘Broom o’ Cowdenknows ;’ it, like so many of our very best Scottish songs, has its source in an old ballad, of which the first verse is—

“ O the broom, and the bonny, bonny broom,  
And the broom o’ the Cowdenknows ;  
And aye sae sweet as the lassie sang  
I’ the buught milking the ewes.”

Every ballad-book contains the old Tynedale story of ‘Graeme and Bewick.’ Till this day it is a favourite among the peasantry on the pleasant banks of the North Tyne and among the homesteads of the Irthing. Still, believing that a large portion of our readers have not looked into the old minstrelsy, we give the outline of the story :—Two young men, sons of Lord Graeme and Sir Thomas Bewick, Border chieftains, were sworn brothers; not only bosom friends, but bound together in some such intimate bond as the brothers in chivalry of the olden time. The old chiefs, over their wine at Carlisle, get into a dispute as to the prowess of their sons, which Graeme terminates by declaring that they shall fight and see which was the better man. So the ‘Dowie Dens of Yarrow’ opens—

“ Late at e’en, drinking their wine,  
And ere they paid the lawing,  
They set a combat them between  
To fight it in the dawing.”

Christie Graeme remonstrates with his father on being informed of his resolution, but the rough, fiery old Borderer cries—

“ What’s that thou says, thou limmer loon ?  
How dares thou stand to speak to me ?  
If thou do not end this quarrel soon,  
There’s my right hand, thou shalt fight wi’ me !”

So poor Christie takes counsel with himself—

“ If I suld kill my Billie dear  
God’s blessing I shall never win,  
But if I strike at my auld father  
I think ’twald be a mortal sin.”

He therefore sorrowfully resolves to fight his friend Bewick, and, should he conquer, to kill himself afterwards. The meeting of the young friends,—the delivery of the strange message by Græme,—his gloomy refusal to wait for any attempt to settle the quarrel peaceably, crying to Bewick—

“ If thou’rt a man, as I’m sure thou art,  
Come o’er the dyke and fight wi’ me,”

are all affectingly told in the old tale, and have drawn tears down many a rough Borderer’s cheek for above two centuries. And now, Bewick being unarmed, while the other has on a helmet and steel coat, the ballad goes on to tell of Græme—

“ Then he’s thrown off his coat o’ mail,  
His cap o’ steel away flung he,  
He stuck his spear into the ground,  
And he tied his horse unto a tree.”

And so they fought for two hours, and at length Bewick was slain, urging his friend with his last breath to provide for his safety by flight. But Græme answered that he was resolved to die.

“ He has pitched his sword in a moodie hill,  
And he has leaped twenty lang feet and three,  
And on his ain sword’s point he lap,  
And dead upon the ground fall he.”

This frightful catastrophe may seem absurdly extravagant to those unacquainted with the extraordinary agility of the Borderers, and their skill at their favourite athletic games. Every fine evening during spring, summer, and autumn, you may see near almost every village, groups of young men leaping, wrestling, putting the stone, and throwing the hammer; and the skill, strength, and agility they thus acquire is astonishing. “ Twenty lang feet and three” is certainly a tremendous running leap, but Bewick is described as pre-eminent at manly sports, and it is certain that there are men in North Tyne at this day who could spring twenty feet, and alight so as to plunge upon a sword set upright in the sod. It is the fierce determination of the act,—so suitable to the whole wild story, which strikes us with a sort of shuddering horror and admiration. We believe the whole tale to be true. Then comes up old Sir Robert Bewick, whose folly had caused this bloody day, and seeing his son still alive—

“ Rise up, rise up, my son, he said,  
For I think ye ha gotten the victorie.”

But the dying lad upbraids his father—in gentle terms, however; he too preserving his character to the close of the tragedy :

“ Oh, haud your tongue, my father dear,  
Of your prideful talking let me be,  
Ye might hae drunken your wine in peace,  
And let me and my Billie be :

Gae dig a grave baith wide and deep,  
And a grave to haud baith him and me;  
*But lay Christie Graeme on the sunny side,*  
*For I'm sure he won the victorie.”*

There is, we believe, no doubt whatever that all these tragical ballads contain a true picture of the manners and incidents of the time; and in this, if in no other point of view, they are very interesting to the present generation. These two fierce Border chiefs pitted their sons like game-cocks against each other in their drunken pride; kept savagely to their quarrel when sober; and, when both the young men were slain, only lamented—as the old ballad relates—for the loss of each a stout trooper and champion of the Border.

With all the selfishness and misery which exists among us, we may thank Heaven that the ferocity of these times has passed away from modern Europe for ever. A Haynau in Hungary, or a slave-owner in Virginia, may now and then display similar manners, but as a permanent state of society that of the old ballad times is now nowhere to be found among civilised men.

In the romantic churchyard of Kirkconnell, round which winds the river Kirtle, a beautiful girl was wont to meet her lover by night, because the suit of another gentleman, by whom she was also beloved, was favoured by her friends. In one of these stolen interviews the slighted suitor suddenly appeared on the opposite side of the river, and, levelling his carbine at his rival, slew fair Helen, who had flung herself on her lover's bosom to defend him from harm. After this tragical mischance, the ballad relates that the rivals went away together, as if out of respect to the slain lady, down the river side to a distance from the body, and there fought, when the murderer was cut to pieces. It is the favoured lover who speaks :—

“ As I went down the water side,  
None but my foe to be my guide,  
None but my foe to be my guide,  
On fair Kirkconnell lee.”

This, after such a tragedy, and with such dreadful hate and agonising grief as must have filled the bosoms of the unhappy young men, is a terrible description. The lament of the surviving lover is one of the most exquisite of all the old ballads. It has suggested very fine poems by Wordsworth and Gifford, not however to be compared to the ancient words :—

“ I wish I were where Helen lies,  
Night and day on me she cries ;  
O that I were where Ellen lies,  
On fair Kirkonnell lee.”

A modern hand has added the fine idea after the first two lines :—

“ And, like an angel, from the skies  
See seems to beckon me ;  
O that I were where Ellen lies,  
On fair Kirkonnell lee.”

Helen's lover continues :—

“ O Helen, fair beyond compare !  
I'll make a garland of thy hair,  
Shall bind my heart for evermair  
Until the day I die.”

So “the Border Widow,” after burying her husband,—who had been hanged as a freebooter by the Scottish king, and left to be buried by his wife; all her people having fled, and left her alone during the horrible tragedy, “the Border Widow” says—

“ Nae living man I'll love again,  
Since that my lovely knight is slain ;  
Wi ae lock o' his yellow hair,  
I'll chain my heart for evermair :”

*i.e.*, the sight of the relic shall be sufficient to keep the heart ever sacred to the dead !

There is a lyke-wake dirge in the ‘Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border,’ vol. iii, p. 135, which will remind every one of Meg Merrilies’ passing hymn over the dying man in the presence of Dominie Sampson. In the dirge given in the ‘Minstrelsy,’ the watcher by the corpse addresses the soul, which is supposed to be still hovering over its deserted tenement. “Christ receive thy saule” is the burden of every verse, and the passing soul is warned that if, while in the body, it performed acts of benevolence, these

shall stand it in good stead during the dark passage and coming judgment. But

“ If meate and drinke thou never gavest name,  
Every night and alle  
The fire will burn thee to the bare bane,  
And Christ receive thy saule.”

‘Earl Richard’ is one of a class of ballads of the same dark nature as those we have just noticed. Earl Richard’s leman, enraged at his telling her that he loved another better than she, and that her rival was also more beautiful, slays her false lover, and then calls her bower maidens to help her to dispose of the corpse :

“ They hae booted him and spurred him,  
As he was wont to ride,  
A hunting horn tied round his waist,  
A sharpe sworde by his side.”

And thus accouerted they plunge his body in a deep linn in the river Clyde. There was hue and cry for Earl Richard; dragging the river by day, and at length by night, when the corpse lights dancing above the linn indicated the place where the body lay. The guilty mistress accuses one of her maids of the murder, and the latter is subjected to the trial by fire; but flaming fern and thorns will not burn her, nor does the corpse bleed on her touching it. Upon this the mistress is made to approach the body, when it instantly gushes out with blood; and being subjected to the trial by fire, the flames

“ Tuik fast upon her fair body,  
She burned like hollins green.”

The “*bahr-recht*,” or law of the bier, is believed in to this day in the remote dales of the Borders: even two centuries ago the bleeding of the corpse at the touch of the murderer was ascribed by very learned persons to sympathy, and we have known in the North a weapon, which had inflicted a severe wound, carefully dressed every day with unguents, the wound itself being all the time kept quiet and carefully closed up; a treatment (by sympathy) it is needless to say, as good—for it is the same—as that of the best surgeons. The “booting and spurring” the dead body of Earl Richard will remind the readers of ‘The Cid’ of the description in the chronicle:—“When it was midnight they took the body of the Cid, fastened to the saddle as it was, and placed it upon his horse Bavieca, and fastened the saddle well; and the body sat so upright and well that it seemed as if he was alive,” &c.  
—*Southey's Translation.*

Among the old ballads there is a wild tale of a ‘Dæmon Lover’ wiling away a lady from her husband and two babes. She enters one of his eight ships, whose sails “were of the taffetie, and masts o’ the beaten gold;” but—

“ She had not sailed a league, a league,  
A league but barely three,  
When dismal grew his countenance,  
And drumlie grew his e’e.”

that is, dark and troubled grew his eye. Soon she spies the cloven foot and weeps bitterly,—for she now knows the enemy of man and woman to be her seducer;—she sees the pleasant sunny hills of heaven which she is never to approach, and the dreary hell mountains of frost and snow towards which they are sailing.

“ And aye when she turn’d her round about,  
Aye taller he seem’d to be,  
Until that the tops of that gallant ship  
Nae taller were than he.”

The Fiend towering up before the wretched woman’s sight, homely as are the words, is an image as sublime as Milton’s “Satan lay floating many a rood” upon the flaming floor of hell. The ballad closes thus:—

“ The clouds grew dark, and the wind grew loud,  
And the levin fill’d her e’e,  
And waesome wailed the snaw-white sprites  
Upon the gurlie sea.  
He strack the topmast wi’ his hand,  
The foremast wi’ his knee,  
And he brak that gallant ship in twain  
And sank her in the sea.”

“ Which things are an allegory.” Doubtless these old tales were at least as well adapted to the minds of a primitive people, as such powerful stories as that of the ‘Destroyer’—the last in the ‘Diary of a Physician’—are to a modern audience. The Seducer is still the ‘Dæmon Lover’ of the old ballad, and his baits are gold, power, and false beauty as of yore. “Woman wailing for her Dæmon lover”—Coleridge’s wild suggestive expression, is probably owing to this ballad.

The straightforwardness and rapidity of the old minstrelsy must strike the most cursory reader. “The Percy out of Northumberland” and

“ Like to a fire to heather set,  
Bold Thomas did advance,”

are illustrations of this method of the old minstrels, of rushing at once into the midst of their tale. We may also instance the opening of ‘Berthram’s dirge,’—a funeral ballad hymn for a young man shot by nine brothers for seducing their sister:—

“They shot him dead at the nine stane rig,  
Beside the headless cross;  
And they left him lying in his blood  
Upon the moor and moss.”

There are many crosses in various parts of the Border, some of which probably were erected—as crosses are in Spain—on the site of some deed of blood. Thus, Byron, in the mountains of Spain, says—

“And here and there, as up the crags we spring,  
Mark many rude carved crosses near the path;  
But deem not these devotion’s offering,  
These are memorials frail of murderous wrath.”

At these crosses it is customary for the traveller to mutter an *ave* for the soul of the murdered person, and it may be that more permanent religious offices were performed at the crosses which—like those of Percy, Douglas, and other chiefs in Northumberland,—were erected over persons of high rank.

“A Gray Friar staid upon the grave,  
And sang till the morning tide;  
And a friar shall sing for Barthram’s soul,  
While the headless cross shall bide.”

“Probably,” says Sir Walter Scott, “many of these crosses had the like expiatory solemnities for persons slain there.”

Goldsmith tells us how he was wont, when a boy, to be melted into tears by an old dairy-maid singing him Johnie Armstrong’s ‘Good night.’ It is a touching fragment, and the last line has given birth to the well-known song of Sir Alexander Boswell, “Gude night, and joy be wi’ you a’.” Johnie was executed for the murder of Sir John Carmichael, warden of the Middle Marches, in a sudden quarrel, at Reidswire, on the Border—

“This night is my departing night,  
For here nae langer must I stay;  
There’s neither friend nor foe of mine  
But wishes me away.  
  
What I have done thro’ lack of wit,  
I never never can recall;  
I hope ye’re a’ my friends as yet,  
Good night, and joy be with you all!”

This is one of the pieces in which the simplicity and pathos of the old minstrelsy are seen. It is not indeed very often that these beauties are met with,—rapid graphic narration being the chief characteristic of the old ballads; but, scattered here and there,—more, probably, by accident than design,—passages full of natural pathos and tenderness occur. The Border minstrels sung chiefly of the most daring exploits of fierce and wild men, and such topics give little scope for painting the softer emotions. In Scotland, legendary tales were more widely known, and more admired than historical ballads such as were common on the Border; and in the former we find the chief beauties of sentiment and description to be found in the ancient minstrelsy. These legendary poems are full of beautiful lyrical sentiments and descriptions, and from the accumulations of many centuries contained in them have been drawn many of the finest images, thoughts, and phrases of modern song. The wild fantastic superstitions—the whole of the supernatural sentiment of the old ballads—has not been, and cannot be, transfused into modern verse, for the faith is extinct which lent the old legend its interest and awe. All the fairy and ghost poetry is gone, at least to any real and practical purpose, and we can no more shudder at the spiritual fears, than we can be comforted by the priestly absolution of our ancestors.

In the ancient strange visionary fairy ballad of ‘Young Tamlane’ we have a good specimen of the species of poetry now alluded to,—so often and so unsuccessfully attempted by modern poets. Perhaps in the exquisite poem of ‘Bonny Kilmeny’ alone has this spirit of the old minstrels been entirely caught. No one more than the Ettrick Shepherd attempted this style, and no one succeeded better than he; and the cause of it was, as those who knew him well are aware, that his mind, by nature, by early training (or rather the lack of it), and by the influence of scenery, had a child-like simplicity and a willing credulity, which placed him very much in the position of the old ballad minstrels. To hear him, on a still summer evening, when there was not a sound in the valley but the occasional bleat of a lamb mingling with the murmur of the Yarrow, and, when

“The reek o’ the cot hung ower the plain,  
Like a little wee cloud in the wairld its lane,”

repeat such a ballad as ‘Young Tamlane,’ and to notice his voice

become solemnised, and perhaps tremble at the more mysterious parts of the tale, was something very different from the common feelings of this work-day world.

“ The music and the doleful tale,  
The rich and balmy eve,”

blent with other “ impulses of soul and sense,” and the idea of the simple-hearted shepherd bard among his legendary mountains, harmonised with them all.

“ But we that live in Fairy land,  
No sickness know nor pain ;  
I quit my body when I will,  
And take to it again.”

And of the Fairies,

“ We sleep in rosebuds soft and sweet,  
We revel in the stream ;  
We wanton lightly on the wind,  
Or glide on a sunbeam.”

The darker side of the same kind of lyric may be seen in the ballad of ‘The Twa Corbies’—an imperfect and fragmentary tale—the effect of which, as the Ettrick Shepherd says, “ is rather increased than diminished by the imperfect state in which the story is left.” A knight lies secretly slain, and one of the corbies (carrion crows) says to the other—

“ Ye'll sit on his white hause bane,  
And I'll pick out his bonny blue e'en ;  
Wi' ae lock o' his gowden hair,  
We'll theek our nest when it grows bare.  
  
Mony a one for him makes mane,  
And name sall ken where he is gane ;  
O'er his white banes when they are bare,  
The wind sall blaw for evermair.”

But we must bring these desultory notices of the ancient ballads to a close. To treat the subject, or any branch of it, fully, is quite impossible in the present article; we must be content with indicating to our younger readers some of the beauties of the old chaunts.

Sir Walter Scott, speaking of the ballad having preserved its popularity so much longer in Scotland than in England, ascribes it to “circumstances connected with the habits of the people in a remote and rude country, which could not exist in the richer and wealthier province of England.” Perhaps, however, the more

[May,

general diffusion of knowledge,—from the national school system, snatched out of the wreck of the Church revenues at the Reformation in Scotland, had also much to do with the cultivation of popular poetry in that country. From the time of John Knox up to the present day, there has been a more general diffusion of knowledge, and consequently a greater capability of enjoying good lyric poetry in Scotland than in England. It is true the majority of the ballads were written by bards resident, if they could be said to reside anywhere, near the Border, and relate to Border feuds and incidents; and it is also true that the moss-troopers and their families troubled both the priest and the schoolmaster very little, and were therefore not likely themselves to cultivate the Muses; but their long periods of inaction would make them famous listeners, and the wild incidents of their lives, recorded in verse by professional minstrels, or by some stray poet among themselves—(who perhaps from bodily infirmity could not follow the fray)—would be employed in the more civilised parts of the country for the amusement of all classes, but especially of the peasantry in the long winter nights. In both England and Scotland the printing press abolished the old metrical romances, and drove, by degrees, even the shorter old ballad, founded upon them, out of general social use; but it is remarkable, and the circumstance is, we believe, to be ascribed to the difference in the education of the people in the two countries, that while the old minstrelsy has not been succeeded in England by any really national system of song, in Scotland the contrary has been the case, and the Scotch have always possessed, founded on the stories and even sentiments of the old ballads, shorter narrative lyrics—heroic, humorous, and pathetic, and, above all, love songs,—(these too usually linked to a story, and therefore, strictly speaking, *ballads*)—all of which at fairs, rockings, and other merry meetings, were and in many districts are yet sung. It was not till the seventeenth century that the ballad disappeared as a popular entertainment in England, and long after that it was kept up on the Border; nay, there are yet persons who sing historic songs of this kind. The old pipers in the Border dales usually had a good stock of ballads to vary the droning and lilting of their Northumbrian smallpipes, and during the present century there were still some of these in existence. There have been other reasons, besides the general diffusion of printing and the advance in civilization, for the loss of the long minstrel romances and the

old ballads. Among these, one that has not been noticed is the different habits of the present peasantry in winter from those of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. There were long periods of inaction, not only among the predatory borderers, but all classes of the peasantry in former times, which do not exist at the present day, owing to improved methods of agriculture. Formerly winter fallows were little heard of in England,—Virgil's first Georgic notwithstanding; and winter employment was scarce. The long nights were employed in listening to long stories. But the gradual improvement in the management of land, and, during the last century, the introduction of the potato and turnip husbandry, and consequent fattening of sheep and cattle in winter, have helped to use up the time formerly expended in listening to the minstrel. In wild pastoral districts on the Borders, and in the highlands of Cumberland and Westmoreland, the old customs remained long after they had gone from the richer plains.

Burns's description of hearing Lapraik's song at one of their "rockings" illustrates this :

"On Fastern's e'en we had a rockin',  
To wean the rock and ca' the stocking ;  
And there was muckle fun and jokin',  
Ye need na doubt :  
At length we had a hearty yokin'  
At sang about."

In Cumberland, Anderson describes the same kind of custom at the "auld wife's hakes" and "merry nights;" and in the valleys till this day, every hostelry has its "merry night" during the dark months, to which the young men and women resort to sing and dance.

A brief specimen of the Cumberland *patois*, from Anderson, may amuse the reader; he is describing a "merry night,"

"The bettermor sort sat snug i' the parlour,  
I' t' pantry the sweethearters cutter'd sae soft ;  
The dancers they kick'd up a stour i' the kitchen,  
At lanters the card-lakers sat sat i' the loft."

and at intervals all gathered together to hear some song or ballad sung with stentorian voice, either by professional crowder or amateur. At these gatherings on the English side, *now* however, it is seldom that a song is sung worthy of being listened to, unless by chance one of Burns's.

Since the beginning of the eighteenth century, about the time the ancient war ballad ceased to be sung, and the minstrelsy which filled its place had become beneath contempt, the English borderers have either contented themselves with the common novelties from the London stage, or they have been indebted to their Scottish neighbours for their songs. Local songs and ballads indeed there are, especially about Newcastle, of very great merit in their way, and highly prized by the inhabitants of coaly Tyne, but the *patois*, rich, humorous and graphic as it is, would be unintelligible to most of our readers. On the Scottish side, there is abundance of singing, and Burns, Ramsay, McNeill, Tannahill, Sir Walter Scott, Gilfillan, Riddell, Cunningham and a few others, are the poets whose songs are sung,—a noble lyric band indeed for leading the hearts of a peasantry. And still in the Scottish dales you may hear long ballads recited or sung,—though this, which even in the Ettrick Shepherd's day\* was so common an amusement of a winter's evening on the Yarrow and Ettrick, is also now wearing out. In a little time the old people will be all gone who know or care anything about the ancient minstrelsy, and had it not been that the collectors of the old ballads laboured so zealously at their work at the very period they did, we should have possessed to-day no record of the wild feuds and pathetic incidents of the ancient ballads, nor any trace of the ballads themselves, except what may be found in the modern songs founded upon them. Multitudes of beauties of phrase,—all the tenderness, simplicity, pathos, rapidity, and even melody of the old ballad, which have appeared and will reappear so often in modern poetry,—would have been lost, and pictures of the manners and modes of feeling of our ancestors such as we would now be sorry to lose, would have been gone for ever.

From the times of the Restoration to those of Addison, or even to those of Bishop Percy, simple poetry was held in slight esteem. The fighting poetry was done on the classical model, the pastorals were all of the Cockney school, and the ballad was scoffed at.

Every one recollects Dr. Johnson's jest about Dr. Percy's '*Reliques*,' saying at a literary party, that he could imitate the

\* "Till the present age," says Mr. Hogg, writing to Sir Walter Scott in 1801, respecting the grand fierce ballad of Auld Maitland, whose well-sustained rapid narration is like the rushing of a river through a rocky glen, filling it with stern music—"till the present age, the poor illiterate people in these glens know of no other entertainment in the long winter nights, than repeating and listening to the feats of their ancestors, recorded in songs which I believe to be handed down by many generations."

old ballad extempore for any length of time, and instantly beginning—

“ As with my hat upon my head,  
I walked along the Strand,  
I there did meet another man,  
With his hat in his hand.”

and so on. No doubt it is just as easy to travestie the old ballad as one of the worthy Doctor’s own grandiloquent triads, but it is this very fatal facility of imitating the mere rhythm and words which has caused such innumerable failures among those who have attempted the task. Of the many hundreds of ballads which have been written in imitation of the ancient minstrelsy, it would be easy to mention almost every one likely to live. And even of these, there are but a very few which owe their value to their possession of the old ballad spirit. Dr. Percy, Sir W. Scott, Hamilton of Bangour, and one or two others, have caught the genuine spirit and letter of the old ballad; Coleridge, Wordsworth, Campbell, and Tennyson, have caught the essence of the ancient strain—the spirit but not the letter. Among the imitations given in the ‘Border Minstrelsy,’ those of Lewis, Anna Seward, Colin McKenzie, Morritt of Rokeby, and others, are failures: Dr. Jamieson’s ‘Water Kelpy’ is a strange string of verses in undeniably correct Scottish, of the 14th or 15th century; the others (with the exception of ‘The Feast of Spurs,’ by the Rev. John Marriott, which is a spirited trifle with the true Border ballad feeling in it, and those of Leyden and Sharpe mentioned elsewhere), would never be mistaken for old ballads at all. Those who think it so easy a thing to write a good imitation of an old ballad, should, as Burns said with reference to a song, “ set themselves down and try.” It has very seldom been done well, and certainly could not have been done by any one of the Pope or Dr. Johnson school. After the contempt for the mediæval and dark ages had yielded to the efforts of the lovers of the antique, the opposite sentiment ran to a ridiculous height both in architecture and poetry. In so mobile a thing as verse, the change was rapidly effected:—the old ballad quickly appeared—disappeared and reappeared (sometimes the spirit and sometimes the ghost of it) many times in half a century, while in the less manageable matters of stone and lime, and saints in stained glass, we seem still toiling through the mediæval ages. Sir Walter Scott said, that during the first thirty

years of this century, he had known the taste for the old minstrelsy arise several times, and decay as often, owing probably to its too free cultivation.

There is always a large body of imitators and wonder worshippers, both among writers and readers, ready to carry down to bathos, and out to caricature, the pictures to which the man of genius has been successful in calling the admiration of his countrymen. Thus ideas and tastes run their course, and are exhausted in the national mind,—like trees in the soil, or races of animals in the lapse of ages ;—the crop wears out and the fresh one succeeds.

“ Sic omnia fatis  
In pejus ruere, ac retro sublapsa referri.”

The old ballad extravagance is gone ; Lewis's ‘Tales of Wonder’ helped, if not to improve the public taste for ancient minstrelsy, at least to destroy the modern imitation of the old horrors. When men were savage and superstitious, and the tale of blood was real, and the spiritual agonies genuine, we listened to the narration of them with sympathy,—perhaps with awe ; but to play at frightening us, in a new ballad with the old superstitions, is about as weak, and will be as futile, as for these unhappy Puseyites to attempt to stab England to the heart with the weapons broken at the Reformation. The modern antique Gorgon died early in the *renaissance* of the old minstrelsy ;

“ The worms they crept in and the worms they crept out,  
And sported his eyes and his temples about ;”

and since the time of ‘Alonso the Brave and the Fair Imogene,’ when

“ Ghastly beneath his glittering helm  
The grinning skull appeared ;”

he has seldom been seen in public.

Even the affectation of old spelling, so successfully employed by poor Chatterton, Bishop Percy, Sir Walter Scott, Jamieson, Pinkerton, Hogg, and hosts of others, has been for some time on the wane, and, like the horrors of the old ballad, has only been used of late years,—as in the ‘Ingoldsby Legends,’ to add “an ancient and fish-like flavour” to modern drollery. But though the extravagance of the former minstrelsy is not to be seen in modern ballad literature, some other of its mannerisms and faults remain. We have mentioned the exclamations, (‘Dear Lord,’ &c.) which,

natural and striking in the mouth of an old minstrel, become almost profane,—certainly affected, in the verses of the present day. The beginning a line with “says” without any nominative expressed, the participle without the corresponding substantive correctly indicated, are very trivial affectations, it is true, but the less easily tolerated on that very account. It may, indeed, though very rarely, become a beauty, as

Saying—“Dost thou love me cousin?”  
Weeping—“I have loved thee long.”

Sometimes, as

“Then I put my face in the grass—  
Whisper’d—‘Listen to my despair;’”

and

“In there came old Alice the nurse,  
Said—‘Who was this that went from thee;’”

the poem itself being an imitation of the old ballad, the phrase does not offend, but in less adroit hands than those of Tennyson, the affectation is disagreeable. The reader is aware that this manner is common in the ancient ballads, as, for example, in the old romantic legend of King Estmere—

“Saies ‘God you save, my deere maidin,  
Saies ‘God you save and see,’”

“Said ‘You be welcome, kyng Estmere,  
Right welcome unto mee.’”

Then there is the abuse of “apt alliteration’s artful aid,” which, scarcely tolerable in a jongleur or glee-maiden of the fifteenth century, looks in a modern ballad-monger like taking a shabby advantage of the language. “Making the sound an echo to the sense,” also, an art which when successful in the primitive minstrels is often a real beauty, becomes in modern hands a dangerous manœuvre,—apt, unless the skill is quite hidden, to receive slight praise from the modern reader. Not to give an illustration (whence hundreds may be drawn) from inferior poets, even in the inimitable hands of Tennyson, the labour as well as the skill of the workman is apt to appear through the splendour of the work. Amid the burst of admiration with which one greets such a passage as the following, for example, in the ballad of Sir Galahad, there is the slightest possible feeling of uneasy consciousness that the

poetry has cost the author some severe hammering, welding, and polishing :—

“ The shattering trumpet shrilleth high,  
The hard brands shiver on the steel,  
The splinter’d spear-shafts crack and fly,  
And horse and rider reel.

They reel, they roll in clang ing lists,  
And when the tide of combat stands,  
Perfume and flowers fall in showers,  
That lightly rain from ladies’ hands.”

How very beautiful! but is not the toil of the armourer and the art of the tirewoman visible?

When the sound echoes the sense in the old ballads, it looks as if it came—and often, as Sir Walter Scott remarks, probably really did come, unawares upon both the minstrel and his audience. In the most ancient English ballads, as in ‘Sir Cauline,’ the *old* copy of the ballads of ‘Chevy Chase’ and the ‘Battle of Otterbourne,’ in ‘Adam Bell,’ ‘Clym o’ the Clough,’ and ‘Willie o’ Clouteslee,’ and the ‘Robin Hood’ ballads, there is none, or almost none of the art of which we speak; the minstrel rushes on with his narrative, unmindful or incapable of embellishing the tale with melodious words that echo the sense.

Thus, the first *fitte* of the *ancient* ballad of ‘Chevy Chase’ commences with

“ The Persè owt of Northomburlande,  
And a vowe to God made he,  
That he wolde hunte in the mountayns,  
Off Chyviat within dayes three.”

This in the modern copy becomes,—with less of the rough antique strength about it,—but more of the modern musical skill ;—

“ The stout Erle of Northumberland,  
A vow to God did make,  
His pleasure in the Scottish woods,  
Three summer days to take.”

It is remarkable that in the *Scottish* ballads of the same era, there is more melody of the kind which echoes the meaning of the words than in the English. The best of the old ballads are indeed all from the “north countrie,” twenty or thirty miles on each side; and especially the Scottish side of the Border. The Celtic love of music and song has left Scotland with a really national music and lyrical poetry, which England can scarcely be said to possess. For

example, in the oldest Scottish ballad ‘Sir Patrick Spens,’ after a stormy winter voyage from Norroway, when the commander like

“ Brave Kémpenfeldt went down  
With twice four hundred men;”

it is expressed in wild musical phrase,

“ Half ower, half ower to Aberdour,  
It’s fiftie fadom deep;  
And thair lies guid Sir Patrick Spens,  
Wi’ the Scots lords at his feet:”

and, in a previous part of the ballad, we have the well-known verse,

“ Late, late yestreen, I saw the new moone,  
Wi’ the auld moone in her arme:”

and in the ancient ‘Trumpeter of Fyvie’ we have

“ Love pines away, love dwines away,  
Love, love decays the bodie;  
For love o’ thee, O I must dee,  
Adieu my bonnie Annie:”

and in the old Scottish ballad of ‘Willie and May Margaret,’ we have

“ As he rode ower yon high high hill,  
And down yon dowie den,  
*There was a roar in Clyde’s water,*  
*Wad fear’d a hunder men.”*

The very phrase “the dowie dens o’ Yarrow” has more of the echo of the dreary sentiment and tale of the old story of that name than a dozen of the English ballads. But this musical echo of the sense is partly natural to the language in the Scottish ballads,—and in both Scottish and English, when a successful hit of the kind does occur, it seems, as we have just said, to have come upon the minstrel by surprise, and thus has a very different effect from the elaborate melody of most modern poets. The following is old, musical, and natural:—

“ She kiss’d his cheek, she kaim’d his hair,  
She searched his wounds all thorough,  
She kiss’d them, till her lips grew red  
In the dowie hounds of Yarrow.”

And in the same ballad we have

“ But in the glen strive armed men,”

reminding us of Campbell’s grand ballad, ‘Lord Ullen’s daughter’:—

“ Adown the glen rode armed men,  
Their trampling sounded nearer.”

So, too, in ‘the Lass of Lochroyan’—a most beautiful and pathetic tale of a lady who sets forth to see her lover (Lord Gregory)

with her little son. It would seem, by the way, that chastity in ladies of rank was by no means a universal virtue in the minstrel times; for multitudes of the old ballads, like this of ‘Annie of Lochroyan,’ are founded on the adventures of unwedded mothers and their children. It seems very doubtful, indeed, if the testimony of these old tales may be credited, that the age of chivalry was so pure in that respect—even among the higher ranks—as the present. Fair Annie, voyaging to her lover’s castle on an island rock, knocks at the gate, and entreats piteously to be admitted. She is answered by her lover’s mother, whose denial she takes for that of Lord Gregory (whence we may surmise that the voice of the old lady was as rough as her heart), and is filled with anguish by his coldness and cruelty :—

“ Fair Annie turn’d her round about,  
Weel! since that it be sae,  
May never a woman that has borne a son  
Hae a heart sae fou o’ wae ! ”

Lord Gregory awakes to discover his mother’s cruelty, and see his fair Annie’s boat tossed amid the roaring waves. He cries across the stormy sea—

“ —Dear Annie, speak to me ;  
But, aye, the louder he cried Annie,  
The louder roar’d the sea.

“ The wind was loud, the sea was rough  
And dash’d the boat on shore ;  
Fair Annie floated through the faem,  
But the babie rose no more.

“ Lord Gregory tore his yellow hair  
And made a heavy moan,  
Fair Annie’s corpse lay at his feet,  
His bonny young son was gone.”

Burns and Peter Pindar both wrote songs on this subject, and Campbell has transfused the spirit of the above passages into his exquisite ballad of ‘Lord Ullen’s Daughter.’ The obligations, in short, which modern poets owe to the old ballads, in story, sentiment, and phrase, are incalculable.

Since, then, so many of the most beautiful poems—those that become known to every one—have been, during the present century, formed on the ballad model, and owe their popularity very much to the ballad spirit, and since there is every likelihood that this will continue to be the case, it is very desirable that the directness, rapidity, and absence of art or affectation in the ancient

poetry, should be especially kept in view by our modern bards,—for these, joined to the superior skill in verbal melody which exists in the present day, may be expected to produce narrative and lyrical pieces,—(the most popular of all poetry with all classes) of the very highest merit. Nothing is more easy than to rhyme in the metre of the ballad,—and even the inferior beauties of the ancient poetry appear very commonly in the writings of the more successful modern cultivators of the style, but the choicer beauties of the antique, sympathy, pathos, artlessness, sudden vehement fierceness, and force of narration, are very rarely seen indeed; and, we believe, can only be caught by those who are thoroughly imbued by the ancient minstrelsy. We recommend our young poets, therefore, to study it well. Let us now say a few words on the imitation of the Ancient Ballad.

Since the time of Bishop Percy, this may fairly lay claim to being a distinct branch of poetry, one of the most beautiful and fruitful of the whole. The bishop himself, we believe, if all his emendations and additions to the old ballads he published, were known, would hold a very high place among these artists; the 'Child of Elle' and the 'Hermit of Warkworth' are, perhaps, equal—of their kind—to any of the imitations of the old ballad. But as we are speaking of Scottish ballads, every one will cheerfully accord Sir Walter Scott the first place among the artists of whom we speak. 'Hardyknute,' the first poem Sir Walter Scott said he ever learnt, and the last he should forget, Hamilton of Bangour's 'Busk ye, busk ye, my bonnie bonnie bride,' 'Auld Robin Gray,' and 'The Flowers o' the Forest,' are no doubt as fine as any thing of Sir Walter's, but still our remark perhaps will be allowed to be correct. 'Glenfinlas,' a wild Highland legend of sirens,—'the Glen of the Green Women,' was the first original poem Sir Walter composed; it is unequal, but contains proofs of the genius which has since contributed so largely to the delight of the world. 'The Eve of St. John,' one of Sir Walter's earliest, is also one of his best ballads, one of the best imitations of the ancient ballad ever written. It is the more interesting that the story is laid in the scene of Sir Walter's infancy, for in the farm-house at Sandiknowe, near the ancient ruined fortress of Smallholm, he spent some years in his childhood, labouring under the malady which left him lame throughout life:—

"There rise those crags, that mountain tower,  
Which charmed my fancy's wakening hour."

The ancient border tower is surrounded by a wild cluster of rocks on the northern boundary of Roxburghshire, and is well fitted for the cradle of a romantic and legendary genius. The ballad was written partly to preserve this ancient border fortress, and partly to give pleasure to the chief of his family, the proprietor of the tower: and what sharper spurs to a poet and a feudal spirit, such as Sir Walter's, could have been found than these? Therefore the ballad starts off—as the racing reports say—at score, and keeps the pace till the last. ‘Cadyow Castle,’ with some faults of detail, is a fine spirited ballad, full of chivalrous gallantry,—addressed to a lady of the Hamilton family; its topic is the assassination of the Regent Murray by Hamilton of Bothwellhaugh.

‘The Gray Brother’ is a fine but unequal fragment, with a grand opening and mysterious abrupt end, but which we notice here chiefly to remind the reader of that pleasant part of Sir Walter’s life, when, with a lovely accomplished young wife, a reputation as a poet rapidly rising, and a soul brimful of poetry, he dwelt in a pleasant cottage on the romantic banks of the Eske—one of the happiest of the sons of men. Here, escaped from the dust and din of the Parliament House, and the uncongenial pursuits of the law,—in the lap of poesy and love his life passed like a charmed dream. Among the winding paths that thread the woods of Roslin, now leading along the grassy margin overhanging a deep, still, translucent pool, now approaching by rugged and difficult steps to the verge of a cataract, or brink of a boiling linn, he wandered in the summer evenings with his bride. Often in the gray autumnal mornings he might be seen hastening through the mist to revisit some favourite nook or explore some storied ruin, crooning, as he paced along, some of the ancient ballads of which his heart and his memory were full, or wheeling his staff aloft in triumph as some happy thought or musical expression came upon him unawares. How often with jubilant voice he shouted his rhymes to the chafing torrent, his voice then unheard in the roar of the waters as it is now still in the eternal silence? Even now that the whole life is past, clouded with sorrow and care as it was towards the close, we cannot recall this delightful portion of our poet’s history without gratitude and joy. There is no stream in Scotland richer in natural beauty or legendary and romantic interest than the Eske: and there, therefore, by a natural instinct, did this strong lover of nature and legendary song establish himself for his work. Let us hear from

his own lips, in the ballad of 'the Gray Brother,' the pleasant echo of this melodious part of Sir Walter's life.

"Sweet are the paths, O passing sweet,  
By Eske' fair streams that run,  
O'er airy steep, through copsewood deep,  
Impervious to the sun."

"There the rapt poet's step may rove  
And yield the muse the day ;  
*There Beauty led by timid love*  
*May shun the tell-tale ray.*"

Our readers will excuse our leading them a little from their path to obtain this bright glimpse of the poet's daily life, during one glorious summer in—

"Melville's beechy grove,  
And Roslin's rocky glen,  
Dalkeith, which all the virtues love,  
And classic Hawthornden."

Very few of the imitators of the ancient Scottish ballads have so thoroughly caught its wild wailing melancholy spirit as Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe—two of whose ballads may be seen in the 'Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border,' 4th volume.

There is a square tower on the top of a little hill near Hoddom Castle, on the banks of the river Annan, in Dumfries-shire, over the door of which are carved the figures of a dove and a serpent, with the word *Repentance* between them. John the Rie or Robber, a former lord of Hoddom, is said to have built this tower of Repentance as an expiation for the sin of having cut the throats of a number of English prisoners, and cast them into the Solway, during a storm which threatened to founder his boat on his return from a foray into England. The ballad sets forth how the lord of Hoddom came to be filled with remorse for his bloody deed, built this tower, and while the moonlight was shining on its turrets, and streaming over the distant Solway, but all was dark within his soul, he gives voice to his despair in the ballad—

"The night is fair, and calm the air,  
No blasts disturb the tree ;  
Baith men an' beast now take their rest,  
And a's at peace but me.

\*       \*       \*       \*

“ Under yon silver shimmering waves  
   That softly rise and fa’,  
   Lie mouldering banes in sandy graves  
   That fley my peace awa !

“ *Lplunged an auld man in the sea,*  
*Whase locks were like the snaw ;*  
*His hair soll serve as rapes to me,*  
*In hell my soul to draw !*

This terrible verse reminds one of Burns’s famous image—

“ A knife a father’s throat had mangled,  
   Whom his ain son o’ life bereft,  
   The gray hairs yet stack to the heft !”

The ballad closes by the aged murderer apostrophising his tower of Repentance—

“ How Hoddom’s lord, ye lang soll tell  
   By conscience stricken sair,  
   In life sustain’d the pains of hell,  
   And perish’d in despair.”

The ‘Murder of Caerlaverock,’ by the same author, is full of fine passages, but contains anachronisms of various kinds. The spirit of the ancient ballad is in the poem, but the manners and allusions are occasionally at fault. There is a refinement in the society assembled at Caerlaverock Castle, such as probably did not exist in the year 1357, the date of the ballad.

After mentioning that the harp and the bagpipes lilted melody (we believe the bagpipes are quite a modern instrument in Scotland, and did not supersede the harp till the sixteenth century), and that—

“ Gallant knights and ladies bright  
   Did move to measures fine ;”

And that—

“ The ladies glided through the ha’  
   Wi’ footing swift and sure ;”

He says—

“ Then every lady sung a song,  
   Some gay, some sad and sweet,  
   Like tunefu’ birds the boughs amang  
   Till a’ began to greet.”

A very unlikely story in the fourteenth century, before the ancient metrical romance had been degraded into the ballad, long before the ballad had been cut down into the song.—The way in which the poet introduces the love passages of the poem, too, is not

in harmony with the tone of the old ballad. We strongly suspect the days of chivalry were not the days of refinement and true courtesy to women which they have so often been described to be. A ceremonious, inflated gallantry, rather than a true, kind, reverential courtesy, seems to have been cultivated among *preux chevaliers*, while, up to the time of Henry VIII, the sentiment of love, if we may be guided by the manners of the old ballads, was very much of the kind illustrated by that illustrious freebooter among the fair sex.

Very primitive views of the passion of love indeed are alone to be found in the old minstrelsy—both romances and ballads;—as impulsive and rude, as were those of hate and revenge. It is not till we arrive at a comparatively recent period in our own island that we find the charms of the mind and heart to mingle in the strain of the minstrel with those of the person.

“Her neck was whyter than the swan” is the most refined praise given to women in the old ballads, unless it happen that the *incident* narrated may discover her tenderness, faithfulness, or constancy. In the ‘Murder of Caerlaverock,’ Kirkpatrick and his lady are present at the feast and dance; and the spectacle of their happiness and her exceeding beauty fills the soul of Lindsay—a rejected lover of the lady—with such rage and jealousy, that he resolves to slay Kirkpatrick by night. The deed is thus described—

“Now to the chamber doth he creep,  
A lamp—of glimmering ray—  
Showed young Kirkpatrick fast asleep,  
In arms of lady gay.  
  
“He lay with bare unguarded breast,  
By sleepy juice beguiled,  
And sometimes sighed, by dreams opprest,  
And sometimes sweetly smiled.  
  
“Unclosed her mouth o’ rosy hue  
Whence issued fragrant air,  
That gently in soft motion blew  
Stray ringlets of her hair.  
\*       \*       \*       \*  
“He looted down,—her lips he press’d,  
O! kiss foreboding woe!  
Then struck to young Kirkpatrick’s heart  
A deep and deadly blow.”

We cannot longer dwell on the imitations of the old ballads; these are some of the earliest and some of the best of the Scottish imitations: of the many hundreds of thousands which have been

written during the last half century, very few are now ever read. Yet Jamieson, Pinkerton, Ritson, and many others, wrote good imitations.

We intended to have given some account of the ancient minstrels, their relation to the Scalds, Trouveurs, or Troubadours, their position in society, and gradual decay, before the advance of the printing press,—but find we cannot do it so well as it has been done before. The friendship of Blondel with king Richard, the fact that various monarchs—our Alfred among the number—disguised themselves as harpers, and thus gained admission to the royal tents on the side of his enemies,—and the large sums which were often given as the rewards of the minstrels, prove that they were not in the olden time the miserable “drunken crowders” of whom Ritson speaks; and make it highly probable that many of the old romances and ballads were composed by the minstrels, who also sung them to their harps.

While noble and peasant were alike unable to read, the minstrels would be the chief teachers (through their stories) of all classes; and the music and poetry, which the noble required, would be also sung to the artizan and labourer. Then there was a popular lyrical poetry in both England and Scotland. But when the Reformation and the printing press appeared, the richer class became educated, and could *read* the metrical tales, legends, and ballads now printed for their amusement, and therefore did not require the services of the minstrel; while the uneducated peasant, still obliged to listen, came gradually to have only such illiterate reciters and poor musicians as he could afford to support. Thus, gradually, the grand old minstrel degenerated into the strolling ballad-singer; and the golden harp, the gift of kings, was succeeded by the cracked lute or violin. In Scotland, as we have already said, something like a national education was snatched at the Reformation out of the ruins of the church property; and thus, all classes being more or less educated, a national poetry of a lyric nature remained to Scotland, and the modern ballad and song of that country has come down by legitimate descent from the times of “Alexander our kyng” to those of Robert Burns. Among the English peasantry, the old ballads have been long forgotten;—even those of Robin Hood have long been mutilated vulgar fragments,—while in Scotland, till this day, much of the genuine old minstrelsy is familiar to the dalesmen.

An account of the collectors of the old ballads, and of the manner in which the collections have come down to us, would corroborate the remark just made in reference to the ballads of Scotland and England. Those of the richer country were gathered from manuscripts in her museums, and college and cathedral libraries: those of Scotland were generally taken "from the mouth of a milkmaid"—from "the singing of an old woman in Ettrick Forest"—from the stories of old pipers, pedlars, "spinners and knitters i' the sun," and similar authentic and primitive sources. Sir W. Scott collected many during his early rides into the Border dales from the singing of old women, and he was greatly aided by the Ettrick Shepherd, who loved old ballads from his boyhood with the intensest love. A lady in Inverness-shire who had a retentive memory, and whose aunt had sung to her when a child many hundreds of old ballads, was the means of preserving very many of them. This lady, Mrs. Brown of Falkland, gave Jamieson and Sir Walter Scott some of their choicest ballads. The old hereditary pipers of the Borders—a curious class of persons, of whom we have known some specimens—were grand depositaries of old ballads. As the old minstrels lived much on the Border, so did the pipers. "Cam ye frae the Border," cries Maggy Lauder to Rob the Ranter, in the well-known song. Old Robin Hastie, town piper of Jedburgh, one of the last of his order, died about 1820; his family is said to have held the office of piper for about 300 years. Buchan got a version of the ballad of 'St. Patrick Spens' from a wandering minstrel mendicant in the north for fifty years. 'The Bonny Hind,' a dismal incident obscurely told in dark snatches of sweetest melody, was taken down from the mouth of a milkmaid in 1771.

Leyden assisted Sir Walter in his 'Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border' not less from his friendship for the author than for his love for the subject. Leyden was of the true order of the ancient minstrels, and had he not been a most learned man, would certainly have produced the finest old Scottish ballads of all the imitators. He had a tide of Scottish prejudice in his veins which boiled along there, to use the phrase poor Burns applied to himself, till its flood-gates shut in eternal rest.

A curious instance of Leyden's energy and enthusiasm for old ballad literature is given by Sir Walter: When he was collecting the Border Minstrelsy, and he and Leyden were young men at Edinburgh, "an interesting fragment had been obtained of an

ancient historical ballad, but the remainder, to the great disturbance of the editor and his coadjutor, was not to be recovered. Two days afterwards, while the editor (Sir W.) was sitting with some company after dinner, a sound was heard at a distance like the whistling of a tempest through the torn rigging of the vessel that scuds before it. The sounds increased as they approached more near, and Leyden, to the great astonishment of such of the guests as did not know him, burst into the room, chanting the desiderated ballad with the most enthusiastic gesture, and all the energy of the saw tones of his voice. It turned out that he had walked between forty and fifty miles and back again for the sole purpose of visiting an old person who possessed this precious remnant of antiquity."

Such are the channels through which the Scottish ballads have been brought down to our times. Some of the ballads thus gathered from the moorland and glen were collated with MSS. contained in the Advocates' Library, the Roxburgh Collection, and others; but, generally speaking, the Scotch and Border ballads have been taken from living lips, the English from library collections; and this, we repeat, is to be explained by the different character and intellectual training of the peasantry of the two nations.

These brief glimpses at our old ballad literature will show those readers who may not have turned their attention to the subject, that it contains not only many curious pictures of ancient manners and customs not elsewhere to be met with, but holds within it the germs of our best modern lyric poetry. The gems lying among the rude chaunts of the old centuries have been carefully picked out and set—sometimes not so well as before—in modern song. For these reasons, the old ballad literature will, probably, long retain its interest even with the general reader; and for the young Poet who wishes to get back to simplicity, pathos, directness of purpose—in short, to reality—there could be no better training, than an autumn course of the old minstrelsy in some quiet Cumberland valley, or on the banks of the Tweed.

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## ART. II.—The Works of Henry Peacham.

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*The Compleat Gentleman: fashioning him absolute in the most necessary and commendable qualities concerning Mind or Body, that may be required in a person of Honor. To which is added the Gentleman's Exercise, or an exquisite practice, as well for drawing all manner of Beasts, as for making Colours, to be used in Painting, Limming, &c. By HENRY PEACHAM, Mr. of Arts, sometime of Trinity Colledge in Cambridge.*

“— Inutilis olim  
Ne videat vixisse”—

The Third Impression. London : Printed for Richard Thrale, at the signe of the Cross Keys at St. Paul's Gate, 1661, [Small 4to, pp. 455.]

*The Worth of a Penny; or, a Caution to keep Money. With the Causes of the Scarcity, and Misery of the want thereof, in these hard and merciless times: as also how to save it, in our Diet, Apparel, Recreations, &c. And also what honest courses men in want may take to live. By HENRY PEACHAM, Mr. in Arts, &c. Now newly reprinted, &c. London : Printed by S. Griffin, for William Lee, at the Turk's Head in Fleet-street, over against Fetter-lane, 1669. [Small 4to, pp. 36.]*

*The Art of Living in London: or, a Caution how Gentlemen, Countreymen and Strangers, drawn by occasion of businesse, should dispose of themselves in the thrifliest way, not onely in the Citiie, but in all other populous places. As also a direction to the Poorer Sort that come thither to seek their Fortunes. By H. P. Printed for John Gyles, and are to be sold by Samuel Rand, at his shop at Barnard's Inne in Holborne, 1642. [Small 4to, pp. 8.]*

DOCTOR Johnson has rendered the name of the author of these treatises familiar to many, by frequent citations from them for his Dictionary ; and this is good *prima facie* evidence of their excellency. The ‘Compleat Gentleman’ is, as its title imports, a code of rules for the education and conduct of those whom Providence has placed in the higher walks of life ; and we think that a few pages of the *Retrospective Review* may be appropriately devoted to what was the standard work on this important subject two hundred years ago. These seventeenth-century gentleman differed in many material respects from his representative of the present day, as well as from his ancestor of the middle ages. One of the most remarkable features in the social history of this class in old times is, that, in spite of their professed

contempt of trade and every sordid occupation, hundreds of well-born persons were dependent upon the nobility, served them in what would now be regarded as very derogatory employments, and even wore their livery. This custom was not extinct in Peacham's time; for he gives us in his 'Epistle to the Reader' an incidental instance of it. While he was on a visit to a man of distinction on the borders of Artois, a young English gentleman who had been on his travels and exhausted his purse, so that he had no means of accomplishing the short remainder of the journey, applied to the great man, desiring "entertainment into his service." He was asked what he could do; "for I keep none," said my Lord, "but such as are commended for some good quality or other, and I give them good allowance; some an hundred, some sixty, some fifty crowns by the year: and calling some about him (very gentlemen-like, as well in their behaviour as their apparel), This, saith he, rides and breakes my great horses; this is an excellent lutenist; this, a good painter and surveyor of land; this, a passing linguist and scholler, who instructeth my sons, &c." "Sir (quoth this young man), I am a gentleman born, and can only attend you in your chamber, or wait upon your lordship abroad,"—and into the office of lacquey he was, at Peacham's request, immediately inducted! Thus, with all the pride of ancestry strong upon them, necessitous gentlemen would often undertake employments, which none but people of the humblest grade now fulfil. The case of the young clergy, retained in great families (and not unfrequently as well descended as their patrons themselves) was still worse. Macaulay's 'Young Levite' has been objected to as an exaggeration or a caricature; but none will deny the contemporary evidence of our author who, while writing for a particular class, had no motive, but a sense of justice, for holding up the faults and errors of that class to public view.

"Such," he says, "is the most base and ridiculous parsimony of many of our gentlemen (if I may so term them), that if they can they will procure some poor Bachelor of Art from the University to teach their children to say grace, and serve the cure of an impropriation, who, wanting means and friends, will be content upon the promise of ten pounds a-year at his first coming to be pleased with five; the rest to be set off in hope of the next advowson, (which perhaps was sold before the young man was born): or, if it chance to fall in his time, his lady or master tels him; indeed sir, we are beholden unto you for your pains; such a living is lately fald, but I had before made a promise of it to my butler or bailif for his true and extraordinary service; when the truth is, he hath bestowed it upon himself for 80 or an 100 pieces, which indeed his man two dayes before had fast hold of, but could

not keep. Is it not commonly seen, that most gentlemen will give better wages and deal more beautifully with a fellow who can but teach a dog, or reclaim an hawk than upon an honest, learned, and well-qualified man to bring up their children? It may be, hence it is that dogs are able to make syllogisms in the fields, when their young masters can conclude nothing at home, if occasion of argument or discourse be offered at the table."

The 'Compleat Gentleman' commences with a view of "Nobility in Generall : that it is a plant from heaven, the root, branches, and fruit." This chapter deals more in good sense and sound argument than its title would seem to promise ; and abounds with illustrative anecdotes, many of which oppugn rather than support the notion prevalent in the author's times, that no good thing could come out of the Nazareth of plebeianism. Peacham, though a 'Mr. of Arts,' had not mastered the art of flattery, for he speaks out his mind in a courageous tone as often as a fair opportunity presents itself. For example, alluding to the lax morals of his period, he says : "Such are the miserable corruptions of our times, that vices go for prime virtues ; and to be drunk, swear, wench, follow fashions, and do just nothing, are the attributes and markes now-a-dayes of *a great part* of our gentry." At the same time, he does not let slip any opportunity of decrying the vulgar and pretentious assumption of gentilitiil honours, which seems to have been as common in the seventeenth as it is in the nineteenth century :

"Having discoursed of nobility in general . . . give me leave in a word to inveigh against the pittifull abuse thereof, which like a plague, I think, hath infected the whole world, every undeserving and base peasant aiming at nobility ; which miserablie ambition hath so furnished both town and countrey with coats of a new list, that were Democritus living, he might have laughing matter for his life. In Naples, such is the pride of every base groom, that though he be di stalla he must be termed Signore, and scarce wil open a note from a poor Calzolaiao, to whom he hath been a twelvemonth indebted for his boots, if Don be not the superscription. In Venice, likewise, every mechanick is a magnifico, though his magnificenza walketh in the market but with a chequin. In France, every peasant and common lacquey is saluted by name of Mounseur, or Sire, the king himself having no other title. . . . In the Low Countries, mine old host of Arnhem in Gilderland changed his coat and crest thrice in a fortnight, because it did not please his young wife. For there, ye must understand, they are all gentlemen by a grant (they say) from Charles the Fifth, in consideration of a great sum of money they lent him in time of his wars. Come into any house soever, though myn heer wert be but a gardener, ropemaker, or aqua vitæ seller, you shall be sure to have his arms, with the beaver full-faced (allowed to none but kings and princes) in his glasse window, with some motto or other, his own device. . . . Some again, by altering letters or syllables, or adding to their names, will insinuate themselves into noble houses, and not stick many times to bear their coats."

Hear this ye *novi homines*, ye Tayleures, and Smythes, and Brounes, and Robynsones; especially if you have made money by railways or cotton-mills; for Master Peacham elsewhere expressly tells us, that we must on no account reckon as noble or gentle those "who by mechanick means have raked up a masse of wealth."

The second chapter is an eulogium on learning, and the third treats "Of the time of Learning, Duty of Masters, and the fittest Method to be observed." The latter abounds with valuable hints, derived from the author's own experience as a teacher; for he had been, as he himself tells us, tutor to the Earl of Arundel's children. And it is curious, not to say painful, to observe that many of the educational errors and defects prevalent in the middle of the seventeenth century remain unremedied down to the present day. Thus:

"For one discreet and able teacher you shall find twenty ignorant and carelessse; who where they make one scholler marre ten."

"The self-same method agrees not with all alike. . . . But we see, out of the master's carterly judgment, like horses in a team they are set to draw all alike, when some one or two prime and able wits in the school, *avroδιδακτοι*, (which he culs out to admiration if strangers come, as a costard-monger his fairest pippins!) like fleet hounds go away with the game, when the rest need helping over a stile behind."

"Some affect, and severer schools enforce, a precise and tedious strictness, in long keeping the scholars by the walls; as from before six in the morning till twelve, or past; so likewise in the afternoon: which beside the dulling of the wit and dejecting of the spirit (for, *Otii non minus quam negotii ratio extare debet*) breeds in him afterwards a kind of hate and carelessness of study when he comes to be at his own liberty."

Many others of a similar kind might be adduced did our space permit it. In some things, however, the modern pedagogue stands in favourable contrast to his predecessor in the days of the Charleses. "I knew one," says Peacham, "who in winter would ordinarily in a cold morning whip his boyes over but for no other purpose than to get himself a heat: another beat them for swearing, and all the while sweares himself, with horrible oathes, that he would forgive any fault saving *that!*" And we trust that there are now-a-days few masters like our author's own Hertfordshire preceptor, who would never teach his pupils anything that their fathers had not learned before them, lest they should "prove saucy rogues and controle those fathers." Noble friend of "progress!"

The chapters on the "Duties of Parents in their Children's Education," and "of a Gentleman's Carriage in the University" display

much sound judgment. The sixth, “of style in Speaking and Writing, and of History,” is an excellent practical essay which a modern student might advantageously peruse. In recommending models of English style, he enumerates Sir Thomas More’s ‘Life of Richard the Third,’ Sydney’s ‘Arcadia,’ Bacon’s ‘Essays,’ Hooker’s ‘Ecclesiastical Polity,’ Hayward’s ‘Henry the Fourth and Edward the Sixth,’ and Sir Robert Cotton’s ‘Henry the Third.’ But he would not confine himself exclusively to these :

“ Procure, if you may, the speeches made in parliament ; frequent learned sermons ; in term time resort to the star chamber, and be present at the pleadings in other public courts, whereby you shall better your speech, enrich your understanding, and get more experience in one moneth than in other four by keeping your melancholy study, and by solitary meditation, as *Contemplatio mortis et immortalitatis* by the Earl of Manchester, and the mirror which flatters not by De la Serres. Imagine not that hereby I would bind you from reading all other books, since there is no book so bad, even Sir Bevis himself, Owleglasse, or Nashes Herring, but some commodity may be gotten by it. For as in the same pasture the ox findeth fodder, the hound a hare, the stork a lizard, the fair maid flowers, so we cannot, except we list ourselves (saith Seneca) but depart the better from any book whatever.”

The chapter “of Cosmography” would be best described by the epithet *queer*, but as it only copies the strange theories believed in before the introduction of the Newtonian philosophy, we cannot afford space for quoting from it. Chapters viii and ix comprise remarks on Geography and on Geometry, or rather upon curious mechanical contrivances. Chapter x is a clever essay on Poetry, and Chapter xi an eulogium of Music. After commemorating several distinguished personages who had been eminent in this art, he introduces us to a living worthy who was hardly surpassed in accomplishments by Crichton himself. This is the Landgrave Maurice of Hesse, “who carrieth away the palme for excellency, not only in musick, but in whatsoever is to be wished in a brave prince.” He composed motets for his own chapel, and was his own organist—spoke with fluency ten or twelve different languages—and was so universal a scholar that, on coming to the University of Marpurge (Marburg), he would dispute *ex tempore*, in boots and spurs, upon any question posted up for argumentation, according to the then-prevailing German fashion, and that, too, with the most eminent professors of the several faculties ; and, as the culminating point of his genius, he was accounted “*the best bone-setter in the country!*” Chapter xii “of Antiquities,” treats principally of statues, inscriptions, and coins, giving precedence to statues on account of “their greater standing

and antiquity ; . . . for not to speak of inscriptions but of the genius of them—writing and letters—they seem to be much the later invention, as it was more obvious and *easier for man to figure and represent his outward body than his inward mind.*" One of the most curious chapters in the book is the thirteenth, which treats of Drawing, Limming, and Painting, the study of which our author considers most commendable and useful to gentlemen ; and very naturally, since he was himself an adept in the fine arts, as he takes care to inform us :

" Painting is a quality I love (I confess) and admire in others, because ever naturally, from a child, I have been addicted to the practice hereof ; yet when I was young I have been cruelly beaten by ill and ignorant school-masters, when I have been taking, in white and black, the countenance of some one or other ; yet could they never beat it out of me. I remember one master I had (and yet living not farre from S. Albanes) took me one time drawing out with my pen a pear-tree and boyes throwing at it, at the ende of the Latine grammar : which he perceiving, in a rage strook me with the great end of the rod and rent my paper, swearing it was the only way to teach me to rob orchards ; beside, that I was placed with him to be made a scholler and not a painter—which I was very likely to be, when I well remember he construed unto me the beginning of the first ode in Horace [thus :] *Editæ, set ye forth—Mæcenas, the sports—atavis regibus, of our ancient kings* " ! !

Peacham, afterwards, either had abler masters, or was one of the *avroδιδακτοι* ; for the 'Compleat Gentleman' evinces throughout considerable scholarship, although it exhibits a good deal of the pedantry of the age ; and we cannot help observing that the author frequently loses sight of his professed object of instructing the reader in his earnestness to display his own curious stock of learning and information.

" Directions for painting or colouring of cuts and printed pictures" form the subject-matter of the next chapter. (Fancy a country gentleman on a wet afternoon sitting down with his paint-box before him to colour prints as children in our nurseries now do !) At the head of it we have a list of colours, some of which it would puzzle a modern R.A. to make out. For example, " Abram colour"—" Blanket colour, i. e. a light *watchet*"—" Prinee blew"—" Scarlet, i. e. crimson or stammel"—" Shammy colour, a smoskie or *rain colour*"—" Turkie colour, i. e. Venice blew, or, as others will have it, red !!"—" Sabell colour, i. e. flame colour !"—" Gran-gran colour, i. e. divers colours together, as in mallards or pigeons neck." This and much other such-like jargon is agreeably relieved

by ‘Incarnadine’—a word extinct, indeed, and dead to our living speech, but embalmed for ever in the glowing words of the Bard :

“ Will all great Neptune’s ocean wash this blood  
Clean from my hand? No : this my hand will rather  
The multitudinous seas *incarnadine*,  
Making the green red.” \*

*Macbeth*, ii, 2.

From the sublime to the ridiculous is, we all know, no lengthened journey, and we will therefore step over a few of Mr. Peacham’s directions for ‘mixing of colours,’ and proceed to inform artistical aspirants how to paint a few of the various subjects that may come within the scope of their practice. At random we select from a very long list the following :

“ Pallas, the goddess of wisdom, with a blew mantle imbroidered with silver.

“ Ceres, the patroness of corne, paint with yellow haire, a straw-coloured mantle trimm'd with silver.

“ Vulcan, the deifi’d blacksmith, paint in a scarlet robe.

“ Hymen, the marriage god, with long yellow haire, and in a purple or yellow saffron-coloured mantle.

“ Alexander Magnus, with yellow haire, some say brown, and a ruddy complexion.

“ Mahomet, the Turks’ great prophet, in green.

“ Liberty, in white.

“ Wit, in a discoloured mantle.

“ Audacity, in *blush*-colour!

“ Theodore Beza, white-haired.

“ Modesty, in blew.

“ William Whitaker, D.D., blackhair’d and of a ruddy complexion!”

The next three chapters are devoted to Heraldry, in which Peacham was an adept. In his time, the study of this science was an essential part of every gentleman’s education, and due prominence is therefore given to it in the treatise.

Chapter xvii (there are two so headed in the book) is “Of Exercise of the Body” and discusses horsemanship, tilting, hunting, throwing, leaping, wrestling, shooting, hawking, and swimming. In commanding the last-named exercise, our author mentions a fact which we do not recollect having met with elsewhere :

“ Resolute was that attempt of Gerrard and Harvey, two gentlemen of our own nation, who in eighty-eight, in the fight at sea, swam in the night-time, and pierced with awgers, or such-like instruments, the sides of the Spanish gallions, and returned back safe to the fleet.”

\* Dr. Johnson, *in voc.*, remarks, “This word I find only once.” He had therefore overlooked Peacham’s use of it.

The practice of spending their winter in towns was common among the gentry in the time of Peacham. As Mr. Macaulay tells us, they resorted principally to the county-towns for the sake of association with one another; and while the gentlemen attended to their magisterial business, the ladies did their shopping for the year. Many county-towns owed their main support to this hibernation of the great families in them; and the "town-houses," as they were called, may still be traced in numerous instances. Even so lately as the publication of the '*Magna Britannia*,' Lewes, the chief town of Sussex, is described as "chiefly composed of gentlemen's seats joining one to another, with their gardens adjoining, some ascending and others descending, according as the hills rise or fall on or near which they stand." Peacham discommends this custom: "I detest that effeminacy of the most, that burn out day and night in their beds and by the fire-side, in trifles, gaming, or courting their yellow mistresses all the winter in a city; appearing but as cuckoos in the spring, one time in the year to the country and their tenants, leaving the care of keeping good houses at Christmas to the honest yeomen of the country." What would he have thought of the present fashion of passing six months of the year in smoky London?

From a chapter on Reputation and Carriage, we select the following passage:

"Within these fifty or three score years, it was a rare thing with us in England to see a drunken man, our nation carrying the name of the most sober and temperate of any other in the world. But since we had to do in the quarrel of the Netherlands, about the time of Sir John Morrice, his first being there, the custom of drinking and pledging healths was brought over into England; wherein let the Dutch be their own judges, if we equall them or not; yea, I think rather excell them." (p. 272.)

With three more chapters respectively devoted to "Travel," "Military Observations," and "Fishing," the '*Compleat Gentleman*' is brought to a close; but the '*Gentleman's Exercise*' takes up its pagination, and extends to upwards of 150 pages more. Its subject is sufficiently explained by the title. The third book, however, is a dialogue on the blazoning of Arms, and we pass on to that curious separate little treatise '*The Worth of a Penny*.' We are not sure that a more acceptable present could be made to the readers of the *Retrospective Review* than a reproduction of the entire tract; but both they and ourselves must rest content with a few excerpts.

It seems that Mr. Peacham, noticing the complaint—as common it would appear in the seventeenth century as in the nineteenth—of the scarcity of money, began, in a highly commendable spirit, to look into the causes of this want. He found them, as he tells us, manifold. First, there were the misers, who like the griffons of Bactria, so brooded over their treasures, that it was “impossible for charity to be regarded, virtue rewarded, or necessity relieved.”

“Another sort dote upon the stamp of their money, and the bright lustre of their gold, and rather than they will suffer it to see the light, will hide it in hills, old walls, thatch, or tiles of their houses, tree-roots, and such places; as not many years since, at Wainflet, in Lincolnshire, there was found in digging of a backside to sow hemp in, an old rusty helmet of iron, rammed in full of pieces of gold, with the picture and arms of King Henry the First [?]; and money thus hid the owner seldom or never meets withal again, being many times prevented by sudden death, or lost by casualty or their forgetfulness. Monsieur Gaulart, a great man of France (though none of the wisest), in the times of the civil wars, buried some two thousand crowns a mile or two from his house, in an open fallow field, and, that he might know the place again, took his mark from the spire of the steeple that was right against the place. The wars being ended, he came with a friend of his as near the place as he could guess to look for his money, which not finding, and wondring what the reason should be, after in the circumference he had gone about the steeple (being right against it which way soever he went) quoth he to his friend: Is there no cheating knave (think you) in the steeple that turns it about?—imagining that it went round, and himself stood still, as Copernicus did of the globe of the earth.”

Mr. Peacham accounts even the “prodigal man” a better member of the commonwealth than a hoarder of his money. Indeed he holds the miser in sovereign contempt. He seems to have some special person in view, who instead of satin, which befitted his means, wore “sacken;” imbibed “pitiful small beer too bad to be drunk, and somewhat too good to drive a water-mill;” and after wearing a hat eight and thirty years talked of petitioning Parliament against haberdashers for abusing the country with the slightness of their wares! “Another cause of scarcity and want of money”—hear it ye Brights and Cobdens!—“are *peaceful times*, the nurses of pride and idleness, wherein people increase”—shade of Malthus!—“yet hardly get employment. Those of the richer and abler sort give themselves to observe and follow every fashion, and what an infinite sum of money yearly goeth out of this kingdom into foreign parts, for the jewel of our fashionable pride!” Sound philosophy, doubtless, was that of our “Mr. of Arts,” who in

the spirit of his age (a spirit still lingering amongst some)—thought that English gunpowder was a better investment than French silk, or Spanish wine, and that killing time in frivolous occupations was a less desirable state of things than killing one another in good earnest! His views are, however, so excellent in the main, that we must forgive him this one error of judgment. Some other causes of the scarcity of money are added, such as—the decay of traffic in consequence of the increase of piracy—the sending of specie to the East Indies—and the injurious operation of monopolies; and these are followed by “the common and ordinary causes why men are poor and want money”—dishonesty, luxury, idleness, over-building, gaming, &c. Under the head of idleness, our author relates the following anecdote, which illustrates the lax views entertained in that age upon the subject of capital punishments:

“I remember, when I was in the Low Countries, there were three soldiers, a Dutchman, a Scot, and an Englishman, for their misdemeanors condemned to be hanged: *yet their lives were beg'd by three several men*, one a bricklayer, that he might help him to make bricks and carry them to the walls; the other was a brewer of Delft, who beg'd his man to fetch water and do other work in the brew-house; now the third was a gardiner, and desired the third man to help him to work and dress an hop-garden. The two first accepted their offers thankfully; this last, the Englishman, told his master, in plain terms, that his friends never brought him up to gather hops, but desired to be hanged first—and so he was!”

Imprudent marriages, again, are assigned as causes of poverty. Some, we are told, match themselves in the heat of youth, without the advice of their parents and friends “unto proud, foolish, and light housewives, or *such perfect linguists*, that one were better to take his diet in Hell (which a marginal note, with something of the air of an advertisement, informs us, is ‘a place near to Westminster Hall, where very good meat is dressed all term time’) than his dinner at home: and this,” he adds, “is the reason so many of their husbands travel beyond the seas, or at home go from town to town, from tavern to tavern, to look for company; and in a word, to spend anything, to live anywhere, save at home in their own houses.”

But while Peacham discommends every thing like improvidence and waste, he never lets slip an opportunity of reprobating the opposite vice of avarice, of which he tells several cutting anecdotes; as of the countryman, who to save butcher's meat, made his boys

climb steeples and high trees, all spring time, to catch crows and daws. But this was nothing to the "saving knowledge" of a certain farmer of 'Prior's-Thorney, near to Swafham in Norfolk.' A workman of this worthy, growing weary of life, resolved to hang himself in a barn, cutting for that purpose a piece of a rope belonging to his master. Fortunately, however, he was detected in the act, and rescued from death; and his master at the next pay-day did not forget to deduct a penny, the value of the cord, from his wages!

From the section entitled 'The simple worth of a single penny,' we select a few examples.

"A penny bestowed in charity upon a poor body, shall not want an heavenly reward.

"For a penny you may hear a most eloquent oration upon our English kings and queens, if, keeping your hands off, you seriously listen to him who keeps the monuments at Westminster.

"You may have in Cheap-side your penny tripled in the same kind; for you shall have penny-grass, penny-wort, and penny-royal for your penny.

"For a penny, you may have all the news in England and other countries, of murders, floods, *witches*, fires, tempests, and what not, in the weekly news-books.

"For a penny, an hostess or an hostler may buy as much chalk as will score up thirty or forty pounds; but how to come by their money, *that* let them look to.

"An hard-favoured and ill-bred wench made penny-white, may (as our times are) prove a gallant lady.

"For a penny, you might have been advanced to that height that you shall be above the best in the City—yea, the lord-maior himself; that is to the top of Pauls.

"For a penny you may buy the hardest book in the world, and which at sometime or other hath posed the greatest clerks in the land, *viz.*, an Horn-book: the making up of which book employeth above thirty trades.

"For a penny, you may buy as much wood of that tree which is green all the year and beareth red berries, as will cure any shrew's tongue, if it be too long for her mouth—*viz.*, a holly wand!

"For a penny you may search among the Rolls, and withal give the Master good satisfaction,—I mean in a *baker's basket*!

"A penny may save the credit of many, as it did of four or five young scholars in Cambridge (some of them are yet living in London) who, going into the town to break their fast with puddings, (having sent to their colledge for bread and bear) the hostess brought them twelve puddings broil'd; and finding among themselves that they had but eleven pence, they were much troubled about the other penny, they not having any book about them to lay in pawn for it: quothe one, bolder than the rest, *Audaces fortuna juvat*:—Fortune favours the venturesome;—and, biting off a piece off the pudding's end, by wonderful luck spit out a penny that paid for it, which it seems was

buried in the oatmeal or spice ; so that for the time they saved their credits. But I will leave this discourse of a pennie's worth to their judgments and experience, who, having been troubled with overmuch money, afterwards in no long time have been fain, after a long dinner with Duke Humphrey, to take a nap upon penny-less bench, only to verifie the old proverb—A fool and his money is soon parted."

Then follow some practical hints on saving money by frugality in eating, and especially by the avoidance of tavern-dinners, for which the charges appear to have been most exorbitant, 8s. being mentioned as the price of a capon, 7s. or 9s. for a pair of soles, and 4s. for a dozen of larks in some instances. Our author denies the old libel of the French, that "*Les Anglois sont les plus gros mangeurs de tout le monde,*" affirming that the Danes and Norwegians exceed us, and the Russians them. "I confess," he adds, "we have had, and have yet, some remarkable eaters amongst us, who for a wager would have eaten with the best of them, as Wolmer, of Windsor, and not long since, Wood, of Kent, who ate up at one dinner, fourteen green geese, equal to the old ones in bigness, with sawee of gooseberries,\* according as I heard it affirmed to my lord, Richard earl of Dorset, at a dinner-time at his house, at Knowl, in Kent, by one of his gentlemen who was an eye-witness to the same." As a set-off against this monstrous piece of gluttony, we have the confession of a certain usurer, who, on his death-bed, declared that he was above £200 in his stomach's debt for breakfasts, dinners and suppers, of which he had defrauded it in term time, in London and elsewhere. Our author execrates "the miserable and base humour of many, who, to save their money, will live upon vile and loathsome things, as mushrooms, snails, frogs, mice, and young kitlings." We confess our own antipathy to at least two of the items in this curious bill of fare ; but snails we know to be not only wholesome, but very agreeable to the palate, if properly dressed ; and as for frogs, we leave the decision of the question to our neighbours over the water. Strange and unaccountable are our prejudices on the subject of food. Our ancestors of the days of Cassivelaunus, would not touch what we now regard as delicacies : "*Leporem, et gallinam, et anserem gustare, fas non putant.*" (Cæsar, de Bell. Gall. v. 13.)† And with regard to

\* It is, we think, not generally known that this fruit derives its name from the old practice of eating it with young geese.

† So lately as the last century, this antipathy was retained by some of the peasants of Cornwall, who could by no means be persuaded to eat "hollow fowl," under which designation hares, chickens, and geese were included.

mushrooms—in our times the delight of epicures,—it would appear that in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, they occupied a kind of dubious ground between things clean and things unclean.\* Snails, we venture to think, will, like mushrooms, outlive this disgust, and stand at least upon a par with things in their own nature much more objectionable, such as crabs, “cannibal” pike, and mutton fattened in a churchyard; but against mice and “young kitlings,” we must once and for ever protest! Another nasty practice prevailed in the time of our amusing author: “I have known,” he says, “Ladies, who, when they have eaten till they could eat no more of all the daintiest dishes of the table, yet they must eat the leggs of their larks rosted anew in a greasy tallow-candle, and if they carve but a bit of a burnt claw to any gentleman at the table, he must take it as an extraordinary favour from her ladyship!”

‘Thrift and good husbandry in apparel’ form the next topic, and it is one upon which Peacham declaims in a round style, declaring that we English are the apes of Europe, and Proteus-like “change our shapes every year, nay, every quarter, month, and week, as well in our doublets, hose, cloaks, hats, bands, boots, and what not.” He is no friend to Parisian modes, and exhorts us not to “dogg” the fashion, “by setting the tailor on work at the sight of every Monsieur’s new suit. . . . . ‘I see no reason,’ he adds, “why a Frenchman should not imitate our English fashion as well as we his. What! have the French more wit than we in fitting cloaths to the body, or a better invention or way in saving money in the buying or making of apparel? Surely, I think not.” “It may be,” he concludes, “that our English, when they had to do in France, got a humour of affecting their fashions, which they could not shake off since”—a sly hit at Monsieur this; as one should say, “Though we are a little servile in this one respect, there was a time when we were your masters!” But we must pass on to the little tract—‘The Art of Living in London.’ In the early part of this brochure, the author states his design in writing it.

“Now the citie being like a vast sea, full of gusts, fearfull dangerous shelves and rocks, ready at every storme to sinke and cast away the weake and unexperienced bark (with her fresh-water souldiers) as wanting a compass and skilfull pilot; my selfe, like another Columbus or Drake, acquainted with her rough entertainment and stormes, have drawn you this chart or map

\* See our last number in the article on Borde’s ‘Boke of Knowledge,’ p. 163.

for your guide, as well out of mine owne as my many friends experience. . . . Who therefore soever shall have occasion to come to the city for the occasions before mentioned, the first thing he is to doe is to arm himself with patience, and to thinke that he is entred into a wood where there is as many bryers as people, every one as ready to catch hold of your fleece as yourself."

After a few more observations as complimentary as these to the honesty and morality of Londoners, the author proceeds to advise gentlemen how to dispose of themselves and their time. They are not to consume the day by lying in bed, nor by walking up and down from street to street; but should they be without business or "usefull company," they must read the Bible and books of piety, or works treating upon "Naturall and Morall History," mathematics, arithmetic, music, or heraldry; but in case the gentleman is not of a studious turn, he can engage a master in some of the arts which Tully calls *venales*, which are taught for money, as dancing, fencing, riding, painting, or the like.

"Next, have a care of saving and improving your money to the best: As who would bespeake a supper or dinner at all adventure at a taverne, and not know the price of every dish, as the Italians and other nations doe, while they laugh at our English for their vaine profuseness and simplicity, who, when the dinner is ended must stand to the curtesie of a nimble-tongued drawer, or a many-ringed whistling mistresse, whether they or you should be masters of your money. Beside, one dish well drest gives a good stomache more and better content than a variety of twenty. And above all things, beware of beastly drunkennesse. . . . Next, let every man beware of play and gaming, as cards, and especially dice at ordinaries and other places; for in the citie there are many who live onely by cheating and cunning, that will so strip a young heir or novice but lately come to towne, and, wood-cocke like, so pull his wings, that hee shall in a short time never be able to fyle over ten acres of his owne land. . . . Let a moneyed man or gentleman especially beware in the city *ab istis calidis et callidis solis filiabus*: those over-hot and crafty daughters of the sunne, your silken and gold-laced harlots everywhere (especially in the suburbs) to bee found. These have been, and are daily the ruine of thousands; and if they happen to allure and entice him, which is only to cheat him and picke his pocket to boot with the bargain she makes, but let him resolutely say, as Diogenes did to Lais of Corinth, *Non tanti emam paenitentiam*, I will not buy repentance at such a rate."

The gentleman-visitor to London is next warned to keep out of debt, especially with his tailor; and if he be a landed man, he is cautioned to beware of usurers "of whom he shall find as much mercy in cities as an oxe cheeke from a butcher's curre." On his first arrival in the dangerous city, he should, after setting up his

horses and seeing them well used, take a private chamber, so as to be able to spend his spare hours there, in preference to going to taverns, theatres, or worse places. Next he should pay for whatever he orders on delivery. He would not do amiss to have his diet in his own chamber, "an hot joyst of mutton, veale, or the like," and what remains should be retained in his apartment and covered with a fair napkin for the next morning's breakfast!

We, of the *Retrospective Review*, are among the number of those who like to *look* back, without any desire to *go* back, to old times. So far from being *laudatores temporis acti*, we rejoice at having been born in these later times. Thanks to railways, we have no apprehension when we visit London, on the score of neglected horses. For a moderate outlay, our club furnishes us with a sufficient dinner and breakfast, without the intervention of the "fair napkin;" while the excellent police regulations of modern days defend us against most of the knavery of which honest Mr. Peacham complains. Similar contrasts suggest themselves throughout the whole of our worthy friend's publications; and the nineteenth century is, we venture to conclude, as much better as it is older, than the seventeenth, for intelligence, morality, and the comforts of life. Under this impression we have thought it worth while to reproduce in these pages as much as modern readers will care to peruse, of the writings of one of the most popular, graphic, and interesting delineators of the manners and habits of the former period.

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### ART. III.—*James Gillray's Caricatures.*

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*The Works of JAMES GILLRAY, from the Original Plates, with the addition of many subjects not before collected.* Imperial folio. Bohn.

*Historical and descriptive account of the Caricatures of JAMES GILLRAY, comprising, a Political and Humorous History of the latter part of the reign of George the Third.* By THOMAS WRIGHT, Esq., F.S.A., and R. H. EVANS, Esq. 8vo. Bohn.

THE history of the plates engraved by Gillray, as given in the octavo volume thus entitled, is not a little remarkable. For many years, this celebrated artist resided in the house of

Mrs. Humphrey, the well-known publisher in New Bond Street, and afterwards of St. James's Street, to whom he was under a positive engagement, that all his works should be exclusively her property; this engagement however,—for the sake of his insatiable desire for drink—he avoided, by selecting new subjects, successfully disguising his usual style and manipulation, and upon such occasions he disposed of his engraved plates to Mr. Fores, of Piccadilly.

Times went not well with Mrs. Humphrey in latter years, and upon the plates that she possessed, she obtained a loan of one thousand guineas; unable to redeem them, an offer of five hundred pounds had been refused,—that offer made by Mr. Bohn. A few years more and Mrs. Humphrey died,—the plates still unredeemed, and her executors, no doubt in ignorance, disposed of them as useless copper. They were, however, saved, thanks to the present publisher, who by the merest accident, rescued them from destruction, and then procuring whatever else he could, formed the extraordinary collection now before us.

In early life, the father of James Gillray was a soldier, born at Lanark, in Scotland, in 1720; he lost an arm at the battle of Fontenoy; on his return to England he became an out-pensioner of Chelsea Hospital, and for forty years held the office of sexton at the Moravian burying ground there, where his remains were deposited in 1799.

His son, young Gillray, made his first appearance in this world in the year 1757, and like the illustrious Hogarth, began his career as a letter engraver. It may be presumed, the monotony of such employment was ill fitted to a temperament like his, for he deserted his employer. He is next heard of as one of a company of strolling players, undergoing various hardships,—such as this course of life invariably entails, and made it even much more precarious at that period than now;—this he quitted, and we find him a student of the Royal Academy,—where he must have pursued his studies with great diligence, for at the age of twenty-seven, many plates had left his burin, of great pictorial effect and freedom,—“resembling,”—says his biographer, “much of the earlier manner of Stothard.” The ‘Village Train,’ and the ‘Deserted Village,’ dated as early as 1784, are not the works of promise, but of maturity in art, exceeding well engraved; and about this time also are his two admirable portraits of William Pitt: he also engraved from Lady Spencer’s drawings,—from some caprice,—it

might be with the idea of mystifying, or misleading, but he adopted fictitious names, often in his early caricatures using J. S. interlaced—the monogram of Sayer; and he might thus unconsciously have been of great service to Sayer in assisting him to his pension; for Sayer was either liked or feared by Pitt sufficiently to obtain of that minister a pension from the civil list for life.

Although his own caricatures were eagerly sought for, Gillray ceased not his labours in engraving from the works of others, as the large plates of 'The Delivery of the Prisoners from the Bastile,' and the Marquis Cornwallis Receiving the Royal Hostages, at Seringapatam (after Northcote), prove; though the latter may be considered the last production of this class. Gillray knew the art of lithography, and exercised it with considerable ability; he could also engrave on wood, of which, specimens like the lithograph of the 'Musical Party' are extremely rare; one other power he acquired in an eminent degree—he could draw: a quality most of the engravers of the present day deem needless, and hence their inferiority. Well would it be for the student in the art to remember that the freedom we so value in the works of Sir Robert Strange, Bartolozzi, and of Vendramini, is the result of this same quality, each having left him brilliant examples of his skill, especially the latter, which seem not of late years to be held at their proper value.

That Gillray possessed poetical feeling as well as delicacy of treatment, we would instance the allegory of 'Britannia between Scylla and Charybdis';—of refined sentiment and exquisite finish, the charming full length portrait of the Duchess of York is evidence enough;—for grandeur of conception, that crowded emblematical panorama, called the 'Apotheosis of Hoche,'—is singularly successful; it is neither more nor less than a grand historical picture displaying the horrors of the French Revolution; seated midway on a rainbow, and surrounded by a halo, is the figure of Hoche, playing upon the guillotine, as though it were a lyre; over him and guarded by monsters, are the tables of the commandments perverted—as, *thou shalt steal,—thou shalt commit murder,* &c.; upon the right are thousands of headless beings kneeling before the commandments; on the opposite side are groups, in vast multitudes, bearing copies of blasphemous works, and representing the vices and crimes of the National Assembly; below are plains deserted—cities given to the flames, murder, suicide, duelling, and

carnage; while plague, pestilence, fire, and famine are dispersed throughout the picture.

But it is with Gillray, as a caricaturist, we have most to deal; and it is only when compared with all others who ever made it a profession, that we see how infinitely superior he rises above them. It is while wading through a pile of those produced by Sayer, the elder Cruikshank, Rowlandson, and others, that we can form a true estimate of Gillray, and a consciousness that he stands alone. It should also be remembered, that under the first three monarchs of the house of Hanover, politics drew into its vortex art as well as literature; the very passion for caricature tended in a great measure to debase art. Although Hogarth believed himself a great historical painter, yet he escaped it not; Gillray, as great as Hogarth, was drawn into it, and he, it may with truth be said, was a great artist thrown away upon politics; nevertheless, it is to that very greatness we owe the high artistic qualities so prominent in all of them. He it was who first gave John Bull personal identity; we trace the old fellow through various forms and phases of character, until he settled down into the jolly top-booted old gentleman we now recognise at once. "There is no species of humour," says Washington Irving, "in which the English more excel than that which consists in caricaturing and giving ludicrous appellations or nicknames. In this way they have whimsically designated not merely individuals, but nations; and in their fondness for pushing a joke, they have not spared even themselves. Thus have they embodied their national oddities in the figure of a corpulent old fellow, with a stout oaken cudgel." True it is, there is scarcely a person in actual existence, more absolutely present to the public mind, than that eccentric personage John Bull, esquire.

One of Gillray's settled objects, and which he prosecuted with great energy, was to render the French revolution and the National Assembly atrocious and disgusting in the eyes of Englishmen, and at the same time to make Napoleon the detestation of the British people; to effect the former purpose, he pictures the sans-culottes as a hideous set of fiends, cooking and gorging upon the bodies of their murdered victims; he illustrates the execution of the French king under the title of *The blood of the murdered crying for vengeance*,—and a fearful picture he makes of it; he gives a state banquet to Dumouriez, with Fox in attendance serving up the decapitated head of Pitt on a salver for the repast. The exquisite

care and finish of the plates give additional force and value to such satire. There are four plates also, showing the consequences of a successful French invasion, and in them we find, all that an Englishman can love or cherish being destroyed or given to the flames;—the House of Lords dismantled, busts of the regicides made prominent, the throne broken and cast aside, and in the place of it the guillotine, St. Paul's on fire, the king butchered; the queen, ministers, and judges hung at the lamp posts; and in all the invaders rioting in plunder and in murder. No wonder then that the prejudice which such productions were intended to excite should soon communicate itself to the populace.

Anything that could foster a hostile feeling he had recourse to, and thus we find twelve plates of leading politicians, costumed as though they were members of the National Assembly, simply because they dared to sympathise with the French people. No opportunity was neglected to ridicule Napoleon, or to make him figure in a contemptible light; to this end are the whole events of his life grossly exaggerated, and the wars with France and Spain made fertile subjects for the pencil of the satirist. The short peace of 1802, and the war which followed, with the fear and defiance of the Addington administration, caused a vast number of caricatures to be issued, and these certainly some of the most humorous. *The Destruction of the French Colossus* is an extraordinary conception.

Pitt he first treats as a *Political Fungus*, grafting itself upon the crown, and though he does publicly flog him in the market-place for increasing the debt and taxation of the country, he afterwards, as if to make amends, produced those beautiful allegories—*Light expelling darkness—Scylla and Charybdis*, and *the Destruction of the Faithful*.

Gillray seems to have allowed himself no respite from lampooning Burke, Sheridan, Priestley, and Fox—the former of whom he designated *Fox's Martyr*, but the latter he travestied into a revolutionist, often into a villainous unshaven assassin, fit only for murder; and the prime mover of what it pleased Gillray to call the seditious meetings at the Crown and Anchor,—always in ecstacy at our reverses, always in grief at our success. When the news arrived of the victory of the Nile, Pitt and Dundas are intoxicated with delight,—and wine; but poor Fox has hung himself in despair. When the king's carriage was attacked, “*Fox and his gang*” are the instigators and the doers,—no employment too vile for them.

That the pencil is at times more powerful than the pen or oratory, there can be no question; and Fox felt it. "He acknowledged," says Wright, in his 'England under the House of Hanover,' "that his India bill received its severest blow in public estimation from the caricature of Carlo Khan's Triumphant Entry into Leadenhall Street." In illustration of object teaching, or the force of such squibs, it may be remembered, that until a few months ago, no man ever went to have his hair cut, but the operator was sure to inform him it was "*getting thin on the top;*" at length there came a day, when a sleek headed member of the comb and scissors, in an unlucky and ill-timed moment, ventured the same suggestion to a choleric old gentleman; at which the said old gentleman full of indignation, jumps off his chair, exclaiming, "How dare you, sir, make any impertinent remarks upon my personal deficiencies,—thin on the top indeed! if you dare to say another word, sir, I'll thin *your top* for you!" Well, the barber fears to jeopardise his skull, so now we "hear it not."

Gillray was in the zenith of his power while the impeachment of Warren Hastings was pending, and the rapidity with which he supplied the town with incidents that grew out of the discussion is really astonishing; and, as might be expected, the king, the queen, Burke, Fox, Sheridan, Pitt, and Thurlow play important parts; the facts and the course pursued is thus briefly stated by Mr. Wright:

"Hastings, who was supported by the whole strength of the East India Company, and who was understood to enjoy the king's favourable opinion in a special degree, had calculated on the support of his ministers, and everybody's astonishment was great when they now saw Pitt turn round and join his enemies. Hastings felt this desertion with great acuteness, and it is said that he never forgave it. Some accounted for it by supposing that Pitt and, more especially, Dundas were jealous of Hastings's personal influence, and feared his rising in court favour; and a variety of other equally discreditable motives were assigned for this extraordinary change. The return of the ex-governor's wife had preceded his own, and Mrs. Hastings was received at court with much favour by Queen Charlotte, who was generally believed to be of a very avaricious disposition, and was popularly charged with having sold her favour for Indian presents. The supposed patronage of the court, and the manner in which it was said to have been obtained, went much further in rendering Hastings an object of popular odium, than all the charges alleged against him by Burke; and they were accordingly made the most of by that class of political agitators who are more immediately employed in influencing the mob. . . . The supporters of the impeachment represented Hastings as another Verres called upon by a modern Cicero (Burke) to answer for his oppressive government of the provinces entrusted to his care. A bold sketch of the orator was published on the 7th of February, 1787—the day on

which the proceedings against Hastings were resumed in the House of Commons, under the title of Cicero against Verres. Fox and North are seen behind the eloquent accuser. In 1788, the year of the impeachment, the caricatures on this subject became more numerous. One by Gillray, published 1st of March, under the title of 'Blood on Thunder fording the Red Sea,' represents Hastings carried in safety on the shoulders of Lord Chancellor Thurlow through a sea of blood, strewed with the bodies of mangled Indians."

The volumes are full of evidence to show the advantage taken of this state of affairs, and also show how he laboured, like Dr. Wolcott, to bring royalty into contempt, and has constantly pourtrayed the undignified personal appearance of both George the Third and his queen; he makes them perform the most mean, contemptible, and servile offices for the sake of saving money. By the following extract from the work already quoted, the prevailing opinions will be gathered:— "The extreme frugality of the king and queen in private life, and the meanness which often characterised their dealings, had already become subjects of popular satire, and contrasted strangely with the reckless extravagance of the Prince of Wales. As there was no visible outlet by which so much money could have disappeared, people soon made a variety of surmises to account for King George's heavy expenditure. Some said the money was spent privately in corrupting Englishmen, to pave the way to arbitrary power. Most people believed their monarch was making large savings out of the public money, and hoarding it up either here or at Hanover." It was said that the royal pair were so greedy in the acquisition of money, that they condescended to make a profit by farming, and the royal farmer and his wife figured about rather extensively in prints and songs, in which they are represented as haggling with their tradesmen and cheapening their merchandise. Pictures represent them as visiting the shops at Windsor in person. Such being the popular feeling, the satirists of both pen and pencil certainly fostered it to the uttermost, as the repeated allusions testify. Parsimony and avarice were the favourite themes.

The way the lash was laid upon the princes is certainly something more than would be permitted now-a-days; the Prince of Wales, for instance, without one redeeming point,—ever the associate of gamblers, drunkards, and extravagance,—ever a voluptuary, and the companion of Mrs. Fitzherbert, Lady Jersey, Mrs. Robinson, and others; his prodigality ever contrasted with the grasping avarice of his parents, until, at last, we find him soliciting alms, and retiring as the *Prodigal Son*. The Duke of York is little

better than a poltroon, with his inglorious return from Flanders,—the Duke of Clarence with his Wouski and Mrs. Jordan. Such prints, however, are not at all consistent with our present notions of decency; and the wonder is, so short a time ago as sixty years since, they could have been exhibited in the windows of the print-sellers. The publisher has wisely placed them in a volume by themselves. It is with satires as with old plays, they hit the vice and follies of the times; and if they truly hit, its truth is often that which we deplore. As the man no more retains the feelings that he knew in boyhood, than he retains the form, but changes with his garments; so is it with society, its manners go with costume; we know a certain vice was fashionable with such or such a dress—for vices have their fashion, be it said—and we can no more, however hard we try, dissever gambling from patches and from powder, than couple chastity with the costume of Sir Peter Lilly's time.

In a short notice of the life of Gillray prefixed to the explanatory volume, his biographer states, “That Gillray was unfortunately an example of the imprudence that so frequently accompanies genius and great talent. His habits were in the highest degree intemperate.” Full fifty years ago, when Gillray wrought, drunkenness and debauchery were the prevailing vices of the period, into which vice Gillray himself fell, notwithstanding his continual delineations of its worst features. Indeed, to such an extent did he carry his carousal, that his mind became a wreck, and insanity usurped the place of reason. To him, to Morland, and a few others of the same time, are we indebted, as far as art is concerned, for the vulgarity—“all men of genius are drunkards.” At that period no class in society escaped the prevailing rage: intoxication became the delight and ambition of most. The Fox Club and the six-bottle men are notorious, and “as drunk as a lord” passed into a proverb. But to suppose drunkenness is a necessary attribute to genius, is simply a slander upon the greatest gift the Deity bestows upon mortality. Vulgar and narrow minds up to the present hour will espouse that cause, forgetting, in their limited notions, the bright phalanx of glorious and illustrious names that must rise up in judgment against such falsehood. Great men in some few instances have been drunkards, and that's the easy part of greatness lesser minds could imitate.

The historical and descriptive account by Wright and Evans is of great value, as a key to the folio volume. Compiled with much judgment, it gives a brief and careful summary of the political

events for nearly thirty years, with short biographical notices of men who played the most important parts during that memorable and exciting period, as well as a full explanation of every plate. The least that can be said of the plates and the volume to which reference is made, is that they are good historical lessons. It informs us, "Gillray had recently (1792) accompanied Loutherbourg the painter into France, to assist in making sketches for his grand picture of the siege of Valenciennes. After their return, the king, who made great pretensions to taste, desired to look at their sketch. He was already prejudiced against Gillray for his political caricatures, and notwithstanding the rough style in which he had made his spirited sketches of the French officers and soldiers, he threw them down contemptuously, with the more hasty observation, 'I don't understand these caricatures!' while he expressed the greatest admiration at Loutherbourg's more finished and intelligible drawings of landscapes and buildings. Gillray, who was mortified at the neglect shown towards himself, and was not at this time pensioned by the court, revenged himself by publishing the picture of the monarch contemplating the features of the great enemy of kings, who was an object of particular abhorrence to George III, and observed, 'I wonder if the royal connoisseur will understand this.'" The king is examining Cooper's portrait of Oliver Cromwell; the parsimonious manners of the monarch are satirised in the save-all, by means of which he uses up the last fragment of his candle,—the face of the king is a highly-finished miniature, as, indeed, a vast number of others are; the instance of the candle end is only another instance of Gillray's attention to accessories and allusions which are at all times so expressive and significant. Personal peculiarities and actions never escaped him. No wonder, then, that the king should dislike a man who had used his utmost ability to make the public believe he was an avaricious fool, and who at that very time had rendered the queen little less than odious, by drawing a revolting picture of her in the character of Sin, which had given great offence to the court. We find as a peculiarity but few parodies of other men's pictures throughout his works; he had no need to borrow who knew no poverty of invention.

Whatever was uppermost in the public mind was food for our caricaturist, costume, coalition, or Catholic emancipation, music or ministers, gout or gambling, for which latter offence he places the Ladies Archer and Buckinghamshire in the pillory, and is unceasing in his onslaught. Judging from his productions, our naval victories

afforded him great delight ; like many others in the collections, they are not caricatures. The issue of paper money during the administration of Pitt, and the split between Burke, Fox, and Sheridan, are also fertile subjects with him ; but every new incident, political or otherwise, seemed to give birth to some new ideas. About this period a caricature was published, illustrative of the encroachments of Russia upon Turkey—as in our own day ; England offers her aid, and, as it was doubtful what the policy of France would be, a member of the House of Commons is made to ask, “*where’s France?*”—this print by some accident found its way into the hands of a small self-sufficient orator in Devon ; London papers then were very rare. The custom was upon the Sunday afternoon to meet upon the green before the village inn, and so discuss the little news they had. Our orator began, “Well ! so you are going to have more taxes put upon you—that’s Pitt’s doing, that is—and you may pay them if you like, mind, I sharn’t, that’s all I’ve got to tell you, that is. And what’s it all for, I’d like to know?—to keep off the French—the war with France!—with France, by the Lord!—with France ! Now d— me if I believe there is such a place !” This was rather a startling assertion, and so new, besides, that his hearers were what he called “flabbergasted” they’d “neur thought o’that ;” perhaps there wasnt after all—at length one standing by said, “Oh ! yes ; but there is, though.” “Is there?” said our demagogue, “You seem to know a good deal about it, John ; *where is it?*” Why, that John “coudent tell ; so now, out came the new imported print, and the blacksmith was triumphant. There is no such place as France.

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#### ART. IV.—Agriculture under Henry the Eighth.

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*The Boke of Hesbandry, 1534. (Colophon) : ¶ Thus endeth this ryghte profitable boke of husbandry, compylyed sometyme by mayster FITZ-HERBARDE, of charytie and good zele that he bare to the weale of this moost noble realme, whiche he dydde not in his youthe, but after he had exercysed husbandry, with greate expyrenece, xl. yeres. ¶ Imprynted at London, in fletestrete, in the house of Thomas Berthelet, nere to the condite, at the sygne of Lucrece. Cum privilegio. (A small 8vo.)*

MONG the most distinguished lawyers of the earlier part of the sixteenth century, was the lord chief-justice Sir Anthony Fitzherbert. He was a knight of Derbyshire, whose learning in the

laws was evinced by several publications, which were once much read and highly esteemed by men of his profession, and who appears nevertheless to have found leisure to employ upon the close and minute study of agriculture. He gave the result of his knowledge and experience on this subject in a little book, of which the first edition (the title and colophon of which we give above) is now in our hands. It was published at a time when people were beginning to feel the necessity of improvement in the cultivation of the soil, and it is curious as being the first English book on this subject. We need hardly inform our readers that Sir Anthony Fitzherbert's directions in husbandry are very simple and rude in comparison to the practice of the present day, and that they are interesting only as showing the condition of the country in the reign of Henry VIII.

Our author commences with dividing the subject into two branches, containing severally the duties of the ploughman and of the herdsman. He then proceeds to describe the different constructions of ploughs in different parts of the kingdom, and their various peculiarities, a subject which occupies several chapters. "It is to be knowen," he saith, "whether is better, a plough of horses, or a plough of oxen, and therin me semeth oughte to be made a distinction. For in some places an oxe ploughe is better than a horse ploughe, and in somme places a horse ploughe is better: that is to say, in every place where as the husband hath several pastures to put his oxen in when they com fro theyr warke, there the oxe ploughe is better. For an oxe may not endure his warke, to labour all daye, and than to be put to the commons, or before the herdman, and to be set in a folde all nyghte without meate, and go to his labour in the mornynge. But and he be put in a good pasture all nyghte, he wyll labour moch of all the daye dayely." Considering the greater expense of horses, and other things also, Sir Anthony was of opinion that in general "the ploughe of oxen is moche more profitable, than the ploughe of horses." The following quaint recommendation is applicable to all times:—

"Thou husbande, that intendest to gette thy luyng by husbandry, take hede to the sayenge of the wyse phylosopher, the which sayth, *Adhibe curam, tene mensuram, et eris dues.* That is to saye, Take hede to thy charge, kepe measure, and thou shalt be ryche. And nowe to speke of the fyreste artyle of these iii. s., *Adhibe curam.* He that wyll take vpon hym to do any thynge, and be slouthfull, recheles, and not diligent, to execute and to per-

forme that thyng, that he taketh vpon hym, he shall neuer thryue by his occupation. And to the same entente saythe our lorde in his gospell, by a parable. *Nemo mittens manum suam ad aratrum respiciens retro, aptus est regno dei.* The spirytuall constructyon of this texte, I remytte to the doctours of dyuynitie, and to the greate clarkes, but to reduce and bryngre the same texte to my purpose, I take it thus. There is noo man, puttyngre his hande to the plough lokeng backewarde, is worthy to haue that thyng that he oughte to haue. For if he goo to the plough, and loke backewarde, he seeth not whether the plough go in rydge or rayne, make a balke, or go ouerthwarte. And if it so do, there wyll be lyttel corne. And so if a man attende not his husbandrye, but goo to sporte or playe, tauerne or ale house, or slepyngre at home, and such other ydle warkes, he is not than worthy to haue any corne. And therfore, *Fac quod venisti*, Do that thou comest fore, and thou shalte fynde that thou sekest fore, &c."

Sir Anthony next proceeds to direct how to plough different sorts of land, and then, in more detail, how to sow. Among the different seeds recommended to the husbandman, there is one which will be best described in his own words:—

"There is a sede, that is called Discretion, and if a husband haue of that sede, and myngle it amoung his other cornes, they wyll growe moche the better, for that sede wyll tell hym, how many castes of corne every lande ought to haue. And a yonge husbande, and may fortune some olde husbande, hath not suffycyente of that sede: and he that lackethe, let hym borowe of his neyghbours that haue. And his neyghbours be vnkynde, if they wyll not lende this yonge housbande parte of this sede. For this sede of Discretion hath a wonders property: for the more that it is taken of or lente, the more it is. And therfore me semeth, it shoulde be more sprytuall than temporall, wherin is a greate dyuersitie. For a temporall thyng, the more it is denyded, the lesse it is: and a spirytuall thyng, the more it is denied, the more it is. *Verbi gratia.* For ensaumple, I put case a wyfe bryngre a lofe of breade to the churche, to make holy breade of, when it is cut in many smal peces, and holy breade made therof, there may be so many men, women, and children in the churche, that by that tyme, the priest hath delte to every one of them a lyttell pece, there shall neuer a crume be lefte in the hamper. And a spirytuall thyng as a *Pater noster*, or a prayer, that any man can say, let him teach it to xx. a c. or to a m. yet is the prayer neuer the lesse, but moche more. And so this sede of Discretion is but wisdome and reason: and he that hath wysedome, reason, and discretion, may teche it, and enforme other men as he is bounde to do, wherein he shall haue thanke of God: and he doth but as God hath commauded hym in his gospell. *Quod gratis accepistis, gratis date:* That thyng that ye toke frely, gyue it frely again, and yet shall ye haue neuer the lesse."

Our readers will see already that there is a quiet vein of quaint humour running through Sir Anthony's pages. It would answer little purpose to repeat in our pages the various directions for sowing wheat, or barley, or peas, or beans, or for knowing and gathering weeds, mowing grass, making hay, reaping (or, as it was

then called, shearing), and other processes which occupy consecutive chapters of the book of the Derbyshire knight. After having exhausted this part of the subject, he initiates us into the mysteries of the treatment of live stock. The following is rather an ingenious receipt, "to make an ewe to love her lambe:"—

"If thy ewe haue mylke, and will not loue her lambe, put her in a narowe place made of bordes, or of smothe trouse, a yarde wyde, and put the lambe to her, and scole it, and of the ewe smyte the lambe with her heed, bynde her heed with a heye rope, or a corde, to the syde of the penne: and if she wyl not stande syde longe all the ewe, than gyue her a lyttell hey, and tye a dogge by her, that she mayse se hym: and this wyll make her to loue her lambe shortly. And if thou haue a lambe deed, wherof the damme hath moche mylke, fley that lambe, and tye that skyne upon an other lambes backe, that hath a sory damme, with lyttell mylke, and put the good ewe and that lambe together in the penne, and in one houre she wyll loue that lambe, and than mayst thou take thy sory weyke ewe awaie, and put her in an other place: and by this meanes thou mayste fortune to sauе her lyfe, and the lambes bothe."

The diseases of sheep and their treatment, the buying and treatment of cattle, and the rearing of horses, with their diseases, &c., are subjects which occupy rather a large portion of this little book. Next in importance to these were swine and bees, for no doubt most of our readers are aware of the great consumption of bacon and of honey in former times. Our writer next gives detailed directions for hedging and ditching, for the treatment of timber, and for grafting fruit trees. All these important matters having been satisfactorily disposed of, Sir Anthony Fitzherbert treats us with a chapter which commences rather interestedly:—

"¶ *A shorte information for a yonge gentylman, that entendeth to thryue.*  
—I auyse hym to gette a copy of this presente boke, and to rede it frome the begynnyng to the endyng, wherby he maye perceyue the chapyters and contentes of the same, and by reason of ofte redyng, he maye waxe perfyte, what shuide be doone at all seasons. For I lerned two verses at grammar scole, and they be these:

"*Gutta cauat lapidem non vi sed sepe cadendo;*  
*Sic homo sit sapiens non vi sed sepe legendu.*

A droppe of water perseth a stooone, not al onely by his owne strengthe, but by his often fallynge. Ryghte so a man shall be made wyse, not all onely by hymselfe, but by his ofte redyng. And soo maye this yonge gentylman, accordyng to the season of the yere, rede to his seruauntes what chapyter he wyll. And also for any other maner of profyte conteyned in the same, the whiche is necessary for a yonge husbande, that hath not the experyence of housbandrye, nor other thynges conteyned in this presente boke, to take a good remembraunce and credence therunto, for there is an olde sayinge, but of what auctorytie I can not tell: *Quod melior est practica rusticorum, quam*

*scientia philosophorum*, It is better the practiue or knowlege of an husband man well proued, than the science or connynge of a philosopher not proued, for there is nothyng touching husbandry, and other profytes conteyned in this presente booke, but I haue hadde the experyence therof, and proued the same. And ouer and beside al this boke, I wil advise him to ryse betime in the morning, according to the verse before spoke of,

“ Sanat, sanctificat, et ditat surgere mane.

And to go about his closes, pastures, fieldes, and specially by the hedges, and to haue in his purse a payre of tables, and whan he seeth any thing that wolde be amended, to wryte it in his tables: as if he fynde any horses, mares, beastes, shepe, swyne, or geese in his pastures, that be not his owne. And peruenture thoughte they be his owne, he wolde not haue them to goo there, or to fynde a gap, or a sherde in his hedge, or any water standyng in his pastures vpon his grasse, wherby he maye take double hurt, bothe losse of his grasse, and rotting of his shepe and calues. And also of standyng water in his corne fieldes at the landes endes, or sydes, and howe he wold haue his landes plowed, donged, sturred, or sowen, and his corne weded or shorne, or his cattell shifted out of one pasture into an other, and to loke what dychyng, quicsettyng, or plashing, is necessary to be had, and to ouerse his shepeherd, how he handleth and ordreth his shepe, and his seruautes howe they plowe and do theyr warkes, or if any gate be broken down, or want any staues, and go not lyghtly to open and tyme, and that it do not traize, and that the windes blowe it not open, with many more necessary thynges that are to be loked vpon. For a man alwaye wanderynge or goinge aboue somewhat, fyndeth or seeth that is amysse, and wolde be amended. And as soone as he seeth any suche defautes, than let hym take oute his tables, and wryte the defautes. And whan he commeth home to dinner, supper, or at nyght, than let hym call his bayly, or his heed seruante, and soo shewe him the defautes, that they maye be shortly amended. And whan it is amended, than let him put it out of his tables. For this vsed I to doo x. or xii. yeres and more, and thus let hym vse dayely, and in shorte space, he shall sette moche thynges in good order, but dayely it wyll haue mendynge. And yf he canne not wryte, lette hym nycke the defautes vpon a stycke, and to shewe his bayely, as I sayde before. Also take hede bothe erly and late, at all tymes, what maner of people resorte and comme to thy house, and the cause of theyr commynge, and specially if they brynghe with them pytchers, cannes, tancardes, bottelles, bagges, wallettes, or busshell pokes. For if thy seruauntes be not true, they maye doo the great hurt, and them selfe lyttel auantage. Wherfore they wolde be well loked vpon. And he that hath ii. true seruauntes, a man seruaunte, and an other a woman seruaunte, he hath a great treasure, for a trewe seruaunte wyl do iustly hym selfe, and if he se his felowes do amysse, he wyl byd them do no more so, for if they do, he wyll shewe his master thereof: and if he do not this, he is not a trewe seruaunt.”

The chapter which follows contains a rather amusing direction for the instruction of the servant:—

“ ¶ A lesson made in Englishe verses to teache a gentylmans seruant, to saye at every tyme, whan he taketh his horse for his remembraunce, that he shall not forget his gere in his inne behynde hym.—Purse, dagger, cloke, nyght cap,

kerchef, shoyng horne, boget, and shoes. Spere, male, hode, halter, sadel-clothe, spores, hatte, with thy horse combe. Bowe, arrowes, sworde, bukler, horne, leissh, gloues, stringe, and thy bracer. Pennen, paper, inke, parchemente, reedwaxe, pommes, bokes, thou remember. Penknynfe, combe, thymble, nedle, thred, poynte, leste that thy gurthe breake. Bodkyn, knyfe, lyngel, gyue thy horse meate, se he be showed well. Make mery, syng and thou can, take hede to thy gere, that thou lose none."

The foregoing, stated to be in verse, seems to be an early attempt at English hexameters.

Having settled his account with the husband, Sir Anthony has a lesson or two in store for the wife. The duties of a farmer's helpmate in the olden time were not nominal ones, as will be seen by the following directions:—

" ¶ *What warkes a wyfe shulde do in generall.*—First in a mornynge whan thou arte waked, and purposeste to ryse, lyfte vp thy hande, and blesse the, and make a sygne of the holy crosse, *In nomine patris, et filii, et spiritus sancti. Amen.* In the name of the father, the sonne, and the holy gooste. And if thou saye a *Pater noster*, an *Ave*, and a *Crede*, and remember thy maker, thou shalte spedre moche the better. And whan thou arte vp and redy, than first swepe thy house, dresse vp thy dyssheborde, and sette all thynges in good order within thy house: milke thy kye, secle thy calues, sye vp thy mylke, take vppe thy chylđren, and araye theym, and prouide for thy husbandes brekefaste, dynner, souper, and for thy chylđren, and seruauntes, and take thy parte with them. And to ordene corne and malte to the myll, to bake and brue withall whanne nede is. And meeite it to the myll, and fro the myll, and se that thou haue thy measure agayne besyde the tolle, or elles the myller dealeth not truly with the, or els thy corne is not drye, as it shoulde be. Thou must make butter and chese when thou maist, serue thy swyne bothe mornynge and euynynge, and gyue thy poleyn meate in the mornynge, and whan tyme of the yere commeth, thou must take hede howe thy hennes, duckes, and geese do ley, and to gather vp theyr egges, and whan they waxe brodye, to sette them there as noo beastes, swyne, nor other vermyne hurtē them. And thou muste knowe, that all hole footed fowles wyll sytte a moneth, and all clauen footed fowles wyll sytte but three wekes, excepte a peyhenne, and greate fowles, as cranes, bustardes, and suche other. And whan they haue broughte forth theyр byrdes, to see that they be well kepte from the gleyd, crowes, fullymantes, and other vermyne. And in the begynnynge of Marche, or a lyttell afore, is tyme for a wyfe to make her garden, and to gette as many good sedes and herbes, as she canne, and specially suche as be good for the potte, and to eate: and as ofte as nede shall requyre, it muste be weded, for els the wedes wyll ouergrowe the herbes. And also in Marche is tyme to sowe flaxe and hempe, for I haue harde olde houswyues saye, that better is Marche hurdes, than Apryll flaxe, the reason appereth: but howe it shulde be sowen, weded, pulled, repeyled, watred, washen, dried, beaten, braked, tawed, hechesed, spon, wounden, wrapped, and wounen, it nedeth not for me to shewe, for they be wise ynough, and therof may they make shetes, bordclothes, towels, shertes, smocks, and suche other necessaries, and therfore let thy dystaffe be alwaye redye for a pastyme,

that thou be not ydle. And undouted a woman can not gette her lyuyng honestely with spynnynge on the distaffe, but it stoppeth a gap, and muste nedes be had. The bolles of flaxe, whan they be ripeled of, must be rideled from the wedes, and made drye with the son, to get out the sedes. Howe be it, one maner of linsede, called loken sede, wyll not open by the son: and therfore, whan they be drye, they muste be sore brused and broken, the wiues knowe howe, and than minowed and kepte drye, till yere tyme come agayn. Thy female hempe must be pulled from the churle hempe, for that beareth no sede, and thou must do by it, as thou dydest by the flax. The churle hempe beareth sede, and beware that byrdes eate it not, as it groweth: the hempe thereof is not soo good, as the female hempe, but yet it wyll do good seruyce. May fortune somtyme, that thou shalt haue so many thinges to do, that thou shalt not well knowe where is best to begyn. Than take hede, which thing shulde be the greatest losse, if it were not done, and in what space it wold be done: than thinke what is the greatest losse, and there begyn. But in case that thyng, that is of greateste losse, wyll be longe in doyng, and thou myghteste do thre or fourre other thynges in the meane whyle, thanne loke well, if all these thynges were sette together, whiche of them were the greatest losse, and if all these thynges be of greater losse, and may be all done in as shorte space, as the other, than doo thy many thynges fyrt.

"¶ It is conuenyente for a housbande to haue shewe of his owne, for many causes, and than maye his wife haue part of the woll, to make her husbande and her selfe some clothes. And at the leaste waye, she maye haue the lockes of the shewe, eyther to make clothes or blankettes, and couerlettes, or bothe. And if she haue no woll of her owne, she maye take woll to spynne of clothe makers, and by that meanes she may haue a conuenyent lyuyng, and many tymes to do other warkes. It is a wyues occupation, to wynowe all maner of cornes, to make malte, to wasshe and wrynge, to make hey, shere corne, and in time of nede to helpe her husbande to fyll the mucke wayne or dourge carte, dryue the plough, to loode hey, corne, and suche other. And to go or ride to the market, to sel butter, chese, mylke, eggis, chekyns, capons, hennes, pygges, gese and all maner of cornes. And also to bye all maner of necessarie thynges belongyng to houssholde, and to make a trewe rekenyng and acompte to her housbande, what she hath receyued, and what she hath payed, And if the housbande go to the market, to bye or sell, as they ofte do, he than to shew his wife in lyke maner. For if one of them shoulde vse to deceyue the other, he deceyueth hym selfe, and he is not lyke to thryue, and therfore they muste be trewe eyther to other. I coulde peraduenture shewe the housbandes dyuerse poyntes, that the wyues deceyue them in: and in lyke maner, howe husbandes deceyue theyr wyues: but if I shulde do so, I shulde shewe more subtyll poyntes of deceyt, than eyther of them knewe of before, and therfore me semeth beste, to holde my peace, least I shoulde do as the knyght of the toure dyd, the whiche had many fayre daughters, and of fatherly loue that he oughte to them, he made a boke, to a good entente, that theye myghte eschewe and flee from vyses, and folowe vertues. In the whiche boke he shewed, that if they were wowed, moued, or styred by any man, after suche a maner as he there shewed, that they shulde withstande it. In the whiche boke he shewed so many wayes, howe a man shoulde atteyne to his purpose, to bryng a woman to vice, the whiche wayes were so naturall, and the wayes to come to theyr purpose were soo subtyll contrayued, and craftely shewed, that harde it wold be for any

woman to resyste or deny theyr desyre. And by the sayd boke hath made bothe the men and the women to knowe more vyes, subtyltye, and crafte, than euer they shulde haue knownen, if the boke had not ben made: in the whiche boke he named hym selfe the knight of the towre. And thus I leue the wyues to vse theyr occupations at theyr owne discretion."

The husband is urgently recommended to study economy in all his expenses; he is advised to "spare at the brynde, and not at the bottom," that is, as our author explains it, begin the practice of economy at the beginning of the year, and not be wasteful all the year and commence saving at the end. The prodigality of the husbandman was shown especially in eating and drinking, in which he is recommended not to be too lavish. Then comes—

"¶ *A shorte lesson for the husbande.*—One thinge I wyl aduise the to remembre, and specially in wynter tyme, whan thou sytteste by the fyre, and hast supped, to consider in thy mynde, whether the warkes, that thou, thy wyfe, and thy seruauntes shall do, be more auantage to the, than the fyre, and candell lyghte, meate and drynke that they shall spende, and if it be more auantage, than syt styl: and if it be not, than go to thy bedde and slepe, and be vpp betyme, and breake thy faste before day, that thou mayste be all the shorte wynters day about thy busynes. At grammer scole I lerned a verse, that is this, *Sanat, sanctificat, et ditat surgere mane.* That is to say, Erly rysyng maketh a man hole in body, holier in soule, and rycher in goodes. And this me semeth shuld be sufficient instruction for the husbande to kepe measure."

Having once taken up this theme, Sir Anthony pursues it in a few words of counsel to higher classes, who set the example to those beneath them. Men of high degree showed their prodigality in three ways: first, in "outrageous and costly array" of clothing; next, in "costly charge of delicious meats and drinks;" and, third, in "outrageous play and game." With regard to the first of these vices, Sir Anthony tells us:—

"I have seen bokes of accompte of the yomen of the wardrobes of noble men, and also inventorie made after theyr decease of their apparell, and I doubt not, but at this daye, it is xx. tymes more in value, than it was to such a man of degree as he was an L. yere a go: and many tymes it is gyuen away, er it be halfe worne, to a symple man, the whiche causeth hym to weare the same: and an other symple man, or a lyttell better, seyng him to weare suche rayment, thynketh in his mynde, that he maye were as good rayment as he, and so causeth him to bye suche other, to his great coste and charge aboue measure, and an yll ensample to all other, and also to see mens seruantes so abused in theyr aray, theyr cotes be so syde, that they be fayne to tucke them vp whan they ryde, as women do theyr kyrts whan they go to the market or other places, the whiche is an vnconuenient syght. And furthermore, they haue such pleytes vpon theyr brestes, and ruffes vpon theyr sleues, aboue theyr elbowes, that yf theyr mayster or theym selfe hadde neuer so greatait nede, they coude not shooote one shote, to hurte theyr ennemys, tyll

they hadde caste of theyr cotes, or cut of theyr sleues. This is fer aboue measure or common weale of the realme. This began fyrste with honour, worship, and honesty, and it endeth in prude, presumption, and pouertye. Wherof speketh saint Austin, *Quaecunque superbum esse videris, diaboli filium esse ne dubites*: That is to say, who so ever thou seest, that is proude, dout the not, but he is the duuels chylde. Wherfore agaynst prude he byddeth the remembre, *Quid fuisti, quid es, et qualis post mortem eris*: That is to say, what thou were, what thou art, and what thou shalbe be after thy death. And S. Bernard saythe, *Homo nihil aliud est quam sperma fetidum, saccus stercoreum, et esca verminum*: That is to saye, A man is nothyng but stynkyng fylthe, a sacke of dounge, and wormes meate. The whiche sayenges wolde be remembred, and than me semeth this is sufficient at this time for the first point of the thre."

With regard to prodigality in eating, Sir Anthony's recommendations display good sense, while they again illustrate contemporary manners:—

" Howe costely are the charges of delycious meates and drynkes, that be nowe most commonly used, ouer that it hath ben in tymes paste, and howe fer aboue measure. For I haue seen bokes of accompte of householde, and brumentes vpon the same, and I doubt not, but in delycious meates, drinckes, and spyces, there is at this daye fourtymoche spent, as was at these dayes to a lyke man in degree, and yet at that tyme there was as moche befe and mutton spent as is nowe, and as many good housholdes kept, and as many yomenne wayters therin as be nowe. This began with loue and charyte, whan a lorde, gentylman, or yoman desyred or prayed an other to come to dynar or soupper, and bycause of his commyngh he wolde haue a dysshe or two more than he wolde haue had, if he had ben away. Than of very loue he, remembryng howe louyngely he was bydden to dynner, and howe well he fared, he thynketh of very kyndnes he muste nedes byd hym to dynar agayne, and soo ordelyneth for hym as manye maner of suche dysshes and meates as the other man dyd, and two or thre more, and thus by lyttel and litell it is commen fer aboue measure. And begon of loue and charyte, and endeth in prude and glotony, wherof saynte Jerome saythe, *Qui post carnem ambulant, in ventrem et libidinem proni sunt, quasi irrationalia iumenta reputantur*. That is to say, They that walke, and be ready to fulfill the lust of the fleshe and the bely, are taken as vnreasonable beastes, and sayncte Gregory sayth, *Dominante vicio gula, omnes virtutes per luxuriam et vanam gloriam obruntur*: That is to saye, where the vice of glotony hath domination, all vertues by luxury and vayne-glory are cast vnder, the whiche sayenges wold in lykewise be remembred, and this me semeth sufficient for the ii. poynete of the thre."

Much in the same way were people seduced into games of hazard, to risk beyond their means:—

" It is conueniente for eurye man, of what degree that he be of, to haue playe and game accordyng to his degree. For Cato sayth, *Interpone tuis interdum gaudia curis*: Amonge thy charges and busynes thou muste haue sometyme joye and myrthe. But nowe adayes it is doone ferre aboue measure. For nowe a poore man in regarde wyll playe as greate game, at all maner games, as gentylmen were wont to do, or greater, and gentilmen as lordes, and lordes as prynces, and ofte tymes the great estates wyll call gentylmen,

or yomen to play with them at as great game as they do, and they call it a dispot, the whiche me semeth a very trewe name to it, for it displeaseth some of them er they departe, and specyally God for myspendyng of his goodes and tyme. But if they played smalle games, that the poore man that playeth myght beare it thoughe he loste, and bate not his countenaunce, than myght it be called a good game, a good playe, a goode sporte, and a pastyme. But whan one shall lose vpon a day, or vpon a nyght, as moche money as wold fynde hym and all his house meate and drynke a moneth or a quarter of a yere or more, that maye be well called a dispote, or a displeasure, and ofte tymes bythe meanes therof, it causeth them to sell theyr landes, dysheryte the heyres, and may fortune to fall to thefte, robbery, or suche other, to the great hurte of them selfe, and of theyr chyldren, and to the displeasure of God: and they so doinge, lyttel do they pondre or regarde the saying of saynt Paule, *Juxta facultates faciendi sunt sumptus, ne longi temporis victum breuis hora consumat.* This play begun with loue and charite, and oft times it endeth with couetous, wrath, and envy. And this me thynketh should be a sufficient instruction for kepynge of measure."

The latter part of this curious little book is devoted to admonitions on the moral and religious duties of the husbandman and his family, which, though excellent in themselves, are commonplace, and possess no peculiar interest.

At the time when this book was written, science had not been brought to the aid of agriculture, and the precepts of the good knight are the mere dictates of experience and common sense. Some of his rules might appear ridiculous to the modern farmer, and most of them are far in the background of modern practice; yet they show a great spirit of improvement, which was already leading to a change in the condition and tone of society among the English yeomanry. The English farmer no doubt owes something to the memory of that worthy knight and judge, Sir Anthony Fitzherbert.

#### ART. V.—*Early Scottish History and its Exponents.*

*A Critical Essay on the Ancient Inhabitants of the Northern Parts of Britain or Scotland; containing an Account of the Romans, of the Britains betwixt the Walls, of the Caledonians or Picts, and particularly of the Scots.*  
In 2 vols. By THOMAS INNES, M.A. London: 1729. (8vo.)

IT is an inquiry of much interest and of some value, to trace in the older literature of Europe, the first scintillations of genius applied to those studies which, in modern times, have engrossed the attention of the most learned and the most intellectual. A

retrospective examination such as this, presents us with many curious facts, not the least startling of which is, that some of those sciences we are accustomed to regard as peculiar to our own age, had actually, in a modified form, and of course to a limited extent, been appreciated by the classic authors of Greece and Rome. Ethnology, which bears directly upon the subject of this article, furnishes perhaps the most apposite illustration of the above remark; for it, we are told, is but of yesterday's growth, and "has scarcely passed the jealously guarded porch, as the youngest of all the recognised band of sister sciences," and yet it was not unknown to Herodotus, to Strabo, to Tacitus, and to others of the ancients. It is not of course our intention to affirm, that the elaborate and comprehensive system expounded by the great German scholars, and our own Prichard, had any existence in classical times; but still its first and fundamental principles were familiar, especially to those three authors we have named; for in their works are to be found hypothetical and at the same time discriminating remarks as to the relationship borne by the various barbaric tribes one to another; and these observations are based upon affinity of language, similarity in personal appearance, identity of religion and manners, or peculiarities of geographical position; which are in fact the very vital elements of every ethnological theory enumerated in the present day. But though the ancients were thus, so to speak, in possession of the very same tools which the moderns have so skilfully applied, they used them only intermittently, and with no sufficiently definite end in view, to entitle us to assert that they cultivated ethnology as *a science*. There is one peculiarity too, in their method, which is worthy of especial notice, and it is this, that while their efforts were mainly directed towards the elucidation of the *physical* history of the so-called barbarians, they strove to construct for their own nations a *civil* history founded upon no higher authority than mythic traditions. Unfortunately, the course they pursued with respect to the latter was the example generally followed throughout Europe in after ages, while the few ethnological principles they had brought to bear upon the former, were neglected and allowed to be dormant, until in recent times they were verified, amplified, and expanded to their present form.

Those extravagant absurdities which pervade the early chronicles of every European country, from Spain to Scandinavia,\* are the

\* Of course we do not allude so much to the Saga literature, as to the more recent performances of Saxo Petreius, Lyschander, Rudbeck, &c.

inevitable results that ensued from adopting the fatal fallacy, which prompted the classical authors to extend the domain of civil history beyond its legitimate limits. In no instance perhaps are the mischievous effects of this system so clearly evinced as in the case of Ireland, to which we shall now cursorily refer, from its intimate connection with Scotland, the subject more immediately in hand.

The bare mention of the high antiquities of the sister island recalls forcibly to our recollection a harmlessly meant joke of Sir Walter Scott's, in his novel, 'The Fortunes of Nigel,' where a hedge-parson, one of the notables of Alsatia, is quietly represented as able, "from his superior acquaintance with theology," to excel all the other denizens of that happy region in doubly distilled profanity. Now, by the very same rule, the Irish monks, thanks to their Scriptural knowledge, fabricated a mendacious history, which, in that minuteness of detail that adds circumstantiality to a narrative, far transcends the cruder fictions of Herodotus or of Livy. Their mode of operation was well contrived, and admirably calculated to produce the desired effect; for they attempted so to interweave the true with the false, that the genuine lustre of the one might help to conceal the spurious glitter of the other; that is to say, they introduced the names and deeds of biblical characters and mixed up Scriptural facts with legendary fables, in a manner that almost defied disbelief of the latter, without implying scepticism as to the former.\* Let us extract a case in point from the teeming pages of Keating. Niul, the father of Gaodhal—the eponymus of the Gaelic race, and mythic founder of the Scottish nation,—had attained great power and dignity in Egypt, and had married a daughter of Pharaoh Cingeris; but when the Israelites escaped from the thrall of that monarch, Niul most generously assisted them, in return for which act of kindness, the venom of a serpent that had bitten Gaodhal was rendered harmless, by the immediate and efficient application of the rod of Moses. Such is a fair sample of the cunningly devised figments strewed with no sparing hand in the monkish literature of Ireland.

If we turn now to the early history of Scotland, we encounter a most singular anomaly at the very outset, for we find a whole nation combining to ignore the existence of their own ancestors, and

\* A good specimen of this species of Mosaic work may be found in the Annals of Inisfallen, quoted by Wood, *Essay on the Primitive Inhabitants of Ireland*, (p. 205.) "The bones of Joseph were buried in Sichem: at this time the Fir Bolg obtained possession of Erin."

transferring to an immigrant tribe of comparatively recent introduction, the highly prized honour of ancient settlement. This seemingly inexplicable confusion of ideas was simply the result of certain complex and somewhat unintelligible political changes, which occurred at an early period. The Picts, the old inhabitants of the country, had long been divided into two distinct branches, mutually jealous of each other—a circumstance peculiarly favourable to the growth and prosperity of the tribe to which we have alluded, the Scots, who at first held a somewhat precarious footing on the western coasts of Argyle. Judicious alliances, however, both national and matrimonial, gradually extended the influence of those new comers; and at length in the middle of the ninth century, after various upheavings and revolutions, their king, Kenneth MacAlpin, partly by right, and partly by might, acquired possession of the Pictish throne. For two or three generations, his successors were styled indifferently kings of the Scots or kings of the Picts, but ultimately the former title prevailed, and soon, to the utter mystification of all subsequent history, attached itself to the soil. The country was *Scotland*, the people were *Scots*-men, and who, said the chroniclers, who but the *Scoti* could have been the immemorial possessors? These worthies, however, were hampered by a stubborn tradition, which insisted, and truly, upon the Irish origin of the people in question; and this they did not think proper to disregard, but boldly accommodating themselves to the necessity, and vainly hoping to secure for their own country some rays of reflected glory, they homologated the claims advanced by their Irish brethren on behalf of the honourable parentage and high antiquity of the Scottish settlement in Ireland. The adventures of Gaodhal, whose acquaintance we have already made as the intimate friend of Moses, were therefore retailed with only some slight variations, as a worthy preliminary to the history of the adopted land of his reputed descendants. But leaving those earlier fictions, we now propose to bring under consideration the first establishment of the Scots in Britain, the various periods assigned as the date of that event, and the bitter controversy long sustained between the Scottish, English, and Irish writers on that much vexed question.

John of Fordun, the Herodotus or Snorro of his country, commences the Scottish dynasty in Scotland with Fergus the son of Ferquhard, whose reign he places about the close of the fourth

century before Christ.\* From this monarch he deduces a royal line of five and forty kings, of whose very names, in most instances, he was ignorant, and of their deeds we learn literally nothing from him, owing, as he tells us, to the perfect silence of his authorities on the subject: nor is it until Fergus MacErc—forty-sixth in descent from his namesake—appears upon the throne, that the *Scotichronicon* assumes the aspect of an historic narrative. The monkish successors of Fordun were, like him also content to fill up the first seven or eight hundred years of their chronicles, with a bare genealogical assertion; and indeed it seems finally settled that the forty-five supposititious kings should be remembered only in this indefinite manner.

At length came the art of printing, and along with it much vigour and activity in historical research. The antiquaries of every European nation were at work, and among them Scotland had a representative with more self-respect than to sacrifice his own convictions at the shrine of his country's honour. John Major had the courage to ridicule the story of Gaodhal and all its concomitant absurdities; but, believing probably in Livy's maxim, that "in matters of such antiquity, what is not too improbable should be received as truth," he carried his reforming zeal no farther, as he admitted the existence of Scottish kings prior to Fergus MacErc, though, like Fordun, he did little more than barely mention them. He had however made one step in advance; but in five years the ground he gained was lost by the publication of Boece's notorious History, in which the old fables were revived, the early kings limited in number to forty, their names supplied, and glowing accounts of their reigns set forth,—all on the authority of a certain Veremund, and other writers, whose works, it is alleged by their quoter, were brought him from the ancient monastery of Icolmkill. It is very generally known that these documents referred to by Boece, seem never to have fallen into the hands of scarcely a single other individual; and their very existence has been repeatedly denied, though as often defended. The question however is totally devoid of that importance with which it has sometimes been invested, as its solution merely involves the personal character of Mr. Hector Boece. For, supposing Veremund to have lived and written at the time alleged—the end of the eleventh century—

\* We begin with the *Scotichronicon*, it being the first consecutive collection of Scottish history. There are a few fragments of older date, which we may have occasion afterwards to notice; but in any case, to detail their specific contents, would be unnecessary and cumbersome in a hurried sketch like the present.

the fictions imputed to him would not on that account receive one whit more consideration at the bar of criticism. Nevertheless, the inquiry is possessed of considerable interest as relating to an undoubted specimen of literary imposture; for, whoever is now to be stigmatized as the guilty man, there certainly was a fraud committed of the most infamous and daring character. As for Boece, we must confess, that we have never been able to decide whether unconditionally to denounce him as an impudent forger like Annius or Psalmanazar, or merely to pity him as a credulous dupe. On the one hand, it is difficult to conceive that a scholar necessarily acquainted with the classical authors, would, if left to himself, construct a narrative so clumsily contradictory of their positive statements; but then, on the other hand, where can an obstacle be found, at which that man would boggle who coolly asserts that he himself had observed, within the skin of a barnacle, the perfect embryo of a wild-goose, feathers and all! There is just this much however to be said, that a venerable Lord of Session, Chambers of Ormond, in his '*Histoire Abbregée d'Escosse*,' &c., quotes Vere-mund as an authority which he himself had consulted: and this would seem to clear Boece of the grosser charge, although the accusation of wilful credulity and misrepresentation must still be preferred against him.

But the excessive patriotism of Boece overshot the mark. He sneered at the Britons, and exalted his Scots, praising the prowess which *they* had displayed against the Romans. Vaniloquent boasting such as this soon met with its reward; and Humphrey Lhuyd, a Welshman, rushed to the rescue. With more virulence than taste, he abused his adversary, compared his History to that of '*Amadis de Gaule*' or the '*Orlando Furioso*', restored to the Britons the laurels of which they had been robbed, and fully compensated for all the depreciation they had suffered, by proving to his own satisfaction, that they were the Cimbri whose daring enterprise had endangered the safety of Rome. But he did not stop here: he carried the war into the enemy's country, and boldly attacked the whole structure of Scottish antiquity, declaring that no colony of Scots could possibly have been established in Britain at an earlier period than the fifth century of the Christian era.

Buchanan\* came next in order, and assailed the Welshman in terms which courtesy might designate simply as pungent, but which justice must condemn as unduly scurrilous. Still the honour of

\* We pass over Lesly, who was the slavish copyist of Hector Boece.

Scotland was vindicated! and the deeds of the forty kings were again recounted more eloquently, if possible, than before. Nevertheless, those apocryphal monarchs were doomed, and the time was at hand when their names were to be obliterated for ever from the page of history. Even Camden had no sympathy for them, though he dealt most tenderly with Geoffrey's old British fable of Brutus and the Trojans. But still Scotchmen held fast by their ancient princes, and more than one hundred years of controversy had yet to elapse before the point would be finally conceded.

We will not review in detail, or even name, the jejune works of some minor authors who discussed this question with more or less prolixity and prejudice, at the opening and towards the middle of the seventeenth century: nor would we make any exception in favour of Dempster's ' *Historia Ecclesiastica Gentis Scotorum*, ' were it not that a slight knowledge of its contents is indispensable to enable the reader to understand how at this particular period the *amor patriæ* of the Irish writers was so effectually roused. It was indeed with very good reason that O'Flaherty indignantly called upon his countrymen "not to suffer their choicest persons of renown to be kidnapped by an impudent plagiary,"\* for the unscrupulous Dempster had robbed them of all. Utterly denying that Ireland had been known as Scotia up to the tenth century, or even at all, he would not for one moment admit that any man entitled a Scot could have belonged to any other region than North Britain; and he therefore transferred the long catalogue of those Irish saints called *Scoti* to his own outrageous list of the worthies of Scotland already swelled by wholesale appropriation from every available source. But this was a puny effort when compared with the following display of matchless effrontery exhibited by the zealous churchman. In his work, which is essentially a series of literary biographies, he actually incorporates a few of Boece's forty kings, affixing, to a memoir of each, a list of his writings! Truly,

"Old Nick himself would ne'er attempt for shame,  
What's done by cloistered monk and doting dame."

It would be tiresome to follow the disputes of the hagiologists as to the parentage of the much coveted saints: those who care to pursue the inquiry may consult the ' *Florilegium*' of Messingham,

\* 'Ogygia Vindicated,' p. 6. It is fair to state that Dempster only repaid in their own coin, Stanhurst and Messingham, two Irish writers, who claimed as natives of their own land the most venerated even of those Scots who were undoubtedly born in Scotland.

or the interminable folios of Colgan. Neither will we spend time upon those Irish antiquaries such as Lynch in his 'Cambrensis Eversus,' and Kennedy in his 'Dissertation on the Stuarts,' whose chief objection to the Scottish pretensions was derived from the fact that these did not accord with Irish genealogies; but we will pass on to those authors whose arguments are based on more tangible and trustworthy authorities.

Since the days of Humphrey Lluyd no serious breach had been effected in the Scottish system, until the erudite Usher, Archbishop of Armagh, essayed the task. He followed the track of the Welshman; but more profoundly learned, and with more ample opportunities for research, new sources of information were explored by him. The forty kings could not stand the ordeal to which they were subjected; and the primate unhesitatingly pronounced that the first regular colony of Scots was established in Britain A.D. 503, and was governed by Fergus, the son of Erc, him called the Second by Fordun, Boece, and others of that school. Another dignitary of the church, the Bishop of St. Asaph, took up the theme as subsidiary to the main object of his 'Historical Account of Church Government in Britain,' which was designed to demonstrate the existence of episcopal institutions among the earliest Christians of Scotland. This skilful debate reiterated the arguments of Usher, and added to their intrinsic weight by lucid arrangement and logical deduction. But he was not allowed to escape unchallenged, for Sir George Mackenzie stepped forward to defend the original scheme of Scottish history, conceiving himself "in duty bound as king's advocate" to support the dignity of the royal descent. He encountered his opponent with all the subtle casuistry, and skilful special-pleading, acquired by a long forensic education; and he even hurled the charge of modified sedition against all such as might venture to curtail the royal pedigree.

Though St. Asaph was dead, his mantle descended to a brother of the lawn, Dr. Stillingfleet of Worcester, who entered the lists to vindicate the opinions of his deceased friend. About the same time also, Roderic O'Flaherty likewise repudiated the ancient settlement of the Scots in Britain, though when Ireland was concerned, no fable was too gross to find honourable mention in the fanciful pages of his 'Ogygia.' 'A Further Defence of the Royal Line' by Sir George Mackenzie, followed, in which O'Flaherty was laughed at and Stillingfleet defied, while all the paradoxes advanced in the first 'Defence' were retouched and fortified at their weakest points.

A slight sketch of Sir George's method of reasoning might not have been uninteresting if space had allowed; but as it is, we must be content to furnish a single specimen of his style, as amusing, as it must have been startling. Since the publication of Usher's laborious volume, all those whom we may term the Ante-Boethian writers had admitted, that as early as the fourth century or thereby, the Scots had made frequent predatory inroads on Britain; but it was no less stoutly contested that these plundering marauders had obtained no fixed settlement in that country prior to the year 503. This, of course, was the first position Sir George had to attack, and it was thus he set to work. His adversaries had deduced one part of their argument from some passages in the poet Claudian, and from others in Gildas and Bede, but chiefly from the former, which bore the character of contemporary evidence. They had remarked with great show of reason, that if the Scots were then (about A.D. 400) resident in North Britain, Claudian's verses

“*Scotorum cumulos flevit glacialis Ierne :*”

and

“*Totam cum Scottis Iernen  
Movit, et infesto spumavit remige Tethys,*”

must have been utterly meaningless, since they are plainly intended to convey that the people in question were dwelling in Ireland. Sir George admitted the inference, but denied the premises. *Ierne*, he declared, was not Ireland at all, but the northern or midland division of Scotland, to a portion of which the name had adhered, and might still be recognised in the compound *Strathearn* in Perthshire!

Even were it considered desirable, it would scarcely be possible for us to impart an adequate impression of the earnest zeal displayed by the combatants on both sides of the intricate question before us, but particularly by the Scots, who contended as strenuously for their forty kings as ever their ancestors had fought for their liberty in the days of Bruce. The pacifically disposed Stillingfleet had asked in the spirit of a philosopher: “Is it not possible for learned and ingenuous men to inquire into and debate the several antiquities of their nations without making a national quarrel about them?” and to this sensible query the whole tone of Sir George Mackenzie’s ‘Defences’ supplies an emphatic negative. Of course, the views held by the deluded advocate as to what was necessary for supporting his country’s honour inevitably tended to blunt his appreciation of the true objects of history; but one is scarcely prepared to find, even in his writings, so barefaced a proposal as the following to pervert its legitimate channels. He actually suggests

to the Irish authors, that instead of contradicting, it would be “their interest to unite with their Scottish brethren in sustaining one another’s antiquities,”—in other words, that all serious convictions arising from historical research should be mutually stifled. The bait was tempting, and certainly calculated to catch, at all events, such credulous individuals as Roderick O’Flaherty: but even with him it failed, for when he penned his ‘Vindication’ he had not yet forgotten Sir George’s bantering critique on his ‘Ogygia.’

We have now arrived at the opening of the eighteenth century, when Scotland was agitated by another national controversy,—the well-known discussion concerning the imperial independence of her monarchy. Two hundred years before, the fealty demanded by Edward I as due by the Scottish to the English crown, had been urged by Caxton, and denied by Major: and afterwards the assertion had been repeated by Hollinshead, only to be refuted by the famous jurist Sir Thomas Craig.\* It was not, however, until the reign of Queen Anne, when negotiations for the Union were pending, that the question was revived and argued by both parties with an amount of bitterness which has rarely been equalled.† It would be quite foreign to our design to notice the host of publications which then were issued on this subject in rapid succession; and it only seems necessary to allude to one or two of the most prominent of their number. First, then, may be mentioned among the advocate of the English claims, the ‘*Historia Anglo-Scotia*’ of Drake, entitled by its author an “impartial history,” possibly in jest, as it is plainly the production of a thoroughgoing and unscrupulous partizan. Next came Attwood’s ‘*Superiority of England over Scotland Asserted*,’ and by it the angry feelings of the disparaged nation were excited to such a degree, that the obnoxious volume was publicly burnt at the Cross of Edinburgh by the common hangman. But this spirited act was not the only answer to English arguments attempted by indignant Scotchmen. Anderson quickly appeared as the champion of his country, and received for his ‘*Scotland Independent*,’ the most flattering assurance of national gratitude, while Parliament proffered him public assistance and aid for completing his valuable work, the ‘*Diplomata Scotiae*:’ unfortunately, as too

\* Craig’s Treatise was not printed until 1695, nearly one hundred years after it was written.

† Even yet it is the peculiar care of Scotchmen jealously to guard the independence of their crown from every attempt at infringement: within the present generation no sooner had Lingard and Sir Francis Palgrave alleged that Scotland was once “a dependent member of the English monarchy,” than they were contradicted in an able “*Vindication*” by John Allen, whose laudable endeavour was aided by Tytler in his ‘*History of Scotland*.’

frequently has happened, the promises were lavish, the performances *nil*. Sir James Dalrymple also contributed his share to the great discussion of the day, though his ‘Historical Collections’ were chiefly intended to prove, in opposition to the Bishop of St. Asaph, that the original Scottish Church had been Presbyterian in government.\* Sir James was a friend of Sir George Mackenzie’s, in fact, he had assisted in preparing the “Defence of the Royal Line,” and his views were therefore precisely those enunciated in that singular specimen of loyal zeal.

It may perhaps be imagined that, in thus alluding to the polemical works called forth by the prospect of the Union, we have for a moment lost sight of our principal design. But it is not so; for, we have acted advisedly, our intention having been to represent the state of public feeling in Scotland at this conjuncture. We have shown how warmly the whole nation resented an attack upon the ancient independence of its crown, and it therefore may well be supposed that this was scarcely the season when any attempt to remove the fictitious honours of antiquity would be even tolerated, far less encouraged. Indeed, the Boethian scheme of history was insensibly mixed up with the more important discussion, and thus it became an article in the national faith of every Scotchman, no less sacred and sincere than his more rational convictions respecting the independence of his country. Nay more, the Scottish pretensions to ancient settlement in Britain were carried to a higher pitch than before, though enounced in a totally distinct manner from that formerly in vogue. Edward Lhuyd, the ingenious author of the ‘Archæologia Britannica,’ had found reason to believe from his etymological researches, that a Gaelic branch of the Celte had once peopled those districts of Britain afterwards possessed by the cognate Cymry; and he thereupon framed an hypothesis, which even in our day has its adherents, and is always treated with the utmost respect—an hypothesis to the effect, that all Britain was first occupied by Gael who were succeeded by Cymry, and by them driven to the north of Scotland and thence to Ireland. This estimable scholar wrote as an ethnologist, and the history of races rather than of nations was the recondite problem he strove to solve. He supplied however a fresh arrow to the Scottish quiver, and in twelve months after its bestowal, the shaft was shot by Dr. George Mackenzie, in the preface to his ‘Lives of Scottish Writers.’ The

\* On this subject Sir James had a separate tilt with Bishop Gillan of Dumblane, which at all events had the merit of having been courteously conducted.

verbose biographer at once adopted the main principles of Lluyd's theory, and closing his eyes to the broadest intimations of history, completely turned the tables on the Irish antiquaries, by coolly insisting that all their cherished chronicles were just so much waste paper, since in them the Scots were represented as having emigrated from Ireland to Britain, while the fact, he affirmed, was exactly the reverse. This nostrum seems likewise to have found favour in the sight of the immortal Sandy Gordon, as Mr. Jonathan Oldbuck familiarly designated the author of '*Itinerarium Septentrionale*.' Though Gordon did not adopt the Doctor's opinion in express terms, still he evidently acknowledged it as accurate, for he utterly abhorred the bare idea of the Scots having been "a vagrant colony from Ireland." He was not, however, by any means an adept in the science of logic, and those of the arguments he employed, which may be regarded as his own invention, are indeed puerile in the extreme.

The foregoing sketch, it is hoped, will be sufficient to enable our readers to form some faint conception of that incessant antagonism which subsisted for fully two centuries between the historical writers of Scotland, and those of England and Ireland. The former, we have seen, actuated by a false and unmeaning patriotism, regarded with the utmost veneration and rigidly supported their ancestral fables, to which the latter mercilessly applied the usual canons of criticism with deadly effect \*. At length, however, a native Scotchman, Father Innes, ventured to disabuse the minds of his countrymen of the fallacy to which they had been so long wedded; and, at least, partial success attended an effort directed by the hand of a master. Of all the labourers in the much cultivated field of British antiquities, we are disposed, with perhaps the single exception of Camden, to regard Innes, the author of the '*Critical Essay*' which we have inscribed at the head of this article, as the first and almost the only man until recent times, who brought to his task learning, critical acumen, modesty, and becoming temper, all conjoined. The last two qualities may perhaps seem of trivial importance to some, but their value will not be underrated by those who are familiar with the fierce philippics of Lluyd, Buchanan, Stanhurst, and Dempster; † or by those who have read the contemptuous

\* This must be understood of course as relating more particularly to the English writers, for the Irish antiquaries met their compeers of Scotland with arguments of the same calibre as their own.

† The outrageous virulence of Dempster's style may be guessed, when it is stated that he unreservedly stigmatises Gildas as an *abusive beast*—“*maledicentissimum pecus*”—on no greater provocation than because that author happened to apply to the Scots, the epithet *tetri*, which after all is not so very insulting.

bravado of Pinkerton, and the unbridled effusions of the honest though irascible Ritson. Innes, fortunately, was singularly exempt from that infirmity of disposition which has always been looked upon as inevitable to the student of the past ; and it is only when exposing what he calls the perfidy of the democratic and protestant Buchanan, that the loyal priest is sometimes tempted to forget the dignity of his subject.

The friendly teaching of a native was scarcely received in Scotland with a better grace than the harsh dogmatising of aliens, though Innes took care to reconcile his countrymen to the innovation by clearly pointing out, that the honour of the nation by no means depended upon the ancient settlement of the Scots, since only a fractional part of the population could possibly be descended from that tribe, while the main body of the people must be the representatives of the Picts, an aboriginal race, and therefore more reputable as ancestors, if priority of occupancy were to be the standard. But this was not all ; for, he tried at the same time to remove from before the envious eyes of his compatriots, the dazzling phoenix which had so long flourished on the other side of St. George's Channel : that is, he demolished the whole fabric of Irish antiquity simultaneously with their Scotch, by sapping their common base, the bardic traditions.

In that portion of the Critical Essay, devoted to the elucidation of the early history of the Scots, one is not so much startled by the novelty of the conclusions arrived at, as the admiration is excited by the luminous manner in which these are deduced. Indeed, the main result attained—that the origin of the Scottish monarchy in Britain dated no higher than the year A.D. 503, had already as we have seen been stated by Usher, and reiterated by his numerous followers ; and Innes only differed from them in this, that he believed the Scots to have obtained a footing in that country prior to that period, although it was not until then that they became consolidated under regal government. The chief value of the Essay, however, consists in the completeness of its details, and in another feature almost peculiar to itself. Most critics are content to disprove an error and establish the truth in its stead ; few of them care to trace the fallacy to its source, and pourtray its cumulative growth. But Innes attempted to do so, and with very considerable success. He showed that the few extant fragments of Scottish history of a date older than the famous debate between Edward I of England and the Scots, respecting the independence of the

latter, contained unadulterated the true scheme of the monarchical succession, since in them Fergus Mac Erc is chronicled as *first* king of the Scots in Britain—an authentic tradition which prevailed until the great controversy referred to, impressed upon Scotchmen the necessity of vieing with their adversary in pretensions to excessive antiquity. At first their claims were vague in the extreme, but gradually and by progressive steps they acquired so definite a form, that in the days of Fordun, a founder for the monarchy had been pitched upon in the person of Fergus Mac Ferquhard, between whom and Fergus Mac-Erc, four and forty princes were said to have intervened. How Boece or Veremund—which you will—supplied names, characters, and deeds for forty of those phantoms, we have already indicated, and need not here repeat.

It was thus, by thoroughly, as it were, exhausting his subject, that Innes rendered his work so satisfactory, and secured for it attention and consideration in after ages. He employed, too, none but original materials, purposely, we doubt not, avoiding particular mention of those who preceded him in the same field, lest his book should be tinged with the spirit of controversy, and forfeit the title of a calm disquisition. Though he passed by without quoting, or even naming, in many cases, the writings of his predecessors, we have thought it desirable to supply the foregoing short summary of their character, not merely for the purpose of furnishing a certain amount of information, but with a view of enabling our readers to appreciate the value of the ‘Critical Essay’ when compared with the Scottish antiquarian literature of the two preceding centuries. Let it not be imagined, however, that Scotchmen at once recognised it as an oracle, and bowed to the decision which stripped them of their chieftest boast. On the contrary, Innes was branded as a traitor; and two paltry antagonists, Waddel and Tait, essayed formally to impugn his accuracy by attempting to prove the *negative* of the positions laid down in the ‘Essay,’ rather than the *positive* facts formerly averred in the Scottish scheme. But in truth the forty kings had received their death-blow; and after the publication of Innes’s work, not one single advocate appeared for them, so far as we can remember, except Waddel, the puny pamphleteer, whom we have already named\*.

Nevertheless, the patriotism of persevering Caledonians had yet another refuge—another channel in which to expend its zeal. The

\* Chalmers’s *Caledonia*, vol. i, p. 228, note,—mentions “some forgotten dissertations by the Rev. Dr. Free, intended to confute Innes, which we have never seen; but it seems they were directed against his views on the ‘Pictish Question.’”

forty kings, it is true, were resigned to oblivion; but, notwithstanding, the antiquity of the Scottish occupancy of North Britain was urged with undiminished vigour,—a commonwealth or republican government being alleged by some to have preceded the regal.\* Dr. Mackenzie's hypothesis—that which he had derived from Lhuyd, and which we have previously explained—was brought into play and very generally supported, though resting upon a foundation of the most slender description. Indeed, the argument resolved itself into this; the followers of Mackenzie declared—We find the Scots first mentioned in history by Eumenius and Ammianus in the middle of the fourth century, as associated with the Picts against the Romans, and therefore, *presumptively*, at that period resident in North Britain; *we assert* that they were the aboriginal inhabitants; let our opponents who believe them to have been an immigrant Irish horde, prove the *exact date* of their settlement, and we shall then be prepared to consider their opinion. In vain had Humphrey Lhuyd, and a whole phalanx of successors, with Father Innes at their head, laid down in the clearest manner, that neither Tacitus, Ptolemy, nor Dio knew anything of Scots in North Britain at the respective epochs when they had occasion to mention its people; and in vain were the proofs derived from the more authentic of the Irish chronicles, from ethnological considerations, and from other sources elaborately set forth. Mackenzie's disciples rejected them all. Holding fast by their theory, which, as we have seen, was simply based upon the inability of their adversaries to define a *positive* position, they became involved in those endless paradoxes, which had been so current in the previous century: and the old notion that Claudius had alluded to Scotland under the name of Ierne, found strenuous upholders in Maitland, and Gaodall, the editor of Fordun. But, as the forty kings could not resist the weight of evidence brought against them, so in like manner the dogmatic assertion that the Scotch were the aborigines of North Britain, soon received its quietus. Indeed, after the controversy between the MacPhersons † and Whitaker the historian of Manchester, this idea was never seriously entertained, unless by Grant, in his 'Thoughts on the Origin of the Gael,'—a work published so recently as 1814, but now almost forgotten. All those laborious antiquaries who flourished at the opening of this century, as Pinkerton,

\* Such, at least, is Maitland's assertion. *History of Scot*, vol. i., folio.

† James, of Ossianic notoriety, and John, a Presbyterian clergyman, his uncle, who both wrote dissertations on early Scottish history.

Chalmers, and Ritson, contended for the Irish extraction of the Scots, which has ever since been universally received as an indisputable ethnological axiom.

If we now look back over the short and imperfect survey of Scottish antiquarian literature just concluded, we shall find it no easy matter to determine the precise rank which ought to be assigned to the 'Critical Essay.' Its author cannot justly be termed a pioneer, as the paths he travelled had already been trodden; nor yet can we regard him as the first to ensure universal currency for a theory previously mooted, but never firmly established. His actual position is somewhat different from either, though embodying certain elements of both those characters. On the one hand, we find him single and unsupported, the *first* among his countrymen to adopt and promulgate certain novel historical views, and that too at a period when the nation was little likely to lend a willing ear to strains considered as insulting and libellous. Let it further be remembered, that he did not accept those opinions merely in the spirit of credulity, or as an unreasoning belief, but that he was the *first* to elaborate them, and place them on a solid, enduring foundation; and then he will surely not be denied, at all events, some claim to the highly prized honours of a pioneer. Again, on the other hand, though the whole scheme as expounded by him was not at once universally acknowledged, one part of it certainly remained undisputed,\* for he it was who administered the *coup de grace* to the forty kings, who thenceforth never appeared upon the stage; and thus the influence of the 'Essay' was substantially felt, since it marks an epoch in the study of Scottish history. But, apart from its value in this respect, which may perhaps to some extent be fortuitous, as the march of intellect forbade any return to outrageous absurdities, it possesses intrinsic merits of its own, which have gained for it a very high consideration among modern antiquaries. We have already commended the persevering erudition and other qualifications of its author, and therefore it might almost seem unnecessary to remark that he produced a work so well worthy of attention, were it not that in researches of a like nature, men similarly endowed have not always been successful.

It is not of course our intention to hold up the 'Critical Essay' as an unapproachable model of perfection, though candour must admit that few disquisitions of its kind can advantageously be com-

\* Waddel's puny attempt, which we have already noticed, is too trifling to be regarded as an exception.

pared with it. The section set apart for the elucidation of Scottish history, properly so called, is especially deserving of praise from the comprehensiveness of its mode of treatment; and the chapters allotted to the Picts are also valuable, though, ethnologically, we decline to recognise them as the standard of our faith. After making such an avowal, it may perhaps be expected by some, that we should enter on the great battle-field of the Pictish controversy, but, on this occasion, having neither space nor inclination to do so, we have carefully and designedly eschewed this exciting subject, with the view of confining our observations to the Scots alone. For the present then, let a single parenthetical remark suffice, namely, that it is our matured conviction, after having perused, we may almost say every scrap extant bearing upon the discussion, that notwithstanding the endless volumes which have been written, the more minute and interesting facts of the case have yet to be evoked. Nay more, we do not hesitate to say that the most recent investigator of this complicated and somewhat mysterious topic—Dr. Latham,—is, always excepting John Pinkerton, farthest from the truth, since he expresses his belief, on most frivolous and untenable grounds, that “the Picts *may* have been Scandinavians.”

By way of conclusion it seems proper to devote a single paragraph to the people who imposed their name on the northern division of Britain, and whose history has been the subject of those tedious discussions to which we have adverted. Plainly, in such an inquiry, it ought to be our first duty to penetrate as far as possible, the obscurity which surrounds their origin, and the era of their localisation in Ireland; but though the theme is certainly inviting, we conceive it would be somewhat foreign to the peculiar province of this Review, were we to launch out on the boundless sea of ethnological speculation. It appears to us moreover, that even were we disposed to waive all considerations of this nature, the tenor of the present article requires no more than a brief survey of the facts which relate to the settlement of the Scots in Britain.

That Fergus, the son of Erc,\* was the founder of the Scottish monarchy in North Britain, is a truth now universally admitted because proved by many concurring testimonies; but there does not prevail quite so much unanimity of opinion respecting the precise year in which he began to reign, though 503 has from the

\* To avoid hampering the memory of our readers with many proper names, we have continued Fergus MacErc as founder of the Scottish monarchy, although there is little doubt but his brother Loarn is entitled to the post of honour, or at all events, was co-ordinate in power with him.

times of Usher downwards, been most generally regarded as the true date. Indeed, almost the only recent dissentient is Ritson, who is inclined to prefer 496, but on data we think of no great value. We will not, however, burden our readers with tiresome details in the hope of ascertaining the exact truth in this matter ; such hairsplitting would be more appropriate in a minute antiquarian monograph, as it will be amply sufficient for our purpose to assume that the Scottish regal dynasty arose *about* the beginning of the sixth century. Thus much is neutral ground : one step further, and we are in the midst of confusion. For the next question to be propounded is, whether had the Scots, before the reign of Fergus MacErc, obtained any settlement in Britain, or were they merely occasional allies of the Picts, who returned to their Irish homes after each invasion of the provincials had yielded them a harvest of spoil ? Each of the propositions here stated has been stoutly maintained ; but we are disposed to believe that in most instances, too much unyielding exclusiveness has marred the arguments of the pleaders on both sides. That is to say, those who favoured the early immigration of the Scots were too liable to infer—no matter what amount of perversion was necessary—that every passage in the classical authors, in which the name of that people occurred, related to North Britain ; while, on the other hand, their adversaries were not willing to acknowledge the existence of *any* regular Scottish colony whatever in that country, prior to the reign of the son of Erc. Now it is our decided impression, that both parties have gone to extremes, and that, as usually happens in such cases, *in medio tutissimus ibis*. In fact the only practicable method of successfully reconciling inferential probabilities, and the various direct intimations of annalists, is that, which may be termed the most natural, and the most in accordance with the dictates of reason. Let us explain a little more fully. From A.D. 360 onwards, the Scots are recorded as having assisted in nearly every attack from the north endured by the southern Britons ; and a careful consideration of all the circumstances connected with those expeditions induces the belief that, at all events, some of the people in question had, at an earlier period than 503, effected a settlement in the Pictish territory. Indeed, unless some such supposition as this be allowed, it is difficult to conceive how they should have been such constant and opportune auxiliaries of the Picts. Although then there might have been, and probably was, a colony of Scots, established in North Britain in the fourth or fifth century, it does not follow that these were the only

robbers of that name who harassed the effeminate provincials; for they (the Scots) had brethren on the opposite and neighbouring coasts of Ireland, whose help doubtless they easily and frequently procured, which at once renders it intelligible why several passages in the contemporaneous authorities should designate the Scottish ravagers as inhabitants of the "Green Isle."

Although, therefore, we are prepared to admit that the Scots had obtained a footing in their future country, as early even as the age of Ammianus Marcellinus (the fourth century), yet in forming this judgment we have never been swayed or influenced by the statement of Bede, and the supplementary arguments based upon it. That truly invaluable author left upon record, that the Scots had first landed in Britain under the guidance of a certain Riorda, from whom their territory was entitled Dalriorda, and the Irish writers forthwith hunted up in their genealogies, a prince of that name, to act as the Scottish Teucer. It seems to us, however, very evident that the tradition preserved by Bede refers to Dalriorda in Ireland, the true original, from which the district in Scotland undoubtedly receives its appellation *direct*: nor need it be a matter of surprise, that a legend such as this should have been transplanted incidentally from one country to another by the people whose peculiar property it was. But be that as it may, the few hints our narrow limits have enabled us to throw out, though short and necessarily inconclusive, may perhaps be sufficient to indicate, that at first the position of the Scots in Britain was fluctuating and indeterminate, and only assumed a more settled aspect, when the sons of Erc led over fresh bands from Ireland, consolidated their monarchy, and founded a royal line, which was afterwards to become dominant not only amid the mountain fastnesses of Scotland, but, by rare fortune, throughout the whole united kingdom of Great Britain.

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## ART. VI.—Satires and Declamations of Thomas Nash.

*Pierce Penilesse his Supplication to the Devill. Describing the over-spreading of Vice, and the Suppression of Vertue. Pleasantly interlac'd with variable delights: and pathetically intermixt with conceipted reproges.* Written by THOMAS NASH, Gentleman. London, Imprinted by Richard Ihones, dwelling at the Signe of the Rose and Crowne, nere Holburne Bridge, 1592. [Reprinted for the Shakespeare Society, 1842.]

*Nashe's Lenten Stuffe, containing the Description and First Procreation and Increase of the Towne of Great Yarmouth in Norffolke: with a new Play never played before, of the Praise of the Red Herring. Fitte of all Clearkes of Noblemens Kitchens to be read: and not unnecessary by all serving men that have short boord-wages, to be remembered. Faimam peto per undas.* London, Printed for N. L. and C. B. and are to be sold at the west end of Paules. 1599.

*Christ's Tears over Jerusalem. Whereunto is annexed a Comparative Admonition to London. A Jove Musa.* By THO. NASH. London: printed for Thomas Thorp, 1613. [Reprint, 1815.]

IN selecting these works from the many which the author left behind him, we have been influenced less by any similarity or congruity between them than by the simple wish to make our readers acquainted with the once renowned but now little-known satirist, whose mirthful sallies passed from mouth to mouth in the days of queen Bess much as the good things of a Hood or a Sydney Smith did in our own younger days. But his wit as well as his satire partook largely of the grossness of the times in which he lived, as the books before us abundantly testify; and in this and other instances of a similar nature our object will ever be to present our readers with the spirit, if not the quintessence, of an author, while we leave the scum and dregs of his productions to their deserved oblivion. In the present case it is especially incumbent upon us to adopt this course, for the author, in the epistle prefixed to his 'Christ's Tears,' says: "Many vain things have I vainly set forth, whereof now it repenteth me. St. Augustine writ a whole book of his Retractions. Nothing so much do I retract as that wherein soever I have scandalized the meanest. Into some spleenitive veins of wantonness heretofore have I foolishly relapsed to supply my private wants: of them no less do I desire to be absolved

than the rest, and to God and man do I promise an unfeigned conversion." Now this is nobly said; and far be it from us to make the *Retrospective Review* the vehicle for bringing to light what so ingenuous a mind would gladly have consigned to the flames. We shall, however, make one reservation: we do not engage to blot all that Nash himself would have blotted, as thereby much of the raciness of his personal satire would be lost; but blot we will all that could reasonably be construed into a breach of modesty.

The history of Thomas Nash is that of Savage, Chatterton, Hood—a tale of the misery (self-procured or otherwise) which is so often the concomitant of genius. He was born of gentle parentage at Lowestoffe in Suffolk, his father being a member of the Nashes of Herefordshire, and in some way a relative of Sir Robert Cotton. He took his degree of B.A. at St. John's College, Cambridge, in 1585, and was, as he himself tells us, a resident there ("the sweetest nurse of knowledge in all that university") for almost seven years. For some unexplained reason, however, he quitted Cambridge without proceeding M.A. Mr. Payne Collier, to whom we are indebted for the edition of 'Pierce Penniless,' thinks he left his College under some imputation of misconduct. He appears soon afterwards to have visited Italy, Ireland, and many parts of England. In 1587 he was in London and associated with the celebrated Robert Greene, the dramatist, in literary occupations. Two or three years later he engaged in his contest with the Puritans, which was the opening of the celebrated "Martin Marprelate controversy." His adversaries were very numerous, but Nash's sprightly warfare with the small shot of satire and wit, was unmatched even by a host of theologians and a cannonade of scripture quotations. Among all his antagonists none had so large a share of his bitterest objurgations as Gabriel Harvey, with whom the contest was protracted through several years, until it was at length put a stop to by the public authorities. Nash also wrote several plays, and other pieces too numerous to be named here. The satirist is not a likely man to get friends: few respect him otherwise than as some savages are said to worship the devil—lest he should hurt them. This may partly account for the extreme misery and distress into which Nash fell; but extravagance and debauchery are alleged as other causes; and these alas! are no unusual concomitants of genius when it takes this direction. Besides other misfortunes in which his satirical vein involved him,

we find him in 1597 imprisoned by the Privy Council for having written a play called ‘The Isle of Dogs.’ About the same time he wrote a letter to his kinsman, Sir Robert Cotton, in which occurs the expression; “I am merry now, though I have ne’er a penny in my purse.” He died—probably under forty years of age—in 1601.

It was in one of his “pennilesse” periods, if we are to take him literally, that he wrote the first work on our list: this was in 1592.

“ Having spent manie yeres in studying how to live, and livde a long time without money; having tyred my youth with follie, and surfeited my minde with vanitie, I began at length to looke backe to repentaunce, and addresse my endevors to prosperitie. But all in vaine: I sate up late, and rose early, contended with the colde, and conversed with scarcitie; for all my labours turned to losse, my vulgar muse was despised and neglected, my paines not regarded, or slightly rewarded, and I my selfe, (in prime of my best wit) layde open to povertie. Whereupon, in a male-content humour, I accused my fortune, raidly on my patrones, bit my pen, rent my papers, and ragde in all points like a mad man. In which agonie tormenting myself a long time, I grew by degrees to a milde discontent; and pausing awhile over my standish, I resolved in verse to paynt forth my passion: which, best agreeing with the vaine of my unrest, I began to complaine in this sort:—

“ Why is’t damnation to despaire and dye,  
 When life is my true happiness’ disease?  
 My soule, my soule, thy safetie makes me flye,  
 The faultie meanes that might my paine appease;  
 Divines and dying men may talke of hell,  
 But in my hart her severall torments dwell.  
  
 Ah worthlesse wit, to traine me to this woe,  
 Deceitfull artes, that nourish discontent!  
 Ill thrive the follie that bewitcht me so;  
 Vaine thoughts adieu, for now I will repent;  
 And yet my wants perswade me to proceede,  
 Since none takes pitie of a scholler’s neede.”

And thus he goes on with his lament of neglected talents, and the poor requital of literary labour. “I cald to mind a cobler, that was worth five hundred pound; an hostler that had built a goodly inne, and might dispende fortie pounds yerely by his land; a carreman in a lether pilche that had whipt a thousand pound out of his horse tayle: and have I more wit,” he asks, “than all these? am I better borne? am I better brought up? yea, and better favored? and yet am I a begger? what is the cause?” The answer to this string of interrogatories is much the same in substance, as that which an unsuccessful or an improvident literary man would now give, namely, that it is the fault of an undiscerning public, which prefers the trashy and ephemeral to the substantial and profound.

"Everie grosse-brainde idiot is suffered to come into print, who, if hee set foorth a pamphlet of the praise of pudding-pricks, or write a treatise of Tom Thumme, or the exploits of Untrusse, it is bought up thicke and three-folde, when better things lye dead." So complains Pierce Penilesse, but without redress. "*Opus and usus* are knocking at my door twenty times a weeke," he says, "when I am not at home." At length, finding that pretended friends will give him nothing, though intreated for God's sake, he bethinks himself of a tale that he has heard, of pecuniary advances made by "the gentleman in black," and thereupon indites a 'Supplication to the Divell.' This "supplication" is nothing more than a satire on the prevailing vices of the day; and we now proceed to adduce from it, a few specimens of the author's peculiar humour.

"In the inner part of this ugly habitation stands Greedinesse, prepared to devoure all that enter, attired in a capouch of written parchment button'd downe before with labels of wax, and lined with sheepe's fels for warmenes: his cappe furd with catskins after the Muscovie fashion, and all be tasseld with angle-hookes, instead of aglets, ready to catch hold of all those to whom he shewes any humblenes: as for his breeches, they were made of the lists of broad cloaths, which he had by letters-patents assured to him and his heyres, to the utter overthrow of bow-cases and cushin-makers; and bumbasted they were, like beer barrels, with statute-marchants and forfeitures.

In Penilesse's 'complaynt of pryd,' he is extremely severe against the sectaries of his age, who think "to live when they are dead by having theyr sect called after their names."

"We devide Christ's garment amongst us in manie peeces, and of the vesture of salvation make some of us babies and apes coates, others straight trusses and divell's breeches, some gally gascoynes, or a shipmans hose; like the Anabaptists and adulterous Familists, others with the Martinists, a hood with two faces to hide their hypocrisie, and, to conclude, some, like the Barrowists and Greenwoodians, a garment ful of the plague, which is not to be worn before it be new washt. Hence atheists triumph and rejoice, and talke as prophane of the Bible as of Bevis of Hampton. I heare say there be mathematitians abroad that will proove men before Adam; and they are harboured in high places who will maintayne it to the death that there are no divells. It is a shame (Senior Belzebub) that you shoulde suffer yourself thus to be tearmed a bastard, or not prove to your predestinate children not only that they have a father, but that you are hee that must owne them! A side note adds, 'The devil hath children, but fewe of them know their owne father.'"

Pierce, after belabouring the pride of merchants' wives, upstarts, parasites, &c., proceeds to point out the peculiar forms and phases of pride which distinguish various nations. The Spaniard, for example, is "born a braggart;" the Italian, "a more cunning

proud fellow;" the Frenchman, "wholly compact of deceivable courtship." But it is against the Danes that he inveighs most bitterly. "The most grosse and senselesse proud doltz are the Danes, who stand so much upon their unweldie burlibound soul-diery, that they account of no man that hath not a battle-axe at his girdle to hough dogs with, or weares not a cock's fether in a thrumb-hat, like a cavalier: briefly, he is the best foole bragart under heaven. For besides nature hath lent him a flabberkin face like one of the four winds, and cheekez that sagge over his chin-bone, his apparaile is so puffed up with bladders of taffatife, and his back (like biese stuft with parslie) so drawn out with ribbands and devises, and blistered with light sarceanet bastings, that you would think him nothing but a swarne of butterflyes, if you saw him afarre off. . . . They are an arrogant asse-headed people. . . . Not Barbary it selfe is halfe so barbarous as they are," &c. &c.

Here we have a sketch of an antiquary's museum:

"A thousand jymjams and toyes have they in theyr chambers, which they heape up together with infinite expence, and are made beleive of them that sel them, that they are rare and precious things, when they have gathered them up on some dunghill, or rakte them out of the kennell by chaunce. I knowe one [who] sold an olde rope with foure knots on it for foure pound, in that he gave it out, it was the length and bredth of Christ's tomb. Let a tinker take a peece of brasse worth a halfpennie, and set strange stampes on it, and I warrant he may make it more worth to him of some fantastical foole than of all the kettels that ever he mended in his life. This is the disease of our new-fangled humorists that know not what to do with their wealth. *It argueth a verie rustie wit so to doate on worm-eaten elde.*"

But into the preface to his second edition Nash introduces the following remarks for the behoof of the insulted archeologists: "The antiquaries are offended without cause, thinking I goe about to detract from that excellent profession, when (God is my witnesse) I reverence it as much as any of them all, and had no manner of allusion to them that stumble at it. I hope they wil give me leave to think there be fools of that art as well as of al other; but to say I utterly condemn it as an unfruitfull studie, or seeme to despise the excellent qualified partes of it, is a most false and injurious surmise."

The 'Supplication' goes on next to lash envy and wrath; and here he has, incidentally, a fair chance of a slap at the litigious spirit of the age. "If John a Nokes his henne doo but leap into Elizabeth de Gappes close, shee will never leave hunting her husband till he bring it to a *nisi prius*." But we must pass over some of

our author's excellent stories to give a specimen of his most cutting invective as directed against his enemy, Gabriel Harvey :

" Put case (since I am not yet out of the theame of Wrath) that some tyred jade belonging to the presse, whome I never wronged in my life, hath named me expressly in print (as I will not doo him), and accused me for reviving in an epistle of mine the reverend memorie of Sir Thomas Moore, Sir John Cheeke, Dr. Watson, Dr. Haddon, Dr. Carre, Master Ascham, as if they were no meate but for his mastership's mouth ; or none but some such as the sonne of a ropemaker [the trade of Harvey's father] were worthie to mention them. To shewe how I can rayle, thus would I begin to rayle on him :—Thou that hadst thy hood turned over thy eares, when thou wert a bachelor, for abusing of Aristotle and setting him upon the schoole gates painted with asses eares on his head, is it anie discredit for me, thou great baboune, thou pigmee braggart, thou pamphleteer of nothing but *pœans*, to be censured by thee, that hast scorned the prince of philosophers ? Off with thy gowne and untrusse, for I mean to lash thee mightily. . . . Poor slave ! I pitie thee that thou hadst no more grace but to come in my way. Why could not you have sate quyet at home and writ catechismes, but you must be comparing me to Martin, and exlayme against me for reckning up the high schollers of worthie memorie ? *Jupiter ingenii prebet sua numina vatum*, saith Ovid ; *sequi celebrari quolibet ore sinit*. Which, if it be so, I hope I am *aliquis* ; and those men, *quos honoris causa nominavi*, are not greater than gods. Methinks I see thee stand quivering and quaking, and even now lift up thy hands to heaven, as thanking God my choler is somewhat assuaged ; but thou art deceived, for however I let fall my stile a little, to talk in reason with thee that hast none, I doo not meane to let thee scape so. . . .

" I have reade over thy sheepish discourse . . . and entreated my patience to bee good to thee whilst I read it. . . . Monstrous, monstrous, and palpable ; not to be spoken of in a Christian congregation ! thou hast skumed over the schoole men, and of the froth of their folly made a dish of divinitie brewesse, which the dogges will not eat. If the printer have any great dealings with thee, he were best get a priviledge betimes, *ad imprimendum solum*, forbidding all other to sell waste paper but himselfe, or else he will be in a wofull taking. . . . I doubt thou wilt be driven to leave all, and fall to thy father's occupation which is to goe and make a rope to hang thyself. *Negue enim lex æquior ulla est, quam necis artifices arte perire sua !*

" *Redeo ad vos, mei auditores.* Have I not a indifferent pretty veine in spurgalling an asse ? if you knew how extemporalit were at this instant, and with what haste it is writ, you would say so. But I would not have you thinke that all this that is set down heere is in good earnest, for then you goe by S. Giles the wrong way to Westminster ; *but onely to shew how for a neede I could rayle, if I were throughly fyred !*"

Throughly fired indeed ! and well may our friend Pierce conclude that he himself is not altogether free from " the sin of wrath" against which he has been declaiming ; but we must now pass on with him to the 'complaint of gluttonie.' Here he falls foul with Master Dives, the type of a London alderman then, and according to the vulgar idea, in our own days. " *Miserere mei*," he exclaims, " what

a fat churle it is! Why, he hath a belly as big as the round church in Cambridge, [— a bad simile, since it is as unlike as may be to a holy sepulchre!] a face as huge as the whole bodie of a base viall, and legs that if they were hollow a man might keepe a mill in either of them!" While upon this subject we must not lose an anecdote of the learned Dr. Watson, quaintly told by our author.

"A notable jest I heard long agoe of Doctor Watson, verie conduicible to the reproofe of these fleshly-minded Belials, or rather belly-alls, because all theyr mind is on their belly. He being at supper on a fasting or fish night with a great number of his friends and acquaintance, there chanced to be in the companie an outlandish doctor, who when all others fell to such victuals (agreeing to the time) as were before them, he overslipt them; and there being one joynt of flesh on the table for such as had meate stomackes, fell freshly to it. After that hunger (halfe conquered) had restored him to the use of his speech, for his excuse he said to his friend that brought him thether, *Profecto, domine, ego sum malissimus piscator*, meaning by *piscator*, a fish-man; (which is a libertie, as also *malissimus*, that outlandish men in their familiar talke doe challenge, or at least use, above us). *At tu es bonissimus carnifex!* quoth Doctor Watson, retorting very merrily his owne licentious figures upon him. So of us it may be said, we are *malissimi pescatores* but *bonissimi carnifices*. I would English the jest for the edification of the temporalitie, but that it is not so good in English as in Latine: and though it were as good, it would not convert clubs and clouted shooone from the flesh-pots of Egipt to the provant of the Low Countreyes; they had rather (with the serving-man) put up a supplication to the Parliament House, that they might have yard of pudding for a penie, than desire (with the baker) there might bee three ounces of bread sold for a half-penie."

Sloth is the next 'complaint' that Penilesse brings forward, and among the means to avoid it he recommends plays, such especially as are borrowed out of our English Chronicles. "How would it have joyed brave Talbot," he says, "(the terror of the French) to think that after he had lyne two hundred yeare in his tomb, he should triumphe againe on the stage, and have his bones new-embalmed with the tears of ten thousand spectators!" With the "seaventh complaint, of lechery" the 'supplication' closes.

Pierce having drawn up his document ready for presentation, and duly addressed it "To the High and Mightie Prince of Darknesse, Donsell dell Lucifer, King of Acheron, Styx, and Phlegeton, Duke of Tartary, Marquesse of Cocytus, and Lord High Regent of Limbo," casts about for the means of its prompt and careful delivery. He had understood that the fiend was to be heard of at Westminster Hall; but the lawyers all denied any acquaintance with him, and recommended him to try his luck at the Exchange. The answer of every one there was, *Non novi Daemonem*, and Pierce turned away disappointed, to seek his dinner with Duke Humphrey. Soon after-

wards, however, he encountered “a neat pedanticall fellow in forme of a citizen,” who was no other than a disguised imp, and who readily agreed to deliver the ‘supplication’ to his master. But previously he read the paper, and, having concluded his perusal, exclaimed: “A supplication caldst thou this? It is the maddest supplication that ever I saw; me thinkes thou hast handled all the seaven deadly sinnes in it, and spared none that exceeds his limits in any of them. It is well done to practise thy wit, but I believe our lord will cun thee little thanke for it.” After this, Pierce interrogates the satanic messenger on the nature of his native region and its inhabitants, and the imp, with a frankness little to be expected from such a quarter, gratifies his curiosity in a long dissertation drawn from a great number of sources—heathen philosophy and mythology, the Scriptures, the fathers, and the school-men. It is in fact nothing more nor less than a clever essay on demonology.

*Nashe's Lenten Stuffe* is, as may be inferred from its title, a very singular and quaint production. It is written in much the same humorous and satirical vein as ‘Pierce Penilesse,’ and like that treats of two distinct subjects. The first is a kind of outline of the history of Great Yarmouth, highly complimentary to that town, its inhabitants, and their occupations. Parts of it remind us somewhat of Fuller, although they are wanting in the peculiar terseness of that imitable writer. Nash's humour is too diffuse and rambling to be at once appreciated. Sometimes indeed our first impression of a passage is, that it is mere buffoonery or rhodomontade, but on a second reading it is often found pregnant with true humour. The second and larger part of this little book, is a serio-comic eulogium of the red herring, the peculiar pride of the Norfolk port; and certes, no fitter encomiast of a Yarmouth bloater could be found than one who deals so largely in the inflated and bombastical as Nash does. But to our extracts.

“ But how Yarmouth of it selfe so innumerable populous and replenished, and in so barraine a plot seated, should not onely supply her inhabitants with plentiful purveyance of sustenance, but provant and victual moreover this monstrous army of strangers, was a matter that egregiously bepuzed and entranced my apprehension. Hollanders, Zelanders, Scots, French, Westerne men, Northren men, besides all the hundreds and wapentakes nine miles compasse, fetch the best of their viands and mangery from her market. For ten weeks together [in the herring season] this rabble rout of outlandishers are billeted with her, yet in all that while the rate of no kinde of food is raised, nor the plenty of their markets one pinte of butter rebated; and at the ten weekes end, when the campe is broken up, no impression of any dearth left, but rather more store than before. Some of the towne

dwellers have so large an opinion of their settled provision, that if all her majesties fleet at once should put into their bay, with twelve dayes warning with so much double beere, beefe, fish, and bisket they would bulke them as they could wallow away with."

Our next quotation furnishes an early instance of the use of galleries in churches, and shows the economical cause of their introduction. It is a common notion that these unsightly appendages, together with pews, originated with the puritans, but here we have an anti-puritan apologising for them.

"The newe building at the west ende of the church was begunne there 1330, which like the imperfit workes of Kinges Colledge in Cambridge, or Christ Church in Oxford, have too costly large foundations to be ever finished. It is thought if the towne had not beeene so scounged and eaten up by that mortality [the plague of 1348], out of their owne purses they woulde have proceeded with it, but nowe they have gone a neerer way to the woode, for with wooden galleries in the church that they have, and stayry degrees of seates in them, they make as much roome to sitte and heare, as a newe west end wold have done."

#### The cause of Yarmouth's greatness :—

"I fell a communing hereupon with a gentleman, a familiar of mine, and he eftsoones defined unto mee that the Redde Herring was the old *Ticklecob*, or *Magister Fac-totum* that brought in the red ruddocks and the grummell seed as thicke as oatmeale, and made Yarmouth for *argent* to put downe the city of Argentine. Doe but convert, said hee, the slenderest twinkling reflexe of your eie-sight to this flinty ringe that engirteth it, these towred walles, port-cullizd-gates and gorgeous architectures that condecorate and adorne it, and then perponder of the red herrings priority and prevalence, who is the onely unexhaustible mine that hath raisid and begot all this, and minutely to riper maturity fosters and cherishest it. The red herring alone it is that countervales the burdensome detrimentes of our haven, which every twelve-month devours a Justice of Peace, living in wearies and banckes to beat off the sand and overthwart ledging and fencing it in; and defrayes all impositions and outwarde payments to her majestie, in which Yarmouth gives not the wall to sixe, though *sixteene moath-eaten burgesse townes, that have dawbers and thatchers to their mayors*, challenge in parliament the upper hand of it."

As to the herring himself, we are told that when the lordly sun, "the most rutilant planet of the seven, shines forth in Lent, . . Heralius herring enters into his chiefe reign and scepterdome." "Stately borne, stately sprung is he—the best bloud of the Ptolomies no statelier!" "Of so eye-bewitching a *deaurate-ruddie dye* is the skin coat of this Lantsgrove, that happy is that nobleman who for his colours in armory can nearest imitate his chimicall temper; nay, which is more, if a man should tell you that God Himen's saffron colour'd robe were made of nothing but red herrings' skins, you

would hardly beleeve him : such is the obduracy and hardnesse of heart of a number of infidels in these dayes!” “ But to think on a red herring—such a hot stirring meate it is—is enough to make the cravenest dastard proclame fire and sword against Spaine.” The greatest milk-sop (we do not quote verbally here) who eats “the least ribbe of it, it will embrawne and iron-crust his flesh, and harden his soft bleding vaines as stiff and robustious as branches of corall.” “The art of kindling fires that is practised in the smoking or parching of him is *old dog* [a sovereign defence?] against the plague.” He is further styled the father of his country—“*Pater patriæ*, providitore and supporter of Yarmouth, the lock and key of Norfolke.”

“There are that number of herrings vented out of Yarmouth every yeare (though the grammarians make no plural number of *halec*) as not onely they are more by two thousand last than our owne land can spend, but they fill all other lands to whome at their owne prises they sell them, and happy is he that can first lay hold of them. And how can it bee otherwise, for if Cornish pilchards, otherwise called *fumados*, taken on the shore of Cornewall, from July to November, bee so saleable as they are in Fraunce, Spaine, and Italy, (which are but counterfets to the red herring, as copper to gold, or ockamie to silver)—much more their elbows itch for joy when they meeete with the true golde, the true red herring it selfe. No true flying fish but he, or, if there be, that fish never flies but when his wings are wet, and the red herring flyes best when his wings are dry, throughout Belgia, High Germanie, Fraunce, Spaine, and Italy hee flies, and up into Greece, and Africa south and southwest, estrich-like walkes his stations. And the sepulcher-palmers or pilgrims, because hee is so portable fill their scrips with them ; yea, no dispraise to the blood of the Ottamans, the Nabuchedonesor of Constantinople and giantly Antaeus that never yawmeth nor neezeth but he affrighteth the whole earth, gormandizing muncheth him up for imperiall dainties, and will not spare his idol Mahomet a bit.”

The romantic history of the herring—“to recount *ab ovo* from the church-booke of his birth, howe he first came to be a fish, and then how he came to be king of fishes, and gradionately how from white to red he changed”—is exceedingly drolly, but not very delicately, narrated. It seems that after that memorable Hellespontine tragedy, the death of Leander and Hero, the conclave of Olympus determined to make them denizens of the element in which they had perished. And as during life they had been separated by the sea, so it was resolved that a great waste of waters should divide them after their metamorphosis. Leander, therefore, in the form of a *ling*, had his habitation assigned him “on the unquiet cold coast of Iceland,” while the beautiful Hero was sent to the British seas to bless all aftercoming times as the herring! The gods moreover in

mercy to their love, granted the two fishes an occasional interview, as "at the best men's tables in the heele of the weeke, uppon Fridayes and Satterdayes, the holy time of Lent exempted, and then they might be at meate and meale for seven weekes together!" To make the history complete, the nurse or duenna of Hero was changed "into that kind of graine which wee call mustard-seede." Hence, it is added, it is, that "the red herring and ling never come to the boord without mustard!" The manner in which the herring became "king of fishes," is sufficiently curious. Nash may have taken it from some medieval apologue unknown to us, though it would rather appear to be the produce of his own exuberant fancy. It is substantially as follows. A falconer bringing over certain hawks from Ireland, and airing them above hatches on ship-board, one of them broke from his fist, and being hungry began to seek for prey. At last she spied a speckled fish which she mistook for a partridge, and made a stoop for it accordingly, when suddenly she found herself "snapt up, belles and all at a mouthful" by a shark that happened to be at hand. A kingfisher, who saw the deed, reported it to the "land fowls," and there was nothing to be heard among them but "Arme, arme, arme! to sea, to sea! swallow and titmouse, to take chascimente of that trespassse of bloud and death committed against a peere of their bloud royal." Warlike preparations were made, the muster was taken, and the leaders selected, "who had their *bils* to take up pay." Field-marshall Sparhawk took the command; several peacocks, in consideration of their gay coats and "affrighting voyces," were selected as heralds, while some cocks played the part of trumpeters; the kestrils were standard-bearers, the cranes pikemen, and the woodcocks demi-lances! But on reaching the Land's End, they were fain to exclaim, *Æquor nos terrent, et ponti tristis imago*, and must have returned as they came, but for the water-fowl,—ducks, drakes, swans, geese, cormorants, and sea-gulls—who lent them their "oary assistance and aydeful furtherance in this action." The puffin, a thing half bird, half fish, in the spirit of mischief, informed the fishes of the armament that had been prepared against them; but the whale, the sea-horse, the dolphin, and the grampus ridiculed the whole affair. Not so however the smaller fish, who held a consultation and agreed to appoint a king. Afraid to fix on any of the larger denizens of the deep, lest they should prove despots and tyrants, their choice at last fell upon the herring, who was forthwith installed amidst shouts of *Vive le roi*, and God save the king; the

only dissentients being the plaice and the butt, who made wry mouths at his diminutive majesty, and this is the reason why all their descendants down to the present day have their mouths awry! The result of the conflict is not recorded; but the herring still wears a coronet as a mark of regal dignity, and never stirs abroad without a numerous army. The third transition, or how our herring was "camelionized" from white to red, concludes the wondrous history. A fisherman of Yarmouth, having taken so many herrings that he could neither sell nor eat them all, hung some up in his smoky cabin, and was astonished, some days afterwards, to find they had changed their colour from white to the "deaurate ruddie" of well-seasoned bloaters. The sight so astonished both the fisherman and his wife, that they fell down on their knees "and blessed themselves and cride, a miracle, a miracle!" He next went to the king's court, then held at Burgh Castle, to exhibit these odd fish, and his majesty, partaking of the fellow's astonishment, licensed him to carry them up and down the realm as strange monsters. He afterwards went to the Pope, and sold him the last one of his stock for three hundred crowns as the king of fishes—but the details of the purchase, the cooking, and the bringing of the herring to the apostolic table with canopy and procession, would occupy too much of our space; suffice it to say, that from that day downwards the red herring has enjoyed all the popularity that his zealous eulogist and biographer could possibly desire.

After a tirade against lawyers, rather incongruously brought into his book, and a little allusion to alchemy, Master Nash tells us a secret which he thinks all tapsters will blame him for blabbing—"In his (that is, the red herring's) skin,

"There is plaine witcherhaft, for doe but rubbe a kanne or quarte pot round about the mouth wyth it, let the cunningest likke-spiggot swelt his heart out, the beere shal never foame or froth in the cupp, whereby to deceyve men of their measure, but be as setled as if it stode al night."

After rebutting some disrespectful things that have been said of herrings:—

"So I coulde plucke a crowe wyth Poet Martial for calling it *putre halec*, the scauld rotten herring, but he meant that of the fat reasty Scottish herrings, which will endure no salt, and in one moneth (bestow what cost on them you wil) waxe rannish if they be kept; whereas our embarrelled white herrings, flourishing with the stately brand of Yarmouth upon them, *scilicet*, the three halfe lions and the three halfe fishes, with the crowne over the head [the arms of the port], last in long voyages better than the redde herring, and not only are famous at Roan, Paris, Diepe, Cane (whereof the first, which is Roan, serveth all the high countries of Fraunce with it, and Diepe, which is the

last save one, victualles all Picardy with it), but heere at home is made account of like a marquesse, and received at court right solemnly, I care not much if I rehearse to you the maner, and that is thus :—

“ Every year about Lent tide the sheries of Norwich bake certayne herring pies (four and twenty as I take it), and send them as a homage to the lorde of Caster hard by there, for lands that they hold of him, who presently, upon the like tenure, in bouncing hampers covered over with his cloth of arms, sees them conveyed to the court in the best equipage : at court, when they are arrived, his man enters not rudely at first, but knocketh very civilly, and then officers come and fetch him in with torch-light, where, having disraughted and unloaded his luggage, to supper he sets him downe like a lord, with his waxe lights before him, and hath his messe of meate allowed him with the largest, and his horses are provendered as epicurely : after this some foure marke fee towardees his charges is tendred him, and he jogges home againe merrily.”

We shall bring our notice of *Nash's Lenten Stiffe* to a close by transcribing the peroration of the book itself.

“ The puissant red herring ; the golden Hesperides red herring ; the Meonian red herring ; the Red Herring of Red Herrings Hal ; every pregnant peculiar of whose resplendent laude and honour to delineate and adumbrate to the ample life were a worke that would drinke drie fourescore and eightene Castalian fountaines of eloquence, consume another Athens of facunditie, and abate the haughtiest poeticall fury twixt this and the burning zone and the tropike of Cancer. My conceit is cast into a sweating sickenesse, with ascending these few steps of his renowne : into what a hote broyling Saint Laurence fever would it relapse then should I spend the whole bagge of my wind in climbing up to the lofty mountain creast of his trophies. But no more

winde will I spend on it but this : Saint Denis

for Fraunce, Saint James for Spaine, Saint

Patrike for Ireland, Saint George

for England, and the Red

Herring for Yarmouth.”

( \* \* \* )

We have placed *Christ's Tears over Jerusalem* third on our list, (though it was originally produced in the year 1594, between the two former works), because its subject-matter is totally different, and its mode of treatment of course proportionably grave and serious. It is also a much larger work. The limits of this article will not allow of our giving more than a passing notice of it. It opens with a most fulsome dedication to the Lady Elizabeth Carey, wife of Sir George Carey, afterwards Lord Hundson, who is styled “ Excellent, accomplished, court-glorifying lady,” “ illustrate ladyship,” “ renowned madam,” “ judicial madam,” and “ divine lady ! ” “ Varro saith, the philosophers held two hundred and eight opinions of felicity : two hundred and eight felicities to me shall it be, if I have framed any one line to your liking.” Well may such a flatterer as this account himself “ a young imperfect practitioner in Christ's school ! ” It was, however, the common foible of the day. In his

epistle to the reader he bids "a hundred unfortunate farewels to fantastical satirism," and expresses a hope that those who have been 'perverted' by any of his works will read this and so acquire a threefold benefit.

Almost a third of the book is occupied by a diffuse monologue, which the author designates "Our Saviour's collachrimate oration." This is followed by reflections on the destruction of Jerusalem. But the main design of the publication is to censure the sins of London, and to warn the inhabitants against a similar catastrophe. We have declamations in turn against ambition, avarice, usury, atheism, contentions, pride of apparel, and many other vices. Against the indolence and frivolity of the ladies he is particularly severe :

" Just to dinner they will arise, and after dinner go to bed again and lie until supper. Yea, sometimes, by no sickness occasioned, they will lie in bed three days together, provided *every morning, before four o'clock, they have their broths and their cullises with pearl and gold sodden in them!* If haply they break their hours and rise more early to go a banqueting, they stand practising half a day with their looking-glass how to pierce and to glance and look alluringly amiable. Their feet are not so well framed to the measures as are their eyes to move and bewitch. *Even as angels are painted in church windows with glorious golden fronts beset with sunbeams,* so beset they their foreheads on either side with glorious borrowed gleamy bushes, which rightly interpreted should signify, beauty to sell, since a bush is not else hanged forth but to invite men to buy ! "

But the men do not escape :—

" England, the players' stage of gorgeous attire, the ape of all nations' superfluities, the continual masquer in outlandish habiliments, great plenty-scanting calamities art thou to await, for wanton disguising thyself against kind, and digressing from the plainness of thine ancestors. Scandalous and shameful it is, that not any in thee, fishermen and husbandmen set aside, but live above their ability and birth ; that the outward habit, which in other countries is the only (?) distinction of honour, should yield in thee no difference of persons ; that all ancient nobility, almost, with this gorgeous prodigality should be devoured and eaten up, and upstarts inhabit their stately palaces, who from far have fetched in this variety of pride to entrap and to spoil them. Those of thy people that in all other things are miserable, in their apparel will be prodigal. No land can so infallibly experience the proverb, 'The hood makes not the monk,' as thou ; for taylors, serving-men, make-shifts, and gentlemen in thee are confounded."

The work was written during the prevalence of the plague which destroyed so many thousands of the citizens in the year 1594.

" In this time of infection we purge our houses, our bodies, and our streets, and look to all but our souls.

" The psalmist was of another mind, for he said, 'O Lord, I have purged and cleansed my spirit.' Blessed are they that are clean in heart, however

their houses be infected. There were then, in the heat of the sickness, those that thought to purge and cleanse their houses by conveying their infected servants by night into the *fields*, which there starved and died for want of relief and warm keeping. Such merciless cannibals, instead of purging their spirits and their houses, have thereby doubled the plague on them and their houses. In Gray's Inn, Clerkenwell, Finsbury, and Moorfields, with mine own eyes have I seen half-a-dozen of such lamentable outcasts. Their brethren and their kinsfolks have offered large sums of money to get them conveyed into any outhouse, and no man would earn it, no man would receive them. Cursing and raving by the highway side have they expired, and their masters never sent to them nor succoured them. The fear of God is come amongst us, and the love of God gone from us."

The pestilence which called forth these remarks, and which probably prompted the writing of the book, filled the minds of the Londoners with superstitious dread. It was viewed, as a heavy judgment and a direct visitation of God's hand. "His hand I may well term it, for on many that are arrested with the plague is the *print of a hand* seen, and in the very moment it first takes them they feel a sensible blow given them, as it were the hand of some stander by." Some explained it by natural causes: others by supernatural agency.

"As God's hand we will not take it, but the hand of fortune, the hand of hot weather, the hand of close smouldry air. The astronomers assign it to the regimen and operation of planets. They say Venus, Mars, Saturn, are motives thereof, and never mention our sins, which are its chief procreators. The vulgar malitia conclude, therefore, it is like to increase, because a hearnshaw (young heron) a whole afternoon together, sate on the top of Saint Peter's Church, in Cornhill. They talk of an ox that tolled the bell at Woolwich, and how from an ox he transformed himself to an old man, and from an old man to an infant, and from an infant to a young man. Strange prophetical reports (as touching the sickness) they mutter he gave out, when in truth they are nought else but cleanly coined lies, which some pleasant sportive wits have devised to gull them most grossly. Under Master Dee's name the like fabulous divinations have they bruted, when, good reverend old man, he is as far from such arrogant preciseness as the superstitious spreaders of it are from true peace of conscience."

The morbid feeling which gave rise to these delusions seems to have taken in Nash's breast another direction, and to have led him greatly to exaggerate the actual amount of depravity in the metropolis. The contrast which this work presents to the other two affords curious matter of reflection for the moralist. They have few points in common; and it is in the light and humorous satire, and not in the Jeremiad, that the real character of the writer is developed. The plague passes away, and Nash writes again as of old —gross personalities excepted—in praise of the Red Herring!

*Anecdota Literaria.*

## POEM,

SUPPOSED TO BE IN THE LANCASHIRE DIALECT.

(From MS. Cotton. Julius A. II., of the beginning of the Fourteenth Century.  
*It was printed very inaccurately by Finlay.*)

Als y yod on ay mounday  
 bytwene Wyltinden and Walle,  
 Me ane, after brade way,  
 ay litel man y mette withalle,  
 The leste that ever y sathe to say,  
 oither in bouri oither in halle ;  
 His robe was noither grene na gray,  
 but alle yt was of riche palle.  
 On me he cald and bad me bide ;  
 Wel stille y stode ay litel space :  
 Fra Lanchestre the parke syde  
 yeen he come wel fair his pase.  
 He hailsed me with mikle pride,  
 ic haved wel mykel ferly wat he was ;  
 I saide, " Wel mote the bityde,  
 That litel man with large face."  
 I biheld that litel man  
 bi the streit als we gon gae ;  
 His berd was syde ay large span,  
 and glided als the fether of pae.  
 His heved was wyte als ony swan,  
 his hegehen war gret and grai als so,  
 Brues lange, wel I the can  
 merk it to fiȝe inches and mae.  
 Armes scort, for sothe I saye,  
 ay span seemed thaem to bee ;  
 Handes brade vytouten nay,  
 and fingeres lange he scheued me.  
 Ay stan he tol op thare it lay,  
 and castid forth that I moth see,  
 Ay merk soot of large way  
 bifor me strides he castid three.  
 Wel stille I stod als did the stane,  
 to loke him on thouth me nouth lang :  
 His robe was alle golde bigane,  
 wel craftlik maked I understand,  
 Botones asurd everilke ane,  
 fra his elbouthe until his hande ;  
 Ekde lik man was he nane,  
 that in myn hert ick understande.

Til him I sayde ful sone on ane,  
 for forthirmar I wald him fraine :—  
 “ Glalli wild I wit thi name,  
     and I wist wat me mouthe gaine.  
 Thou ert so litel of flesse and bane,  
     and so mikel of mith and mayne,  
 War vones thou, litel man, at hame ?  
     wit of thee I walde ful faine.”  
 “ Thoth I be litel and lith,  
     am y noth wytouten wane.  
 Ferli frained thou wat hi hith,  
     that thou salt noth with my name.  
 My woning stede ful wel es dygh[t],  
     nou sone thou salt se at hame.”  
 Til him I sayde, “ For Godes mith,  
     lat me forth myn erand gane.”  
 The thar noth of thin errand lette,  
     thouth thou come ay stonde wit me,  
 Forther salt thou noth bisette  
     bi miles twa noyther bi three.”  
 Na linger durst I for him lette,  
     bot forth I fundid wyt that free ;  
 Stintid us brok no beck,  
     ferlick me thouth hu so mouth bee.  
 He vent forth, als y you say,  
     in at ay yate y understande,  
 Intil ay yate wondouten nay,  
     it to se south me mouth lang.  
 The bankers on the binkes lay,  
     and faire bordes sett y fonde ;  
 In ilke ay hirn y herd ay lay,  
     and levedys, south me, loude sang.  
 Lithe bothe yonge and alde,  
     of ay worde y will you saye,  
 Ay litel tale that me that was tald  
     erli on ay wedenesdaye.  
 A mody barn that was ful bald,  
     my frend that y frained aye,  
 Al my yering he me tald,  
     and yatid me als we went bi waye.  
 “ Miri man that es so wyth,  
     of ay thing gif me answer ;  
 For him that mensked man wyt mith,  
     wat sal worth of this were ?  
 And eke our folke, hou sal thai fare,  
     that at ere bi northen nou ?  
 Sal thai have any contré thare ?  
     other wether hand sal have the prou ?”  
 “ Ay toupe,” he sayde, “ es redy thare,  
     agayne him yitt es nane that dou ;

On yonde alf Humbre es ay bare,  
 be he sped sal sides souf:  
 Bi he have sped als sal thai sped,  
 and redi gates on to fare,  
 And man be mensked for his mede,  
 and stable stat for evermore.  
 And sethen thou fraines, y wille the say,  
 and sette thi state in stabilité;  
 Rymitt reith als thou may,  
 for ay skill y tell it the,  
 And warn em wel wytouten nay,  
 a tyme bifor the trinité,  
 Thare sal deye on ay day  
 a folke on feld, ful fa sal flee.  
 Wa so flees sal duelle in care,  
 for thare may naman time tyde.  
 A toupe sal stande agayne a bare ;  
 he es ful bald him dar habide.”  
 “Miri man, y prai thee, yif thou may,  
 yif that thi wille ware,  
 Bathe thair names thou me saye,  
 wat hate the toupe, and wat the bare.”  
 “An,” he sayde, “outen nay,  
 hate the tane, trou thou my lare,  
 Ar thou may that other say,  
 that sal be falden wyt that fare.”  
 “The wiser es y noth of that ;  
 miriman, wat may this be ?”  
 “Nou have y sayde the wat thay hat ;  
 forther wites thou noth for me.  
 So lange the lebard loves the layke,  
 wit his onsped your sped ye spille,  
 And lates the lion have his raike  
 wit werke in werdl als he wille.  
 The bare is bonden hard in baite  
 wit foles that wil folies fille ;  
 The toupe in tounе your werkes wayte,  
 to bald his folke he bides stille.  
 Bide wa bide, he sal habide,  
 thar folis for thair false fare  
 Fa fra feld yeen sal ryde,  
 the land sal leve wit the bare.”  
 “Fortherman y wille the frein,  
 mi frende, yif that thi wil ware ;  
 Sal y telle it forth, or layn,  
 or thou sal telle me any mare ?”  
 “Rymith reith als y the sayn,  
 als sal thou redi find it thair,  
 And fel be of thi tithinges fain,  
 wen lives liggen on holtes hare.

Bot out sal ride a chivauché  
     wit febel fare on ay nith ;  
 So false sal thaire waytes be,  
     that deye sal many a dougty knyth.  
 Knith and scoyer bathe sal deye,  
     that other moren biyond ma ;  
 Thouthe thay be never so sleech,  
     wyt schrogen suet fra lives ga.  
 The bare es bone to tyne the toure,  
     bot bald sal be of bataile swa,  
 Wa bides him on hard and herch  
     that day sal deye and duele in wa.  
 Wyt foles sal the feld be leest ;  
     a poeple liest fol negh biside  
 Sal come out of the souther west,  
     wyt reken routes ful onryde.  
 Thare sal the foles dreeg is paine,  
     and folie for his false fare  
 Lie upon the feld slayne,  
     and lose his live for evermore.  
 And wyt sal winne the land agayn,  
     a day fra Clide onto Clare,  
 And fa be of thair frendes fain,  
     and toures stand als thai did are ;  
 And simple men, that wil have dede,  
     thare sal thi ful redi finde,  
 That mester affe to wynne theem mede,  
     for faute sal noth stande bihindre.  
 The bare is brouth out of his denne ;  
     the lepard haldes hym so lange,  
 That we wate never swa ne swenne,  
     na wilk of them sal weld the lande.  
 Amange ay hondre no fynd y tenne  
     that thai ne fald als a wande ;  
 By reson may thou knaw and kenne,  
     that be ful fele has wrloth alle wrang.  
 Wrangwis werkes sul men se  
     be flemmed for thair false willes,  
 And after them sal wip ay be,  
     and out em out of all thair wyles.”  
 “ Miri man, y beseke the, yif that thi wille ware,  
     of a tything telle me mare ;  
 Hou hendes alle this folke toyere ?  
     suilk qualme no saith y never are.  
 So comeli so men deyen here,  
     pover na riche es nane to spare.”  
 “ Lithe,” he sayde, “ y sal the lere,  
     have thou no ferli of that fare.  
 For twenti souȝand mot thou say,  
     that deyed tother day on this half Tuede,

Sal fall by you on ay day,  
     so lives lithe sal alle that lede.  
 In my saithe south y say,  
     herknes alle of a tyme,  
     That sal be after neueyers day ;  
     lat clerkes se the neexte prime.  
 The terme es werde, soeth to say.  
     and twelve es comen after nigne.  
 To led him forth a lange waye,  
     his wonyng stede es on yond alf Tyne.  
 On south alf Tyne sal he wone ;  
     wyt thou wel it sal be swa ;  
 Fra suth sal blessed brether comen,  
     and dele the lande even in twa.  
 Wen domes es doand on his dede,  
     sal na mercy be bisiside,  
 Na naman haue mercy for na mede,  
     na in hope thair hevedes hide.  
 Bot soffid sal be mani of stede,  
     for res that thai sal after ride ;  
 And seen sal leauté falsed lede  
     in rapes sone after that tyde.  
 Fra twa to three the lande es liest,  
     bot nameli sal it fra the twa ;  
 The lion thare sal fare to fexit,  
     the lande til the bare sal ga.”  
 “ Well glalli wald y understande  
     to telle theem hou so moxist be,  
 Welke of theem sal weld the lande  
     for wele thou spake of the three.”  
 “ A T. bisiside an L.y fonde,  
     chese thi seluen sege and see ;  
 An E.s the thred  
     wyt hope and hande the baillifs be.  
 Bot nou of theem hat loves the lede,  
     that es so bald that dar habide,  
 That theem ne sal reu, yif I can rede,  
     on ay friday on est half Clide.  
 For wel thai wen hour lande to winne,  
     to fele that may finde biforin ;  
 Thai sal be blenked are thai blinne,  
     thair foles that haues ben forthorin ;  
 Many be dampned to daye tharinne,  
     that riden heech wyt hond and horin,  
 Wen yonge sal falle for ald synne,  
     and lose the lyf and be forthorin.  
 Wrang werkes wil away,  
     it sal be als God haves sette ;  
 Of thair biginnynge can y say—  
     sal na frend of other reue.

Dougly sal daye on the feld,  
to wyt theem be never so wa;  
And faled under halles held,  
in frith sul men the foles ta.  
Leauté men haves ben ful sold ;  
it sal be sett wyt mirthe ma,  
And marchant have the werld to weld,  
and capman wyt thair packes ga.  
And than sal reson raike and ride,  
And wisdome be ware es best ;  
And leauté sal gar leal habide,  
and sithen sal hosbondmen af rest.

E. T.

## A BURLESQUE BILL OF FARE.

*From MS. Ashmole (Oxford), No. 826, fol. 179.*A BILL OF FFARE SENT TO BANKES Y<sup>E</sup> VINTNER IN CHEAPE SIDE IN MAY, 1637.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| Imp <sup>t</sup> . 4 ffancies, 2 boyld and 2 rosted.<br>2. A large dish of carrett doucetts.<br>3. 4 dyshes of andyrons.<br>4. 6 pelican chickins.<br>5. Six birds of paradise.<br>6. Two phœnixes, a cock and a hen.<br>7. Four paire of elephants pettitoes.<br>8. A greene dragon springcock.<br>9. A rhinoceros boyled in alligant.<br>10. A calves head boyed w <sup>th</sup> a pudding in y <sup>e</sup> belly.<br>11. A sowced owle.<br>12. A dish of Irish hartshorne, boyld to a jelly.<br>13. 4 golden horshooes disolv'd through a woodcocks bill.<br>14. Sixe tame lyons in greene sawce.<br>15. A lyons chyne.<br>16. A haunch of a beare larded.<br>17. A whole horse sowced after y <sup>e</sup> Russian fashion.<br>18. 12 sucking puppies of a Capadocian bitch.<br>19. Sixe dozen of ostriges rosted.<br>20. A leg of an eagle carbonadoed.<br>21. The pluck of a grampus stewed.<br>22. An apes tayle in sippits.<br>23. Two she beares served up whole.<br>24. Foure black swanns, 2 in a dish. | 25. 2 dozen of white blackbirds, 6 in a dish.<br>26. A large dish of cuckow twinkle.<br>27. Two cockatrices and 3 baboones boyled.<br>28. Two dried salamanders.<br>29. A dish of modicunes boyld in barbery viniger.<br>29. The jole of a whale butterd in barbery viniger.<br>30. A grosse of canary birds rosted.<br>31. A shole of red herrings w <sup>th</sup> bells about their necks.<br>32. Two porposes pickled.<br>33. Two porcupines parboyled.<br>34. Two dozen of Welshambassodars.<br>35. A dish of bonitoes, curriflyng fishes with sorrell sopps. |
|---|---|

## SECOND COURSE.

1. A West Indian cheese.
2. A hundred of cactus nutts.
3. A dish of pyne apples.
4. 6 pumpions quodled.
5. A dish of puffes.
6. A tame panther, swimming in white broath.
7. A crocadill baked in a pye, looking out of y<sup>e</sup> lidd, and laughing at y<sup>e</sup> company.

H.

THE  
RETROSPECTIVE REVIEW.

ART. I.—*The Tartars in China.*

DE BELLO TARTARICO HISTORIA; in quā quo pacto Tartari hac nostrā etate Sinicum Imperium inuaserint, ac ferē totum occuparint, narratur; eorumque mores breuiter describuntur. Auctore R. P. MARTINO MARTINIO, TRIDENTINO, ex Provinciā Sinensi Societatis IESV in Vrbem missō Procuratore. Antverpiæ, ex Officina Plantiniana Balthasaris Moreti. M.DC.LIV. Small 8vo.

BELLUM TARTARICUM, or the Conquest of the Great and most renowned Empire of CHINA, by the Invasion of the TARTARS, who, in these last seven years, have wholly subdued that vast Empire. Together with a Map of the Provinces, and chief Cities of the Countries, for the better understanding of the Story. Written originally in LATINE by MARTIN MARTINIUS, present in the Country at most of the passages herein related, and now faithfully translated into English. London, Printed for John Crook, and are to be sold at his Shop, at the sign of the Ship in St. Paul's Church-yard, 1654. 12mo.

HISTOIRE DE LA CONQUETE DE LA CHINE PAR LES TARTARES: contenant plusieurs choses remarquables: touchant la Religion, les Mœurs, et les Coutumes de ces deux Nations. Ecrite en Espagnol par M. de Palafax, Evesque d'Osma, et traduite en François par le Sieur Colle. A Amsterdam. Chez Jean Frederic Bernard, 1723. Small 8vo.

IT was the middle of the second half of the thirteenth century, when a European traveller is first known to have placed his foot within the limits of the Chinese empire. This was Marco Polo the Venetian, the relation of whose adventures became after his return the delight of the middle ages. At this moment, the Chinese monarchy, after having been long held by a native dynasty, with frequent alternatives of peace and civil war, had fallen beneath the arms of the Mongol Tartars, and was ruled by the celebrated Kublai Khan. The dynasty of the Mongols in China had lasted more than a hundred years, when, in the latter half of the fourteenth century, the Tartars, enervated by the luxuries in which they had learnt to indulge, were driven out by an insurrection of the Chinese, and for nearly three centuries the empire was governed by a race of native

princes known as the Ming dynasty. Early in the sixteenth century, the Portuguese navigators first reached the Chinese shores, and unfortunately their conduct in general was of such a character as to give the Chinese so low an opinion of Europeans that they were soon proscribed from the continent. They found the Chinese seas infested with pirates, with whom they seem to have entered into a sort of rivalry in their depredations. One of the most interesting of the old voyagers, Ferdinand Mendez Pinto, a Portuguese, who had exercised for some time the profession of a pirate in the eastern seas, was shipwrecked on the coast of China, seized, and carried with his companions to Pekin, and condemned to slavery in the city of Quan-si. While they remained there, the empire was suddenly invaded by the Tartars; Pekin and Quan-si were both captured, and Pinto and his companions fell into the hands of the invaders, who, soon afterwards obliged to retreat, carried the Portuguese away with them. A few years after this, the Portuguese succeeded in forming their settlement at Macao, and in establishing a limited trade with the Chinese.

China began now to be somewhat better known to Europeans, and in the latter part of the sixteenth century Jesuit missionaries found their way thither, and set about the work of conversion with considerable success. They soon learnt that Christianity was not unknown in China. The Nestorians had penetrated into that country at an early period, and the Gospel appears to have made considerable progress in the far east before it had been extinguished in the greater part of western and southern Asia by the conquests of Mohammedanism. Marco Polo and other travellers of the thirteenth century speak of native Christians in Cathay, the name by which China was then known to Europeans; and one of them, William de Rubruquis, was informed that the Nestorians then possessed fifteen cities in that country, and that they were governed by a bishop. In the century following, the Arabian traveller, Ibn Batuta, informs us that there was a Christian population in one of the divisions of the Chinese capital. The Christians were probably reduced and dispersed during the revolutions which have since so often and so terribly ravaged the country, but their faith seems still to exist in a corrupted form, and it may perhaps have more to do than people suppose with the rebellion now existing.

At the beginning of the seventeenth century, the empire of China began to be threatened by the increasing power of the Mantchou Tartars, who occupied the country on its extreme

northern border. The wars which resulted were carried on with various fortunes, until at length the native dynasty again succumbed to a race of Tartar conquerors. It was in the middle of the sixteenth century that some of the Jesuit missionaries returning to Europe brought the intelligence of this extraordinary revolution. One of these, a Jesuit of Trent, who names himself in Latin Martinus Martinius, compiled in that language a relation of the events as far as they were then known, in the year 1654, and gave it to the public; and the great interest which it excited throughout Europe is proved by the circumstance that within the same year translations of this book appeared in Italian, Spanish, French, and English.

In the year 1620, Wan-lie, who had occupied the throne of China nearly fifty years, left the empire to his grandson, Hi-tsong, engaged in a war with the Mantchou king, Tien-ming, which had been provoked by the insolence of the Chinese mandarins on the frontier. The Tartar prince had, in 1616, marched an army across the frontier, and captured the great city of Kaiyuen. A written declaration of the causes of this invasion, which he sent from that place, is supposed to have been concealed from the Chinese monarch, and a scornful reply was given by the local authorities. One of Tien-ming's causes of complaint was the death of his father, treacherously slain by the mandarins, and in his rage at the new insult offered to him, he swore that, in allusion to the customs of the Tartars, he would celebrate the funeral of the murdered king with the slaughter of two hundred thousand Chinese. Though the war was confined to a small tract of territory, which affected but little the integrity of the empire, yet in 1618, having captured several towns of note, Tien-ming caused himself to be proclaimed Emperor of China in the city of Leaoyang, the capital of the province of Leaotung. Next year a vast army was raised against the usurper, but a very sanguinary battle ended in the entire rout of the Chinese. The Jesuits looked upon that defeat as a providential punishment on Wan-lie for the persecution of the Christian missionaries and their converts which marked the latter years of that monarch's reign. The victorious Tartars now carried their devastations up to the walls of Pekin, which was saved only by their anxiety to secure the plunder they had already collected.

Such was the state of things when Hi-tsong ascended the throne. Fortune seemed to smile on the commencement of this emperor's reign, for the cruel atrocities perpetrated by the Tartars wherever

they were masters had driven the inhabitants of the province of Leaotung to desperation, and when a new army was sent to their relief, they rose and drove their oppressors out of the Chinese territory. The Tartars, however, soon rallying, returned to the province and again captured Leao-yang, after a struggle in which fifty thousand men are said to have been slaughtered on both sides. But the Tartars soon afterwards sustained a great defeat from the Chinese army, under a celebrated warrior named by our writer Maovenlungus, and having again retired over the frontier, they remained quiet for some months, preparing for a new invasion with a greater army when a favourable opportunity offered itself. This invasion was delayed by the death of the Tartar emperor, in 1627, and the accession to his throne of his son Tien-song. The Chinese emperor, Hi-tsong, died the same year, and was succeeded by his brother Whey-tsung, called by Martinius Zung-chin. Meanwhile, after the ejection of the Tartars from Leaotung, the Chinese general Maovenlung led his army into the friendly territory of Corea, perhaps because the Chinese province had been too much ravaged to support it; and the Chinese soldiers treated the Coreans with so much insolence and cruelty, that the latter called in the assistance of the Tartars against their own prince as well as the Chinese, the result of which was that Maovenlung was compelled to retire with his shattered forces into the province of Leaotung.

The new Emperor of China was at this time embarrassed by other causes besides the invasions of the Mantchous, for the southern provinces of the empire were overrun by banditti, who, uniting in large companies, gradually assumed a formidable character; and Whey-tsung, probably thinking that his commander against the Tartars was of too unyielding a temper to use as a negotiator, sent another commander named Iven with authority to treat with the Tartar monarch for a cessation of hostilities. This Iven proved a traitor, and, preferring private gain to his public duty, he received a considerable bribe from the Tartars, in return for which he caused Maovenlung, whom they most dreaded, to be poisoned, and concluded a treaty which was disadvantageous and disgraceful to the Chinese. When the emperor refused to confirm this treaty, Iven completed his treachery by privately encouraging the Tartars to cross the Chinese frontier to the west of his province, and they suddenly appeared in formidable force before the walls of Peking. The Emperor Whey-tsung, who was himself in his capital with a considerable army, and was as yet unacquainted with the treason

of his general, finding himself hard pressed by the enemy, sent orders to Iven to hasten to his assistance. This was just what the Tartars desired; they knew that Iven was secretly their ally, and they pressed forward the siege of the capital with vigour. But Iven's conduct had now excited the suspicions of the emperor, who enticed him into the city, and caused him to be put to death; upon which the Tartars raised the siege, and after ravaging the country around, withdrew with their plunder into the province of Leaotung. These events occurred in the year 1630, and a desultory war continued to be carried on with little advantage on either side, until, in 1636, the Tartar monarch Tien-song died, and was succeeded by his son Zung-te (Shun-che), who being a mere child, the Manchous were governed by his uncle Ama Van as regent.

The counsels of the Tartar regent were distinguished by unusual moderation, and a peace having been concluded, the Emperor Whey-tsong, relieved from further anxieties in the north, was enabled to turn his attention to the disorders in the southern provinces, which were overrun by the robber bands.

"The first Combination of these Rovers appeared in the remote Country of *Suchuen*, who having pillaged divers Cities, and emboldened by prosperous success, ventured to besiege the chief City of that Country call'd *Cingtu*, [Tching-tou] which they had infallibly taken, if that valiant Amazon, whom I mentioned before, had not come to relieve it with her Army; but by her valour they were beaten off with great loss; and not being wholly extinguished, they retired into the mountaines to recruit their Forces. These were seconded by a like Race of people in the Province of *Queicheu*, who took occasion of rising by reason of an unjust Sentence passed in a Sute betwixt two Grandees of that Country; and one of these great persons being offended with the Governors. These roving companions, first kill'd all the Magistrates which had pronounced that unjust Sentence; and then they defeated the Vice Roy his Army; yet afterwards he routed them again with a new Army, but could not extinguish them. Besides these, the Famin increasing in the Northern quarters in the Countries of *Xensi* [Shen-se] and *Xantung*, [Shan-tung] by reason of a great inundation of Locusts which deavoured all, there rise up by this occasion many loose fellowes which lived by Rapin. These men at first were few in number, and small in strength, and only preying in little places, they presently fled to the Mountains; but finding they got both Meat and Riches, with little labour and less cost, they quickly got Companions to reinforce them; This Sedition being much augmented by the Emperour *Zungchinius* his notable avarice, who so exhausted the people by Imposts and Taxes, as if it had been a year of the golden Age. The Prefects of the Provinces, not being able presently to repress the insolency of those people, they daily increased in courage and strength; Insomuch as in several Countries they had eight very considerable Armies. They chose the strongest and valiantest men amongst them for their Commanders; and these persons being grown rich and potent by preying, deposed now the person of the Ring-

leader of Theeves, and aspired to no less than to the Empire of *China*. And at first they fought one against another, every one laying hold one what he could: But at length things were brought to that pass, that two of the Commanders being only left alive, these two prevailed with the souldiers of those that were killed, to follow their Ensignes and Fortune; and they knowing well that if they were taken by the Emperors Officers, they could not escape a most certain death, easily resolved to shelter themselves under the Arms of these two victorious persons. The name of one of these chief Brigands was *Licungzus* [Li-Kong], the second was called *Changhlechungus*, two notorious bold roguish fellows, who lest they should destroy one anothers fortunes by their ambitious emulation, they separated themselves far from one another, resolving both to pursue their prosperous fortunes. *Licungzus* therefore possessed himself of the Northern parts *Xensi* [Shen-se] and *Honan*; and the other tyrannised the Countries of *Suchuen* and *Huquang*."

In 1640 and 1641, the insurgents under their chief leader Li Kong overrun the province of Shan-se, and after a long siege reduced and destroyed its chief town, Caifong, in the ruin of which a Jesuit and his congregation of Christian converts perished.

"The destruction of this City happened the ninth of Oct. 1642. about which time this famous Conductor of Theeves took the name of King, with an addition of *Xunvang*, which sounds as much as *Prosperous*, and so was stiled *Licungzus the prosperous*; and having in a manner taken all the Country of *Hanan* into his Dominion, he returned into the Province of *Xensi* [Shen-se], and wounn it wholy to his subjection. When he came to *Sigan* [Si-ngan], which is the Metropolitan of *Xensi*, he found some resistance from the Garrison, but he took it in three daies, and for a reward and encouragement to his Souldiers, he gave it to them to pillage also for three daies space; and then he gathered up all the Corn of the whole Province, as well to keep all the Country in their duty to him, as also to leave no Forrage for the Emperours Army. And now thinking himself secure of the whole Empire, he took the name of Emperour upon him, and stiled the Family wherein he thought to establish this Dignity, *Thienxunnam*, as much as to say, *Obedient to Heaven*; By which Title he perswaded the Souldiers and the People, that it was by the disposall of the Heavens that he should reign, that he might deliver the people from the Emperours Avarice, and extirpate those wicked Gouvernours that so much vexed the people, and deliver them from all their perfidious Plots. For he knew well, that this Glorious Title would be very acceptable to them of *China*, who believe that Kingdoms and Empires come only from Heaven, and are not gained by any Art or Industry of Man; and that his actions might carry a face correspondent to his illustrious Title, he began to use the People with all humility and sweetness, not permitting any Souldier to wrong or injure them; only he persecuted all the Officers call'd Presidents, which he could find, and all those he put to death; and as for those that had been Presidents, because he found them rich, he made them pay great Fines, and let them live; remitting all taxes in the places he subdued; severely commanding that the Subjects should be treated with all Civility and Curtesie. So as all men applauding and loving so sweet and milde a Government, easily submitted to his Power and Dominion; but where the Gouvernours use Tyranny, there the Subject hath little care of Fidelity."

The progress of the insurgents was assisted by factions and intrigues which prevailed at the imperial court, and by the repeated treasons of the commanders sent against them; and now, being master of Shen-se and Honan, Li Kong began his march towards the capital of the empire, and crossing the river Crocaus (the Hoang-ho?) made himself master of the great city of Kaiangcheu. His reputation was now so widely established, that the armies sent to arrest his progress deserted to his banners, and every city opened its gates to him as he advanced. Tai-yuen, in the heart of the province of Shan-se, was the only town in the whole course of his march to Pekin which offered resistance. The same treachery which thus facilitated the march of the rebels, proved fatal to the city of Pekin, and to the Ming dynasty.

"In the mean time the Theeves Conductor, who was no less quick and nimble in execution, than witty in invention, sowing a Fox his tayl to the Lions skin, caused many of his Souldiers in a disguised habit to creep into that Princely City, and gave them mony to trade in trifling ware, till he assaulted the Wals with the body of his Army for then they had order to raise sedition, and tumult in the City; and considering they were a Company of desperate Fellons, and of a very low and base fortune, it is stupendious to think how they could keep so profound secrecy in a matter of so high concernment: But to this mine, which was prepared in the bowels of the City, he held a secret train of Intelligence, with the Lieutenant of the City, who feeling the Emperours Affairs desperate, is said to have dealt with the Conductor of these Brigantes about giving up the City unto their power; But, however it was, these Pilferers came in a short time to besiege the Royal City of Peking. There was in that City a vast Garrison, and as great a quantity of Artillery; but on the Quarters upon which the enemy made there assault, there was none charged with Bullets, but only with Powder.

"Wherefore being secure from any annoy from that side, in the month of April MDCXLIV. before the rising of the Sun (*i.e.* before sunrise on the first of April), they entred the Metropolitan City of all *China* by one of the Gates which was opened to them; nor was there any long resistance made, even by those that were faithful to their Prince; for the Souldiers of the Theef, which lay lurking in the City, made such a tumult and confusion, as none knew whom to oppose, in which respect they made a great slaughter, so as *Licungzus*, in this Babylonian confusion, marched victorious through the City, till he came to the very Emperours Pallace, where though he found some resistance from the faithfulllest Eunuchs, yet notwithstanding he presently entred that famous and renowned Palace; And that which exceeds all admiration, the enemy had passed the first Wall, and Precinct, and yet the Emperour being alive, knew nothing of so strange a passage; for the Traiterous Eunuchs, which were of most Authority, fearing he might escape by flight, deferred to admonish him of his own danger, or of the taking of the City, till they saw he could not possibly evade: Who hearing this doleful news, he first demanded, if he could get away by any means; but when he heard that all passages were beset, he is said to have left a letter writ with

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his own blood, in which he bitterly expressed to all posterity, the infidelity and perfidiousness of his Commanders, and the innocence of his poor subjects; conjuring *Licungzus*, that seeing the Heavens had cast the Scepter into his hands, he would, for his sake, take revenge of such perfidious Creatures. After this reflecting he had a daughter Marriageable, who falling into the villains hands might receive some affronts, he called for a Sword, and beheaded her with his own hands in the place; then going down into an Orchard, making a rope of his Garter, he hung himself upon a Prune tree. Thus that unfortunate Emperour put a period, as well to that Empire, which had flourished so long with much splendor, riches, and pleasure, as to his Illustrious Family of *Tainingus*, by finishing his life upon so contemptible a Tree, and in such an infamous manner. To all which circumstances, I adde one more, that as the Empire was erected by a Theef, so it was extinguished by another; for although others were chosen to succeed him, as we shall relate hereafter, yet because they held a small parcel of the Empire, they are not numbred amongst the Emperours. His example was followed by the Queen, and by the Lord Marshall, who is call'd in their language *Colaus*, together with other faithful Eunuchs; so as those pleasant Trees which served heretofore for their Sports and pleasures, now became the horrid and surest Instruments of their death. And this cruell butchering of themselves passed not only in the Court, but also in the City, where many made themselves away either by hanging, or drowning by leaping into Lakes; For it is held by this Nation to be the highest point of fidelity to die with their Prince, rather than to live and be subject to another."

The information of Martinius was in one respect incorrect; the daughter of Whey-tsong was not beheaded, but stabbed, by her father, and the blow not proving mortal, she was carried off by a faithful slave and concealed, and she afterwards married a Chinese grandee. Soon after the death of the emperor, Li Kong entered the palace, and immediately seized upon the vacant throne; but from this moment his nature seemed changed, and he soon lost by his tyranny the power which he had gained by a show of mildness and justice.

"The next day after, he commanded the body of the dead Emperour to be cut into small pieces, accusing him of oppression and cruelty against his Subjects; As if he, being a villainous Traitor, and a Theef, after the sacaging and burning so many Provinces, and shedding such an Ocean of blood, had been of a better disposition. So we often condemn others, when we do worse our selves, and remark, yea, augment, the least faults of others, when we either take no notice, or diminish our own. This Emperour *Zungchinus* was Father of three Sons, of which the eldest could never be found, though all imaginable means was used for his discovery; some think he found means to fly away; others think he perished by leaping with others into the Lake; the two others being yet little Children, were by the Tyrants command beheaded three days after; his barbarous humour not sparing even innocent blood: Which disposition he made shortly appear, when casting of that veil of Piety and Humanity, with which he had for some time charmed the people, he commanded all the Principal Magistrates to be

apprehended, of which he murdered many with cruel torments, others he fined deeply, and reserved the Imperial Palace for his own abode. He filled that most noble and rich City with ransacking Souldiers, and gave it up to their prey and plunder; where they committed such execrable things, as are both too long, and not fit to be related. But by this his horrid cruelty, and Tyranny, he lost that Empire which he might have preserved by curtesie and humanity."

There still remained one general in the field who remained faithful to the dynasty of Ming. This was Woosankwei (called by Martinius Usanqueius), who commanded an army stationed on the borders of Leaotung, to watch the Tartars who possessed the greater part of that province. The usurper lost no time in marching against Woosankwei, who fortified himself in a large city; and finding he could not prevail by force, Li Kong ordered the aged father of that general to be brought in chains under the city walls, and threatened that he should be immediately put to death unless the general surrendered. When the latter appeared on the walls, his father, instead of advising him to yield, urged him to persevere in his loyalty to the dethroned family, and in the same instant, by order of the tyrant, his head was severed from his body.

Woosankwei had now two deaths to avenge, that of the emperor and that of his own father, and to secure his object he determined to call in the assistance of the Tartars. Their regent, Ama Van, sent a powerful army to his aid, and as they marched upon Peking, the usurper Li Kong, carrying with him the imperial treasures, fled into Shen-se, and established his court at Si-ngan, while the inhabitants of Pekin, disgusted with his tyranny, received the Tartars as deliverers. It is not clear whether Woosankwei really expected the restoration of the Ming dynasty, or whether, according to the Chinese proverb quoted by Martinius, he was aware that he was "bringing in tigers to drive out dogs;" but it is certain that the Tartar princes of the Mantchou race had long contemplated the conquest of the Chinesc empire, and Ama Van made no secret of his intention to place his nephew Tien-song on the throne of the Ming; and he supported his pretensions with a new army of Tartars who marched into China. Whether Woosankwei really opposed this usurpation, as Martinius supposed, seems uncertain; at all events he accepted new honours, and the government of Si-ngan after he had assisted in driving the usurper from the province of Shen-se. Of Ki Long we hear no more, and he is supposed to have perished in some petty encounter which history has not recorded.

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Thus did the year 1644 witness the establishment of the Tartar dynasty on the throne of China, and within a very short space of time all the northern provinces were reduced to obedience; not so, however, with the south, where the native princes still found support.

" In the mean time the news of the Emperours danger came to the Southern parts of *China*, and the Prefects of every City gathering together very great forces marched towards the City of *Peking*; but in their march they received the sad news of the Emperours death, and the taking of *Peking*, they therefore speedily called back their forces, and also all their ships, which yearly used to carry Provisions to the Emperours Court; a little after this, they received the news how the *Tartar* was invested in the Kingdom and proclaimed Emperour. I was then my self in the great City *Nanquin*, where I beheld a strange consternation in the confusion in all things; till at length having recollected themselves, the Prefects resolved to choose an Emperour of the Family of the *Tai-minges* [Mings] whom they called *Hungquangus*. This man came flying from the Theeves of the Province of *Honan*, and being he was Nephew to that famous Emperour *Wanley* [Wan-lie] and Cosen Germain to *Zunchinius* the last deceased Emperour, they Crowned him with great pomp and ostentation, hoping for better fortune under his Government. As soon as this Prince was chosen he sent an Embassage to the *Tartars*, begging Peace, rather than demanding it; for he offered them all the Northern Provinces which they had taken, if they would joyn in amity with him. But the *Tartars* well understood the Policy of these Prefects and Counsellours; which was only to amuse them with a Peace, whilst they could resume their strength and force; And therefore they returned answer, that they would not receive as a gift, that which they had conquered by force of Arms; but seeing they had chosen a new Emperour, they might do well to defend him; but as for them, they were resolved to have all or nothing. This Legacy comming to nothing, whilst both parties prepare to take the Field, appears at *Nankuing* a young man, who gave himself out to be the eldest Son to the late deceased Emperour *Zunchinius*; and he gave no small evidences of this truth and Clame; nay, he was acknowledged by many of the Eunuchs. But the new elected Emperour *Hungquangus*, being strongly touched by the ambition of reigning, would never acknowledge him, nor admit him; but commanded him to be imprisoned, and killed as an Impostor, though many of the Prefects enraged to hear of this order, hindered the execution of the sentence. But by this accident, things grew into a sedition, and the dispute was so high, that it gave occasion to the *Tartars* to take to the Province and City of *Nankuing*; some of the Prefects winking at it, if not enticing them underhand to this exploit. The *Tartars*, vigilant to lay hold of all advantages, hearing of these emulations and divisions, presently march out into the Territory of the City of *Hoaignan* [Hoai-ngan], and comming to the East side of the River *Croceus*, they pass over speedily by the help of their boats; on the other side of this River stood the Army of *China*, which was so numerous, as if they had but cast off their very shoos, they had erected such a Rampart against the *Tartars*, as all the horse would hardly have surmounted it. But it is the resolution and valour in War, carries the Trophies, not the number of men: for hardly had the *Tartars*

set foot in their Boats, but the *Chineses* ran all away, as Sheep use to do when they see the Wolf, leaving the whole shore unfenced to their landing. The *Tartars* having passed the River, finding no enemy to resist, enter the most noble City of *Nunkuing*, and in a trice make themselves Master of all the North part of the Country, which lies upon the great River of *Kiang*, which is so vast, as it is worthily called the Son of the Sea; where it deserves particularly to be noted as a rare thing in the Warfare of the *Tartars*, that before they enter into any Country, they chuse and name both the Governors, and Companies, with all the Officers necessary for all the Cities and places which they aim to take; so as in a moment they run like a lightning, and no sooner they possess it but it is fortified, armed, and defended. There was one City in these Quarters which made a generous resistance to all their re-iterated assaults, called *Yangchou* [Yang-tchou], where the *Tartars* lost the Son of a little Royalet. This City was defended by that faithful Imperial Champion called *Zuuis Colaus*, but though he had a mighty Garrison, yet he was at length forced to yield, and the whole City was sacked, and both Citizen and Souldier put to the Sword; and least the multitude of the dead Carcasses, should corrupt the Air, and engender the Plague, they laid them all upon the tops of the Horses, and setting fire both to the City and Suburbs brought all to ashes, and to a total desolation."

By the repetition of atrocities like this wherever they found resistance, and an affectation of clemency to those who submitted, the Tartar conquerors soon reduced under their dominion all the country to the north of the great Yang-tse-Kiang river, and they then crossed that river, and, assisted by Chinese treachery, made themselves master of Nanking. Here one of the Chinese royal family called by Martinius Hunquang, who had been proclaimed emperor by the fugitive mandarins, and who had been left in possession of the southern provinces about a year, fell into the hands of the Tartars, who carried him to Pekin and there hanged him publicly. The army of the Tartars now separated into two, one of which marched against the city of Hang-tchou, the capital of the province of Che-keang, where the fugitives of Nanking and other places had proclaimed another emperor of the Ming race. He, however, was compelled to surrender, and was slaughtered with many of his soldiers, while the city, having offered no opposition, was respected. But the conquerors, attempting to force the inhabitants to cut off their flowing locks and shave their heads after Tartar fashion, provoked an insurrection which led to their temporary expulsion from the province.

"This City of *Hangechou* [Hang-tchou] hath an Artificial Channel or Dick to pass by water to the Northern parts of *China*; This Chanel is onely separated by the high part of the way like a Causeway from the River, which as I said, runs on the South part of the City. The *Tartars* therefore drew many Boats out of this Chanel over the Causeway into the River *Cienthang*, and

with the help of these Boats they pass the River without resistance, and found the fairest City in all *China* called *Xaoking* prone enough to submit to their victorious Arms. This City in bigness yields to many others, but in cleanliness and comeliness it surpassed all: it is so environed with sweet waters as a man may contemplate its beauty by rounding it in a Boat; it hath large and fair Streets paved on both sides with white square stones, and in the middle of them all runs a Navigable Chanel, whose sides are garnished with the like ornament, and of the same stone there are also built many fair Bridges and Triumphant Arches, the Houses also, (which I observe no where else in *China*) are built of the same square stone; so as in a word I saw nothing neater in all *China*. They took this Town without any resistance, and so they might have done all the rest of the Southern Towns of this Province of *Chekiang*. But when they commanded all by Proclamation to cut off their Hair, then both Souldier and Citizen took up Arms, and fought more desperately for their Hair of their Heads, than they did for King or Kingdom, and beat the *Tartars* not only out of their City, but repulst them to the River *Cienthang*: nay forced them to pass the River, killing very many of them. In truth, had they past the River, they might have recovered the Metropolis with the other Towns: But they pursued their victory no further, being sufficiently contented that they had preserved their Hair, resisting them only on the South side of the shore, and there fortifying themselves. By this means the conquering Arms of the *Tartars* were repressed for a whole year. But the *Chinois* that they might have a Head, chose *Lu Regulus* of the *Taimingian* Family for the Emperour, who would not accept thereof, but would be only stiled the restorer of the Empire. In the mean time the *Tartars* had sent for new forces out of *Peking*: with which they left nere a Stone unturned, that they might get over the River *Cienthang*: but all was in vain. The drooping Affairs, therefore of the *Chinois* had a breathing: nay having gathered together more Forces, they promised themselves greater victories. But a desire and emulation of ruling frustrated all their hopes. For the Commanders, and Presidents which fled the Province of *Chekiang* into the Country of *Fokien*, carried with them one of *Taimingian* Family called *Thangus*, and this man they chose King in the Country of *Fokien*, which confines with *Chekiang*. This Prince pretended that the king called *Lu* should yield up his right to him, both because he had but a few Cities under him, and also, because he was further removed from the Imperial race, then he was. But King *Lu* pretended he was Proclaimed by the Army before him, and wanted not to set forth his victories over the *Tartars*. By which two contentions, the *Tartars* came to the Crown; for these two Royales would never yield to one another, nor so unite their Armies as joynly to repress the *Tartars*. Since therefore this petty King *Lu* had onely eight Cities under his command, whose Contributions were not able to maintain the necessary pay of his Army, he never durst venture to pass over the River, but endeavoured only to defend himself. But the *Tartars* sought all means possibly to get over this River, yet they durst not venture to pass in Boats, because King *Lu* had many Ships and good store of Artillery which he had caused to come from Sea. But the *Tartars* felicity and prosperous fortune overcame this difficulty: for as it happened that year being drier then ordinary, this River towards the South, where it runs betwixt high Mountains, which break the ebbing and flowing of the Sea, had lost much water and of depth, and here the *Tartars* Horse found it passable; and because the rudeness of those Moun-

tains, seemed a sufficient Guard to the Country, they found no Souldiers to resist ; but as soon as the Clowns espied twenty of their Horse to have passed the River, they presently advertised the Army, and they all betook themselves to flight. King *Lu* himself left the City *Xaoking*, and not daring to trust himself to the Continent, he took Ship and sayled to the Island called *Cheuxan*, which lyes opposite to the City of *Nimpus*, where he remains to this day safe, and keeps still his Regal dignity ; which Island being heretofore only a retreat for Fishermen, and some Clowns, now is become a potent Kingdom ; by reason that many fly from *China* to this King *Lu*, as to there sanctuary to conserve the liberty of their Hair. In this Island there are now found three score and ten Cities, with a strong and formidable Army, which hitherto hath contemned all the *Tartarian* Power and Forces, and watch for some happy occasion to advance again their Kingdom in *China*."

Having thus regained their footing in the south, the Tartars soon overrun the province of Fokien, and entered that of Quang-tung, where they united again with the army which, having reduced the provinces of Keang-se and Hu-quang (Hoo-nan), had entered Quang-tung from the other side. This important province was also soon reduced, but in an attempt upon that of Quang-se the Tartars sustained a severe defeat. The Chinese encouraged by this success, recovered part of Quang-tung, and proclaimed as their emperor another prince of the Ming race named Jung-li. The mountainous province of Fokien was also soon in a state of insurrection, for such of the persecuted natives as possessed the courage to fight had retired into the mountains and woods and become robbers, and these now assembling in considerable numbers under various chiefs, expelled the Tartar garrisons, and made themselves masters of the important city of Kien-nhing. But the Tartars returning in increased numbers from the northern provinces, the province of Fokien was reduced again, and Kien-nhing, after a long and obstinate siege, taken and the whole of its population, estimated at thirty thousand, put to the sword.

Meanwhile, further south, the affairs of the new emperor Jung-li went on in appearance flourishingly, and he was strengthened by the revolt of the neighbouring province of Keang-se, through the defection of its Tartar governor. But the Chinese soon met with reverses, and the loss of Nan-chang, the inhabitants of which were slaughtered and the town destroyed, put an end to the rebellion in that province ; and Jung-li was soon hard pressed by new armies of Tartars from the north. The districts of the interior were overrun by these invaders, and cities were taken with fierce plunderings and horrible massacres.

While the Tartars were thus occupied in the south, a formidable

rebellion broke out in the north-west under a leader named Hous, who descending from the mountainous districts of the province of Shen-se at the head of a tumultuous force said to have amounted to twenty-five thousand men, drove the Tartars from the open country, and laid seige to the city of Si-ngan. Unskilful, however, in attacking towns, the army of Hous was defeated, and nothing more was heard of him, his insurrection, like so many others, ending only in the ruin of the country and the destruction of its inhabitants. A still more formidable rebellion broke out in the north-western extremity of the empire, where a Tartar governor named Kiang, provoked by an insult which had been offered him, raised the standard of revolt, and collected a mixed army of Chinese and Tartars. This chief was a skilful warrior; he defeated the forces of the Tartar emperor in two pitched battles; and the alarm was so great in Peking, that the regent Ama Van was obliged to place himself at the head of all the forces in the Capital and the surrounding province, and march against the insurgents. But even then the regent dared not give them battle, until the rebel leader Kiang, in defending his chief town against an attack of the imperial troops, was accidentally killed with an arrow. His army immediately dispersed, and the imperial troops had nothing more to do but to plunder, massacre, and burn.

In the south the whole force of the Tartars was roused against the Emperor Jung-li, who was soon besieged in the great maritime city of Quang-cheu [Quang-tcheou], or Canton.

"This City of *Quangcheu* is a most rich and beautiful place, environed with large waters, and is the only Southern Port within the Land, to which Boats may have access; In this Town was the Sons of the Captive *Iquon* whom I mentioned before, besides, there was a strong Garrison to defend it, and amongst others many fugitives from *Macao*, who were content to serve the Emperour *Jungly* for great stipends; and by reason the *Tartars* had neither Ships, nor skill to govern them, and that the Town had both the one and the other, it is no wonder if they endured almost a whole years Siege, having the Sea open for their relief. But they made many assaults, in which they lost many men, and were ever beaten back, and vigorously repelled. This courage of theirs, made the *Tartars* fall upon a resolution of beating down the Town Walls, by their great Canon, which took such effect, as in fine they took it the 24. of *November* MDCL. and because it was remarked that they gave to one of the Prefects of the Town the same Office he had before, it was suspected it was delivered by Treason. The next day after, they began to Plunder the City, and the sackage endured from the 24. of *November* till the 5. of *December*, in which they never spared Man, Woman, or Child, but all whosoever were cruelly put to the Sword; nor was there heard any other Speech, But, *Kill, Kill these barbarous Rebels*; yet they spared some artificers to conserve the

necessary Arts, as also some strong and lusty men, such as they saw able to carry away the Pillage of the City; but finally the 6. day of December came out an Edict, which forbade all further vexation, after they had killed a hundred thousand men, besides all those that perished severall ways during the Siege. After this bloody Tragedy, all the Neighbouring Provinces sent voluntarily their Legats to submit, demanding onely mercy, which they obtained by the many rich presents which were offered. After this the Royalet marched with his Army, against the City *Chao-king*, where the Emperour Jungley held his Court; but he knowing himself far inferior in Forces, and unable to resist, fled away with his whole Army and Family, leaving the City to the *Tartars* mercy. But whither this Emperour fled, is yet wholly unknown to me, for at this time I took Shipping in *Fokien* to the *Philippines*, and from thence I was commanded to go for *Europe*, by those to whom I consecrate my self and all my labours."

Jung-li found an asylum at the court of the King of Pegu.

One of the last portions of the empire to submit to Tartar rule was the great western province Suchuen (Se-chuen), where, amid the confusion into which the whole empire had been thrown, a Chinese brigand, named Chang-hien-chung, seized the supreme power, and indulged in atrocities of the most fearful description. The history of this sanguinary tyrant will be best given in the words of the Jesuit historian we are quoting:—

"This monster like a wild Bear entred into divers Provinces, filling all with Rapin, Death, Fire and Sword, with all other imaginable miseries; for he had a mind to destroy all, that so he might have no enemies, or leave any alive that might revolt from him, but onely content himself with his own Souldiers, and often times he spared not these. But the Province of *Suchuen*, where he usurped the Title of a King, was the chief Theater of his barbarous Cruelty; for after he had afflicted and vexed the Provinces of *Huquang* and *Honan*, and part of that of *Nanking* and *Kiangsi*, he entred the Province of *Suchuen* in the year MDCXLIV, and having taken the Principal City called *Chingtu* [Tching-tou] in the heat of his fury he killed a King of the *Tumingian* race, which here had established his Court; as he hath done also to seven other Grandees of the same Family. These were the Preludes of the Tragical Acts, whose Scenes I go about briefly to describe, that so *Europe* may see, what a horrid and execrable thing an unbridled and armed cruelty appears to be, when it furiously rageth in the darkness of Infidelity.

"This Brigand had certain violent and sudain buttads of furious cruelty, and maxims drawn from the very bowels of vengeance it self; for if he were never so little offended by another, or suspected another to be offended with him, he presently commanded such to be massacred; and having nothing in his mouth but murder and death, he often for one single Mans fault destroy'd all the Family, respecting neither Children, nor Women with Child; nay many times he cut off the whole Street where the offender dwelled, involving in the Slaughter, as well the innocents as nocents. It happened once he sent a Man Post into the Country of *Xensi* [Chen-se], who being glad he was got out of the Tyrants hands, would not return; to revenge this imaginary injury,

he destroyed all the Quarter of the City in which he dwelt, and thought he much bridled his fierceness, that he did not wholly extinguished all the City. To this I adde another unhumane Act about his Hangman, whom it seems he loved above the rest, because he was Crueller than the rest; when this Man was dead of his Disease, he caused the Physician who had given him Physick to be killed; and not content with this, he Sacrificed one hundred more of that Profession to the Ghost of his deceased Officer.

" He was affable and sweet towards his Souldiers; he played, banquetted, and feasted with them, conversing familiarly with them; and when they had performed any Military Action, with honour and valour, he gave them precious gifts of Silks and moneys; but yet many times he commanded some of them to be cruelly put to death before him; especially such as were of the Province of *Suchuen* where he reigned, whom he intirely hated them, because he thought they did not rejoice in his Royal dignity. Insomuch as he hardly ever did any publick Action, which though it begun like a Comedy, yet had not in fine, the sad Catastrophe of a Tragedy; for if walking out he did but espie a Souldier ill clad, or whose manner of Gate or walking was not so vigorous or Masculine as he desired, he presently commanded him to be killed. He one gave a Souldier a piece of Silk, who complained to his fellows of the pooreness of the piece, and being overheard by a spye (of which he had a great number), who presently acquainted him with what was said, he presently commanded him, and this whole Legion which were of two thousand Men, to be all Massacred.

" He had in his Royal City some six hundred Prefects, or Judges, and men belonging to the Law, and such as managed the principal Offices; and in three years space there was hardly twenty left, having put all the rest to several deaths for very slight causes; He caused a Sergeant Major which the *Chineses* call *Pingpu* to be flead alive, for having granted leave to a *China* Philosopher, without special order, to retire a little to his Country House. And whereas he had five hundred Eunuchs taken from the Princess of the *Tamingean* Family, after he had put their Lords to death; he commanded all these to be cruelly put to death; onely because one of them had presumed to stile him, not by the Title of a King, but by the bare name of the Theef *Changhienchungus*, as if he then were no Theef.

" Nor did he spare the Heathenish Priests, who sacrificed to their Idols. These sort of men, before he came into this Country, having feigned many crimes against the Priests, which Preached the Faith of Christ, had raised a bitter persecution against them; which God of his goodness did turn so much to their good, as they had permission to teach and Preach publickly the Law of Christ. But after this Tyrant came into the Country, the chief of these Heathenish Priests was apprehended for some words let fall against him, and in the presence of the Fathers, who by accident were then at audience with the Tyrant, he was beheaded; And although they had learned of Christ to do good for evill, yet knowing the phrenetical anger and fury of this monster, who used to punish those that interceded, with the punishment of the offender, they durst not make any motion for the least favour. It is true, this cruel Beast loved these Fathers, and would often converse them, whom he experienced wise and learned, and he would often call them to the Palace to entertain him in discourse; but they knowing well his precipitous anger, went ever prepared, and expecting death, and indeed they were thrice deputed to death, and the fourth time escaped by Gods particular providence,

as we shall relate in time and place. But he was not contented with the death of one of these same heathenish priests, but having got together about twenty thousand of the same profession, he sent them all to Hell, to visit their Masters whom they had served. And then he would applaud himself as if he had done a very heroical action, saying to them, *These men would have taken away your lives; but Thiencheu, so they call God, which signifies the Lord of Heaven, has sent me to revenge your cause, and inflict due punishment upon these wretches.* He would often confer also with the Fathers of Christian Religion, and that so properly as a man would take him for a Christian. He praised, and highly extolled the Religion of Christians, which he well understood, partly by the conferences which he frequently had with the Fathers, and partly by reading their books, which for the instruction of Christians they had writ in the *China* Language; and hath often promised to build a Church to the God of Christians, worthy of his magnificence, when he once came to be Emperour of *China*; and indeed all the works he erected were very splendid and magnificent; but he polluted them all with the blood of the workmen; for if he found they had but committed the least errour, or the least imperfection, he presently put them to death upon the place.

On the North part of the country of *Suchuen*, where it confines with the Province of *Xensi*, lyes the strong City called *Nanchung*, which though it be seated in the county of *Xensi*, yet in respect, it is both so strong and of so great an extent, it is held to be the key of both the two Provinces. The Tyrant endeavoured by all industry to make himself master of this important place, as being a convenient passage to the rest; wherefore in the year MDCXLV. he levied a vast Army, consisting of one hundred and fourscore thousand men, all Natives of the County of *Suchuen*, besides those of his own, which had alwaies followed him. This numerous Army besieged the town a long time, but found so rigorous resistance, that they began to be weary, and about forty thousand of those Souldiers of *Suchuen* revolted to the Prefects which governed the beleagured City; by which means the Army was constrained to return to the Tyrant, without any memorable action: and he being enraged with anger to see them return, commanded all the rest of the Souldiers of the Province of *Suchuen*, which were in number one hundred and forty thousand, to be all massacred by the rest of the Army. This horrible butchery lasted four days; in which slaughter he commanded many of them to have their skins pulled off, which he filling with straw, and sowing on the head, commanded to be carried publickly and visibly into the towns where they were born, so to strike more terror into the hearts of the inhabitants; and after all this, yet he had such a malitious hatred against this Country, that they did not rejoice that he was King, as he never ceased to vex and torment it, even when it was in a manner left desolate. Many unexpert persons, without head or guide, did take Arms against him, but he quickly dispersed them, being wholly unexperienced in military discipline; others that were wiser, leaving the City, retired into the Mountains, which were in a manner the only men who escaped his fury.

" After this he called all the Students of the Country to be examined for their degrees, promising to give those honours, to whomsoever should deserve them best; and the *Chineses* are so bewitched with the desire of these dignities, that they did not conceive the perfidious stratagem of the Tyrant. Their appeared therefore in the publick Hall deputed for that Ceremony about eighteen thousand persons; all which he commanded his Souldiers to mas-

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sacre most barbarously, saying, These were the people who by their cavilling sophisms, sollicited the people to rebellions.

"I have a horrour to relate so many unhumane slaughters, and yet I see my self overwhelmed with new ones; for what an addition is it to all his related barbarities, to tell you, that he never spared children, boys, nor girls, no nor matrons with child and ready to lye down? what an excess of all inhumanity to take the prefects wives, when their husbands were condemned, but yet alive, and to expose these women to all kind of villanies, and then to kill them? This was so sensible to many, as they rather chose to kill themselves, than to undergoe so infamous and publick an opprobyr by their honesty. I forbear to relate more of such detestable and execrable examples, lest I offend the ears and minds of the reader by such abominations.

"Let us therefore suppress these impurities, and pass to what happened in the year MDCXLVI. when the *Tartars* entred into the Province of *Xensi* to give him battail, so as he was forced to go out to meet them. And, to the end he might leave the country behind him with more security, he resolved to cut off all the inhabitants, except those which inhabited the north-east quarters by which he was to pass, and therefore must needs reserve these creatures to assist and furnish his Army with all necessaries; and therefore he deferred their death to another time. He therefore commanded all the citizens of what quality or condition soever they were, that did inhabit his Metropolitan City of *Chingtu* to be bound hand and foot, which was done by a part of the Army, which he had called in; and then riding about them, which vast multitude is related to have been above six hundred thousand souls, he viewed them all with less compassion than the cruelst tyger would have done; whilst in the mean time, these poor victims with lamentable crys, which penetrated the very vault of Heaven, and might have moved a heart composed of stone or rock, holding up their hands, begged of this outragious Tyrant to spare the lives of his innocent people. He stood a while pensive, like an astonished and amazed creature, so as it seemed to be an imperfect *Crisis*, wherein humane nature struggled a little with those bowels, and that heart which was composed of all cruelty; but presently returning to his beastly nature, *Kill, Kill, saith he, and cut off all these Rebels*, upon which words, they were all massacred in one day out of the city wals, in the presence of this bloody monster. Those religious persons which are there, the Fathers of Christianity, resolved to make their addresses for the Tyrant to save their innocent servants lives; and though all men judged it a desperate attempt, yet they obtained the lives of those they claimed. So as they distributed themselves at the city gates, and as their clients passed bound to the shambles, they mercifully unbound their shakles, and rescued them from death. By which occasion also they performed another acceptable Sacrifice to God, in baptizing an infinit number of children, which the Souldiers willingly permitted, so as the horrid and execrable cruelty of this Tyrant proved as advantagious to these little Angels, as *Herods* slaughter did to the Blessed Innocents."

This monster was at length encountered by the imperial army in the province of *Shen-se*, and he was slain in the battle. The province of *Suchuen*, which had suffered so much from the cruelty of its native tyrant, received the *Tartars* as saviours. When the

regent Ama Van died in 1651, he left the empire in a tolerable state of tranquillity to his nephew, the young Tartar prince Shun-che. The principal opposition which the Tartars now encountered was at sea, which was covered with Chinese fleets that still held up the Chinese banners, and under their cover made war on foreigners of all descriptions. One of the richest merchants and greatest seafarers in China was Ching-che-loong, who had at first resisted the Tartars, but when they had seized upon the imperial crown, he allowed himself to be gained over, and accepted a high post at court, leaving his fleet to his son Coshinga. The latter remained faithful to the old dynasty, and his fierce and resolute courage made him the terror of the neighbouring seas. When the Tartars laid siege to Canton, it was he with his fleet who enabled the citizens to keep them at bay for several months, and after Canton was taken, he made it anything but a secure possession to its Tartar conquerors.

Such was the extraordinary revolution which in the middle of the seventeenth century placed the empire of China under the Tartar dynasty, which has ruled it ever since, and which, as is proved by the appearance of the narrative of Martinius in so many languages, excited an extraordinary interest throughout western Europe. It is evident that China owed its ruin more to the state of weakness and disorganization into which the empire had fallen, than to the mere force of the conquerors. The medieval adventurers found China a country easy and pleasant to travel in, and the Jesuits of the sixteenth and beginning of the seventeenth centuries found no difficulty in penetrating into the interior, and in moving from city to city; but since the Tartar conquest it has been closed to Europeans, and indeed to almost all descriptions of foreigners, and we now really know very little of its internal condition. The narrative of those events, which the Jesuit Martinius communicated to the western people in 1654, cannot but have an interest to us, who are watching anxiously for information relating to a new revolution which is in progress in that distant country, and the eventual result of which, as far as we can contemplate its mysterious future, may be to bring the whole of that vast empire under European influence.

The history of these events by Martinius is a simple, straightforward narrative, partly from personal observation, and partly from the reports which reached his own ears. He had been present in China during nearly the whole period of the Tartar invasion, as

he left that country on his return to Europe only in the beginning of the year 1651. Another account of these events was written by a Spanish prelate in Mexico, who, receiving his information relating to what was going on in China from time to time by way of the Philippine islands compiled a narrative having more pretensions in respect to style and historical arrangement, but wanting the simplicity of Martinius. In fact, in the relation of bishop Palafox, the narrative of events is sometimes obscured and often rendered tedious by a display of unnecessary learning and of misplaced reflections. It remained in manuscript, in the possession of one of his relations, till about the year 1720, when it was brought forth and soon afterwards published in Spanish and French. The title of the French edition is given at the head of our article. The narrative of the bishop of Osma contains some incidents which are not found in that of Martinius, and he also furnishes some corrections in the details. It may be remarked, before we leave the subject, that Father Martinius is known by some other rather learned works on Chinese history.

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## ART. II.—*The Duchess of Newcastle and her Works.*

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*A true Relation of the Birth, Breeding, and Life of Margaret Cavendish, Duchess of Newcastle. Written by herself, extracted from her folio volume entitled ‘Nature’s Pictures drawn by Fancy’s Pencil to the Life.’*  
Fol. London: 1656.

WHEN the peculiarities of individual eccentricity are thrust upon the notice of the world by the boldness of authorship, it is at least well for those whose attention is thus publicly arrested when honesty of purpose and a high tone of virtuous sentiment are found to have directed the feelings and intellect of the writer. Nor are we sure that in cases where a spirit of truthfulness is manifestly predominant, a conformity with the received and conventional notions of the day, or even with those of the world at large, is the most propitious vehicle for its conveyance to the reader’s conscience or judgment. It is not among the uneccentric and conformable that we may hope to meet with the most earnest and genuine expression of character and feeling. We have been led into these observations by a consideration of the character of the remarkable woman, whose autobiography forms the subject of the present

notice. Vain, pedantic, utterly wanting in taste and judgment, and so bitten with the *Cacoethes scribendi*, as to have brought done upon herself, with some show of justice, the unmitigated contempt and ridicule of Walpole, she has nevertheless in some of her numerous productions exhibited an exalted tone of moral feeling which challenges our admiration and respect, while its utterance has, in our judgment, derived additional piquancy and life from those very foibles whose fuller development exposed her to ridicule. More especially, we think, does this prove to be the case when, as in the work here noticed, she undertakes to describe the details of her own character and the realities of her own history. In an honestly written autobiography, the facts of which it must be constructed, serve as checks upon those often involuntary falsifiers of the character, pride, ambition, and vanity, while these very weaknesses in their turn not unfrequently engender a sensitiveness to all appertaining to self, which supplies the memory with details, and the feelings with warmth to depict them. Sullied virtues must be acknowledged to be virtues still, and he is no wise man who rejects the sterling metal for the tarnish that may happen to obscure its brilliancy. Of such metal do we esteem the authoress of this autobiography to have been made. She was, it is true, as proud, as vain, and as ambitious as any among the daughters of ambitious Eve, nor can we even say that her ambition or her pride were of an exalted order, inasmuch as they appear to have been the servants, rather than the accomplices, of her vanity: nevertheless we are bold to assert that this same unworthy vice of vanity, being itself in her the bondmaid of truth, was forced into most beneficial service when she put her hand to paper to write 'The true Relation of the birth, breeding, and life of Margaret Cavendish, Duchess of Newcastle.' Hear in what explicit terms of submission the Vice makes her surrender to the victorious Virtue. "I fear ambition," says the Duchess, "inclines to vain glory; for I am very ambitious; yet it is neither for beauty, wit, titles, wealth, or power, but as they are steps to raise me to Fancy's Tower, which is to live by remembrance in after ages."

But as, spite of the numerous productions by which she aimed at securing to herself this "remembrance in after ages," it is probable that many of our readers may not have met with any of her works, except perhaps a few lines, descriptive of Melancholy, quoted with commendation, in the 'Connoisseur,' No. 69, or possibly not have met with any notice of her biography beyond the few inci-

dental remarks on her eccentricities, which occur in contemporaneous history, we will at once, and briefly, introduce them to her ladyship's acquaintance. Margaret Cavendish, second wife to William, the first Duke of Newcastle, was the youngest daughter of Sir Charles Lucas, of St. John's, near Colchester. The date of her birth is never specified, but Anthony à Wood (art. Charlton) makes her fifty when she died; hence she was born in 1623. To use her own words, "her father was a gentleman, which title is grounded and given by merit, not by princes, and 'tis the act of time not favour;" a remark, as Sir Egerton Brydges observes, which had already been used by Lord Bacon, with regard to old nobility; "and though my father was not a peer of the realm, yet there were few peers who had much greater estates, or lived more noble therewith; yet at that time great titles were to be sold, and not at so high rates, but that his estate might have easily purchased, and was prest for to take; but my father did not esteem titles, unless they were gained by heroic actions, and the kingdom being in a happy peace with all other nations, and in itself being governed by a wise king (King James), there was no employments for heroic spirits." Towards the latter end of Queen Elizabeth's reign her father had been compelled to flee the country and the severity of the Queen, for having killed, in a duel, one Mr. Brooks, a brother of Lord Cobham, "a great man with Queen Elizabeth;" but, on the accession of King James, he obtained his pardon and leave to return home, where "he lived happily and died peaceably, leaving a wife and eight children, three sons and five daughters," our authoress being an infant when he died.

The description which she gives of the training and education of herself and her brothers and sisters, as well as the style of intercourse maintained amongst the different members of the family, forms a beautiful picture of domestic harmony and affection, and is at the same time curious, as showing the manners of the higher gentry at the period. It is as follows:—

"As for my breeding, it was according to my birth, and the nature of my sex; for my birth was not lost in my breeding; for as my sisters was, or had been bred, so was I in plenty, or rather with superfluity; likewise we were bred virtuously, modestly, civilly, honourably, and on honest principles.

"As for our garments, my mother did not only delight to see us neat and cleanly, fine and gay, but rich and costly, maintaining us to the height of her estate, but not beyond it.

"As for tutors, although we had for all sorts of virtues, as singing, dancing, playing on music, reading, writing, working, and the like, yet we were not

kept strictly thereto ; they were rather for formality than benefit : for my mother cared not so much for our dancing and fielding, singing and prating of several languages, as that we should be bred virtuously, modestly, civilly, honourably, and on honest principles.

" As for my brothers, of which I had three, I know not how they were bred ; first, they were bred when I was not capable to observe, or before I was born ; likewise the breeding of men were after different manner of ways from those of women ; but this I know, that they loved Virtue, endeavoured Merit, practised Justice, and spoke Truth ; they were constantly loyal, and truly valiant.

" Their practice was, when they met together, to exercise themselves with fencing, wrestling, shooting, and such like exercises, for I observed they did seldom hawk or hunt, and very seldom or never dance, or play on music, saying it was too effeminate for masculine spirits ; neither had they skill, or did use to play, for ought I could hear, at cards or dice, or the like games, nor given to any vice, as I did know, unless to love a mistress were a crime, not that I know any they had, but what report did say, and usually reports are false, at least exceed the truth.

" As for the pastimes of my sisters, when they were in the country, it was to read, work, walk, and discourse with each other ; for though two of my three brothers were married, my brother the Lord Lucas to a virtuous and beautiful lady, daughter to Sir Christopher Nevile, son to the Lord Abergavenny, and my brother Sir Thomas Lucas to a virtuous lady of an ancient family, one Sir John Byron's daughter ; likewise, three of my four sisters, one married Sir Peter Killigrew, the other Sir William Walter, the third Sir Edmund Pye, the fourth as yet unmarried, yet most of them lived with my mother, especially when she was at her country-house, living most commonly at London half the year, which is the metropolitan city of England : but when they were at London, they were dispersed into several houses of their own, yet for the most part they met every day, feasting each other like Job's children.

" But to rehearse their recreations. Their customs were in winter time to go sometimes to plays, or to ride in their coaches about the streets to see the concourse and recourse of people ; and in the spring time to visit the Spring Garden, Hide Park, and the like places ! and sometimes they would have music, and sup in barges upon the water ; these harmless recreations they would pass their time away with ; for I observed they did seldom make visits, nor never went abroad with strangers in their company, but only themselves in a flock together agreeing so well, that there seemed but one mind amongst them : and not only my own brothers and sisters agreed so, but my brothers and sisters-in-law, and their children, although but young, had the like agreeable natures and affectionable dispositions : for to the best of my remembrance I do not know that ever they did fall out, or had any angry or unkind disputes. Likewise, I did observe, that my sisters were so far from mingling themselves with any other company, that they had no familiar conversation or intimate acquaintance with the families to which each other were linkt to by marriage, the family of the one being as great strangers to the rest of my brothers and sisters, as the family of the other."

This state of seclusion and restriction to the family circle naturally engendered a reserve which, when a separation took place upon her

becoming one of the maids of honour to Queen Henrietta Maria, in 1643, showed itself in so distressing a degree of *mauvaise honte*, that "she durst neither look up with her eyes, nor speak, nor be any way sociable, insomuch as she was thought a natural fool." The *naïveté* of her account of her going into the world, and her subsequent attachment and marriage to the Marquis of Newcastle, is truly exquisite. It is most curious to contrast the excessive reserve therein described, doubtless the result of her secluded education, with the bold eccentricity of demeanour exhibited in the later years of her life and subsequent to the date of this autobiography. It is hence most important to observe the dates at which these different manifestations of the character of this strange woman are presented to our notice, and thus we may find a clue to its apparent inconsistencies. We are inclined to believe that excessive reserve is almost always based upon a deep-seated and often an unconscious pride, and when we read the following brief snatches of description occurring incidentally in Pepys graphic 'Diary,' we think that an explanation must be looked for in the fact that the Duchess's vanity may have increased and her reserve decreased with the advance of life, and especially with the prosperity of her later years.

The following are the extracts from Pepys to which we allude :

" 11th April, 1667.—To White Hall, thinking there to have seen the Duchesse of Newcastle coming this night to Court to make a visit to the Queen, the King having been with her yesterday, to make her a visit since her coming to Town. The whole story of this lady is a romance, and all she does is romantic. Her footmen in velvet coats, and herself in an antique dress, as they say ; and was the other day at her own play 'The Humorous Lovers' the most ridiculous thing that ever was wrote, and yet she and her Lord mightily pleased with it, and she at the end made her respects to the players from her box, and did give them thanks. There is as much expectation of her coming to Court, that so people may come to see her, as if it were the Queen of Sheba ; but I lost my labour, for she did not come this night.

" 26th of April, 1667.—Met my Lady Newcastle going with her coaches and footmen all in velvet ; herself whom I never saw before, as I have heard her often described, for all the town-talk is now-a-days of her extravagancies, with her velvet cap, her hair about her ears, many black patches, because of pimples about her mouth, naked necked, without any thing about it, and a black just-au-corps. She seemed to me a very comely woman ; but I hope to see more of her on May-day.

" 1st May, 1667.—Thence Sir W. Pen and I in his coach, Tiburne way into the Park, where a horrid dust and number of coaches, without pleasure or order. That which we and almost all went for, was to see my Lady Newcastle ; which we could not, she being followed and crowded upon by coaches all the way she went, that nobody could come near her ; only I could

see she was in a large black coach adorned in silver instead of gold, and so white curtains, and everything black and white, and herself in her cap.

" 10th May, 1667.—Drove hard towards Clerkenwell, thinking to have overtaken my Lady Newcastle whom I saw before us in her coach, with 100 boys and girls running looking upon her, but I could not, and so she got home before I could come up to her. But I will get a time to see her."

This affectation is confirmed by Granger, who describes a portrait of her at Welbeck, one of the Duke's mansions, attired in a theatrical habit, which she usually wore. And Evelyn also states that when he went to make court to the Duke and Duchess at their house in Clerkenwell, "he was much pleased with the extraordinary fanciful habit, garb, and discourse of the Duchess." And on a subsequent occasion, he says, "went againe with my wife to the Dutchesse of Newcastle, who received her in a kind of transport, suitable to her extravagant humour and dresse, which was very singular."

There is an excess of bizarrie exhibited in this description which we feel inclined to think attached to the later and more prosperous years of her life, but while contrasting it with the reserve of her early days it is remarkable to notice that she herself with apparent unconsciousness of their incongruity relates these two peculiarities in her character in almost the same breath, as follows :

" For my part I had rather sit at home and write or walk in my chamber and contemplate. But I hold it necessary sometimes to appear abroad ; besides I do find that severall objects do bring new materialls for my thoughts and fancies to build upon. Yet I must say this in the behalf of my thoughts, that I never found them idle ; for if the senses bring no work in, they will work of themselves, like silk-wormes that spinn out of their own bowels. Neither can I say I think the time tedious when I am alone, so I be neer my Lord and know he is well. I always took delight in a singularity, even in acoutrements of habits ; but whatsoeuer I was addicted to either in fashions of cloths, contemplation of thoughts, actions of life, they were lawful, honest, honourable, and modest ; of which I can avouch to the world with a great confidence, because it is a pure truth."

If there be vanity in the following frank delineation of personal character, we must acknowledge that we are supplied with a picture of manifest truthfulness which we might hope for in vain from the hand of a would-be modest person.

" As for my disposition, it is more inclining to be melancholy than merry, but not crabbed or peevish melancholy : and I am apt to weep rather than laugh ; not that I do often either of them. Also, I am tender natured ; for it troubles my conscience to kill a fly, and the groans of a dying beast strike my soul. Also, where I place a particular affection, I love extraordinarily

and constantly, yet not fondly, but soberly and observingly; not to hang about them as a trouble, but to wait upon them as a servant; but this affection will take no root, but where I think or find merit, and have leave both from Divine and Moral laws; yet I find this passion so troublesome, as it is the only torment of my life, for fear any evil misfortune, or accident, or sickness, or death should come unto them, insomuch as I am never freely at rest. Likewise I am grateful, for I never received a courtesy but I am impatient and troubled until I can return it; also I am chaste, both by nature and education, insomuch as I do abhor an unchaste thought; likewise I am seldom angry, as my servants may witness for me, for I rather chose to suffer some inconveniences than disturb my thoughts, which makes me wink many times at their faults; but I am easily pacified, if it be not such an injury as may create a hate; likewise I am neither spiteful, envious, nor malicious; I repine not at the gifts that Nature or Fortune bestows upon others, yet I am a great emulator; for though I wish none worse than they are, yet it is lawful for me to wish myself the best, and to do my honest endeavour thereunto; for I think it no crime to wish myself the exactest of Nature's works, my thread of life the longest, my chain of destiny the strongest, my mind the peaceablest, my life the pleasantest, my death the easiest, and [myself] the greatest Saint in heaven."

Her marriage with the Marquis of Newcastle, at that time a widower, took place in 1645 at Paris, whither she had accompanied Queen Henrietta Maria. This was during the Marquis's exile, he having abruptly left the country after the fatal battle of Marston Moor, in which he had shown his usual gallantry in the cause of the king, but the event of which was the almost total destruction of his infantry. During the long period of his exile in which he often laboured under great pecuniary distress, no less than after his return with his royal master and restoration to wealth and honour in his native country, his Duchess presented an example of conjugal devotedness and affection to which, unless perhaps we mention Mrs. Lucy Hutchinson, we should scarcely be able to adduce a comparison.

The following passage upon her marriage is, as Sir Egerton Brydges justly remarks, in spite of the awkward construction of some of its parts, both in sentiment and the spirit of the language, highly admirable, eloquent, and affecting.

" My Lord Marquis of Newcastle did approve of those bashful fears which many condemned, and would choose such a wife as he might bring to his own humours, and not such an one as was wedded to self-conceit, or one that had been tempered to the humours of another; for which he wooed me for his wife; and though I did dread marriage, and shunned men's companies as much as I could, yet I could not, nor had not the power to refuse him, by reason my affections were fixed on him, and he was the only person I ever was in love with. Neither was I ashamed to own it, but glorified therein, for it was not amorous love; I never was infected therewith; it is a

disease, or a passion, or both, I only know by relation, not by experience ; neither could title, wealth, power, or person entice me to love ; but my love was honest and honourable, being placed upon merit, with affection joyed at the fame of his worth, pleased with delight in his wit, proud of the respect he used to me, and triumphing in the affections he profest for me, which affections he hath confirmed to me by a deed of time, sealed by constancy, and assigned by an unalterable decree of his promise ; which makes me happy in despight of Fortune's frowns, for though misfortunes may and do oft dissolve base, wild, loose, and ungrounded affections, yet she hath no power of those that are united either by merit, justice, gratitude, duty, fidelity, or the like ; and though my lord hath lost his estate, and banished out of his country for his loyalty to his king and country, yet neither despised Poverty, nor pinching Necessity could make him break the bonds of friendship, or weaken his loyal duty to his king or country."

The losses which the Marquis sustained by the civil war was computed by the Marchioness at the enormous sum, especially for those times, of £941,303.

Nor was it in her wedded life alone that the Marchioness suffered through the unhappy wars of the period. Her mother and brothers by reason of their unflinching adherence to the royal cause were plundered of their "goods, plate, jewels, money, corn, cattle, and the like," and her two younger brothers Sir Thomas and Sir Charles Lucas killed. The latter was shot in cold blood, together with Sir George Lisle, from a spirit of vengeance for the persevering bravery with which they maintained the defence of Colchester, the last city which held out in the Royalist cause. In connection with these sufferings the Marchioness uses a tone of reverence and affection in describing her mother's person and fortitude under affliction which engages our deepest respect and admiration, not only for the person described, but for her who could dictate the description.

"But not only the family I am linkt to is ruined, but the family from which I sprung, by these unhappy wars ; which ruin my mother lived to see, and then died, having lived a widow many years, for she never forgot my father so as to marry again ; indeed, he remained so lively in her memory, and her grief was so lasting, as she never mentioned his name, though she spoke often of him, but love and grief caused tears to flow, and tender sighs to rise, mourning in sad complaints : she made her house her cloyster, inclosing herself as it were therein, for she seldom went abroad, unless to church ; but these unhappy wars forced her out, by reason she and her children were loyal to the king ; for which they plundered her and my brothers of all their goods, plate, jewels, money, corn, cattle, and the like ; cut down their woods, pulled down their houses, and sequestered them from their lands and livings ; but in such misfortunes my mother was of an heroic spirit, in suffering patiently where there is no remedy, or to be industrious where she thought she could help : she was of a grave behaviour, and had such a majestic grandeur as it

were continually hung about her, that it would strike a kind of an awe to the beholders, and command respect from the rudest; I mean the rudest of civilized people, I mean not such barbarous people as plundered her, and used her cruelly, for they would have pulled God out of heaven, had they had power, as they did Royalty out of his throne: also her beauty was beyond the ruin of Time, for she had a well-favoured loveliness in her face, a pleasing sweetness in her countenance, and a well-tempered complexion, as neither too red nor too pale, even to her dying hour, although in years; and by her dying, one might think death was enamoured with her, for he embraced her in a sleep, and so gently, as if he were afraid to hurt her: also she was an affectionate mother, breeding her children with a most industrious care, and tender love; and having eight children, three sons and five daughters, there was not any one crooked, or any ways deformed; neither were they dwarfish, or of a giant-like stature, but every ways proportionable; likewise well featured, clear complexions, brown hairs, but some lighter than others, sound teeth, sweet breaths, plain speeches, tuneable voices, I mean not so much to sing as in speaking, as not stuttering, nor wharling in the throat, or speaking through the nose, or hoarsely, unless they had a cold, or squeakingly which impediments many have: neither were their voices of too low a strain, or too high, but their notes and words were tuneable and timely; I hope this truth will not offend my readers, and lest they should think I am a partial register, I dare not commend my sisters, as to say they were handsome; although many would say they were very handsome: but this I dare say, their beauty, if any they had, was not so lasting as my mother's, Time making sudderer ruin in their faces than in hers; likewise my mother was a good mistress to her servants, taking care of her servants in their sickness, not sparing any cost she was able to bestow for their recovery: neither did she exact from them more in their health than what they with ease, or rather like pastime, could do: she would freely pardon a fault, and forget an injury, yet sometimes she would be angry; but never with her children, the sight of them would pacify her, neither would she be angry with others, but when she had cause, as with negligent or knavish servants, that would lavishly or unnecessarily waste, or subtly or thievishly steal; and though she would often complain that her family was too great for her weak management, and often pressed my brother to take it upon him, yet I observe she took a pleasure, and some little pride, in the governing thereof: she was very skilful in leases, and setting of lands, and court-keeping, ordering of stewards, and the like affairs: also I observed, that my mother, nor brothers, before these wars, had ever any law-suits, but what an attorney dispatched in a Term with small cost; but if they had, it was more than I knew of: but, as I said, my mother lived to see the ruin of her children, in which was her ruin, and then died."

So straitened were the circumstances of the noble pair during their stay at Antwerp,—in which city, after a short residence of six months in Rotterdam, the marquis settled himself and family, “choosing it for the most pleasantest and quietest place to retire himself and ruined fortunes in,”—that at last necessity enforced the marchioness to visit England, in the hope of rescuing something from the sale of her lord's estate, but on applying at Goldsmiths'

Hall, received an absolute refusal, "by reason I was married since my lord was made a delinquent I could have nothing nor should have anything, he being the greatest traitor to the state, which was to be the most loyal subject to his king and country; but I whisperingly spoke to my brother to conduct me out of that ungentlemanly place, so that without speaking to them one word good or bad, I returned to my lodgings, and as that committee was the first so was it the last I ever was at as a petitioner."

Her ladyship remained a year and a half in England, during which she wrote her poems and her 'Philosophical Fancies,' to which she made large additions after she returned abroad. It was after her return also that she wrote her work entitled 'Nature's Pictures, drawn by Fancy's Pencil,' to which her autobiography was added as an appendix.

We cannot help feeling that a tone of contempt or derogation is not lightly to be used on the score of subsequent extravagancies, when speaking of the character of one who, after enjoying exalted rank and the advantages of a splendid fortune, could submit to poverty, exile, and even political disgrace as regarded her beloved lord, with the expression of such sentiments as the following :—

"Heaven hitherto hath kept us, and though fortune hath been cross, yet we do submit, and are both content with what is, and cannot be mended; and are so prepared, that the worst of fortunes shall not afflict our minds, so as to make us unhappy, howsoever it doth pinch our lives with poverty, for if tranquility lives in an honest mind the mind lives in peace, although the body suffer."

Sir Egerton Brydges appropriately remarks, that under the blighting gloom of such oppression, to create wealth and a kingdom "within the mind" shows an intellectual (and, we may add, a moral) energy which ought not to be defrauded of its praise. At the same time we are inclined to believe that with her, as with us all, adversity held a check upon the weaker points of her character, to which her subsequent height of prosperity unpropitiously allowed the most unlimited scope.

Upon the reinstatement of her husband in his fortunes after the Restoration, she devoted the greater portion of her time to the composition of plays, poems, letters, philosophical discourses, orations, &c., and became one of the most voluminous writers of her sex upon record.

That she had a power of intellect beyond that of women in general, rendered prominent, it is likely, mainly from the very

exercise she gave it from her thirst for fame, we think is abundantly manifest, but her works exhibit an indiscriminate recklessness and a want of mental discipline, tact, and taste, in condensing and applying her thoughts and her materials to the purpose of her pen, greatly calculated to offend the exacter judgment of later times. We have already suggested reasons why this defect should be less apparent in her autobiography. That she was not deficient in poetical fancy will be seen from the following extract, taken from 'The Pastime and Recreation of the Queen of Fairies in Fairyland, the Centre of the Earth':—

" Queen Mab and all her company  
Dance on a pleasant mole-hill high,  
To small straw-pipes, wherein great pleasure  
They take, and keep just time and measure ;  
All hand in hand, around, around,  
They dance upon this fairy ground ;  
And when she leaves her dancing-ball,  
She doth for her attendants call,  
To wait upon her to a bower,  
Where she doth sit under a flower,  
To shade her from the moonshine bright,  
Where gnats do ring for her delight ;  
The whilst the bat doth fly about  
To keep in order all the rout.  
A dewy waving leaf's made fit  
For the queen's bath where she doth sit,  
And her white limbs in beauty show,  
Like a new fallen flake of snow :  
Her maids do put her garments on,  
Made of the pure light from the sun,  
Which do so many colours take,  
As various objects shadows make.

" Then to her dinner she goes strait,  
Where fairies all in order wait :  
A cover of a cob-web made,  
Is there upon a mush-room laid ;  
Her stool is of a thistle down,  
And for her cup an acorn's crown,  
Which of strong nectar full is fill'd,  
That from sweet flowers is distill'd.  
When dined, she goes to take the air,  
In coach, which is a nut-shell fair ;  
The lining's soft and rich within,  
Made of a glistering adder's skin ;  
And there six crickets draw her fast,  
When she a journey takes in haste ;  
But if she will a hunting go,  
Then she the lizard makes the doe,

Which is so swift and fleet in chase,  
As her slow coach cannot keep pace :  
Then on a grasshopper she'll ride,  
And gallop in the forest wide :  
Her bow is of a willow branch,  
To shoot the lizard on the haunch ;  
Her arrow sharp, much like a blade,  
Of a rosemary leaf is made ;  
And when the morn doth hide her head,  
Their day is gone—she goes to bed.  
Meteors do serve, when they are bright,  
As torches do, to give her light.  
Glow-worms, for candles, lighted up,  
Stand on her table, while she doth sup :—  
But women, that inconstant kind,  
Can ne'er fix in one place their mind ;  
For she impatient of long stay,  
Drives to the upper earth away.”

Walpole, who seldom speaks of her with patience, adduces as a proof of her unbounded passion for scribbling, that she seldom revised the copies of her works lest it should disturb her following conceptions; but whether this charge is fairly tenable may be judged from the fact that copies of some of her most lengthy publications in the British Museum contain manuscript evidence of her revision of them, in her own hand. That her first inditing of them, however, was hasty and ill-digested, is shown by the following statement of Dr. Lort, if only it be correct. “So fond,” he says, “was her grace of these *conceptions*, and so careful lest they should be still-born, that I have heard or read somewhere that her servant John was ordered to lie in a truckle bed in a closet within her grace’s bed-chamber, and whenever at any time she gave the summons by calling out ‘John! I conceive!’ poor John was to get up and commit to writing the offspring of his mistress’s reveries.”

A more credible story is related of the Duchess’s female attendants being similarly required to arise in the night when the Duchess rung her bell for the purpose here described. Dr. Lort does not seem very accurate in his statements respecting her, as in describing a beautiful print prefixed to one of her works, he says that the Duke and Duchess are sitting at a table with *their children*, which could not be, as they had none, the Duke having had but one child, and that by his former wife. She herself supplies us with a description of her habits of thinking and writing in a tone full of candour and simplicity:—

“I pass my time rather with scribbling than writing, with words than

wit; not that I speak much, because I am addicted to contemplation, unless I am with my lord; yet then I rather attentively listen to what he says, than impertinently speak; yet when I am writing, and sad fained stories, or serious humours, or melancholy passions, I am forced many times to express them with the tongue before I can write them with the pen, by reason those thoughts that are sad, serious, and melancholy, are apt to contract and to draw too much back, which oppression doth as it were overpower or smother the conception in the brain; but when some of those thoughts are sent out in words, they give the rest more liberty to place themselves in a more methodical order, marching more regularly with my pen, on the ground of white paper; but my letters seem rather as a ragged rout, than a well armed body; for the brain being quicker in creating than the hand in writing, or the memory in retaining, many fancies are lost by reason they oftentimes outrun the pen; where I, to keep speed in the race, write so fast as I stay not so long as to write my letters plain, insomuch as some have taken my hand-writing for some strange character; and being accustomed so to do, I cannot now write very plain, when I strive to write my best; indeed, my ordinary hand-writing is so bad as few can read it, so as to write it fair for the press; but, however, that little wit I have it delights me to scribble it out, and disperse it about, for I being addicted from my childhood to contemplation rather than conversation, to solitariness rather than society, to melancholy rather than mirth, to write with the pen than to work with a needle, passing my time with harmless fancies, their company being pleasing, their conversation innocent, in which I take such pleasure, as I neglect my health; for it is as great a grief to leave their society, as a joy to be in their company; my only trouble is, lest my brain should grow barren, or that the rod of my fancies should become insipid, withering into a dull stupidity for want of maturing subjects to write on; for I being of a lazy nature, and not of an active disposition, as some are that love to journey from town to town, from place to place, from house to house, delighting in variety of company, making still one where the greatest number is; likewise in playing at cards, or any other games, in which I neither have practised, nor have I any skill therein: as for dancing, although it be a graceful art, and becometh unmarried persons well, yet for those that are married, it is too light an action, disagreeing with the gravity thereof; and for revelling I am of too dull a nature to make one in a merry society; as for feasting, it would never agree with my humour or constitution, for my diet is for the most part sparing, as a little boiled chicken, or the like, my drink most commonly water, for though I have an indifferent good appetite, yet I do often fast, out of an opinion that if I should eat much, and exercise little, which I do, only walking a slow pace in my chamber, whilst my thoughts run apace in my brain, so that the motions of my mind hinders the active exercises of my body; for should I dance or run, or walk apace, I should dance my thoughts out of measure, run my fancies out of breath, and tread out the feet of my numbers."

The philosophical speculations of the Duchess certainly constituted the most vulnerable part of her literary character. Anthony à Wood informs us that James Bristow, of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, a man of admirable parts, had begun to translate into Latin some of the 'Philosophy of Margaret, Duchess of Newcastle,'

upon the desire of those whom she had appointed to inquire out a fit person for such a matter; but he, finding great difficulties therein, through the confusedness of the subject, gave over, as being a matter not to be well performed by any. Nor is this to be wondered at, for she confesses that she was near forty when she applied to the reading of philosophical authors, in order to learn those names and words of art that are used in schools. Her desire of a reputation for science was very great. Dr. Birch records a resolution of the Royal Society, May 23, 1667, that the Duchess of Newcastle, having intimated her desire to be present at one of the meetings of the Society, be entertained with some experiments at the next meeting, and that Lord Berkeley and Dr. Charlton be desired to give notice of it to her grace, and to attend her to the meeting on the Thursday following. Of this visit Pepys gives the following humorous account :—

" 30th May, 1667.—After dinner I walked to Arundell House, the way very dusty, the day of the meeting of the [Royal] Society being changed from Wednesday to Thursday, which I knew not before, because the Wednesday is a Council day, and several of the Council are of the Society, and would come but for their attending the King at Council, where I find much company in expectation of the Duchesse of Newcastle, who had desired to be invited to the Society, and was, after much debate *pro* and *con*, it seems many being against it; and we do believe the town will be full of ballads of it. Anon comes the Duchesse, with her women attending her; among others the Ferabosco,\* of whom so much talk is that her lady would bid her show her face and kill the gallants. She is indeed black, and hath good black little eyes, but otherwise a very ordinary woman I do think, but they say sings well. The Duchesse hath been a good, comely woman, but her dress so antick, and her deportment so ordinary, that I do not like her at all; nor do I hear her say anything that was worth hearing, but that she was full of admiration—all admiration. Several fine experiments were shown her of colours, loadstones, microscopes, and of liquors, among others of one that did, while she was there, turn a piece of roasted mutton into pure blood, which was very rare. Here was Mrs. Moore, of Cambridge, whom I had not seen before, and I was glad to see her, as also a very black boy that run up and down the room, somebody's child in Arundell House. After they had shown her many experiments, and she cried still she was full of admiration, she departed, being led out and in by several Lords that were there, among others Lord George Barkley and Earl of Carlisle, and a very pretty young man, the Duke of Somerset."

Perhaps the work in which her best and worst qualities are the most fully pourtrayed is the life of her husband the Duke, and while speaking of it we cannot refrain from smiling at the absurd

\* Note by Lord Braybrooke. Was she of the family of Alfonso Ferrabosco, who, in 1609, published a book of Ayres, containing a sonnet addressed to the author by Ben Jonson.

conceitedness with which she touches both upon his and her own character. No sympathy with the unmitigated devotedness of attachment with which it teems can avert our amusement at the overweening flattery which sometimes compares him to Julius Caesar; and *certes*, right merrily did the worthy couple bandy the ball of flattery from one to the other. Pepys has given us the following droll account of his impressions on reading the work:—

“ 18th of March 1668. Thence home and there in favour to my eyes staid at home, reading the ridiculous History of my Lord Newcastle, wrote by his wife, which shows her to be a mad, conceited, ridiculous woman, and he an asse to suffer her to write what she writes to him and of him.”

But that our readers may judge of the sterling merit that exists in the work in spite of its eccentric absurdities, we quote the opinion of one whose refined taste and graphic criticism will never cease to claim our respectful and affectionate attention. Charles Lamb, in his ‘Essays of Elia,’ when speaking of the binding of a book, observes,—

“ But where a book is at once both good and rare, where the individual is almost the species, and when that perishes,

We know not where is that Promethean torch,  
That can its light relumine.

Such a book, for instance, as the Life of the Duke of Newcastle, by his Duchess, no casket is rich enough, no casing sufficiently durable, to honour and keep safe such a jewel.”

The romantic character of the Duke, his loyalty and well-tested bravery in the perilous times through which he had passed, his skill as a commander, and his attachment to literature, were well calculated to make him the subject of earnest and glowing laudation from his affectionate Duchess. We think Walpole perfectly just in the following comment on his character. He calls him

“ A man extremely known from the course of life into which he was forced and who would soon have been forgotten in the walk of fame which he chose for himself. Yet as an author he is familiar to those who scarce know any other author—from his book of horsemanship. Though ‘amorous in poetry and musick,’ as my Lord Clarendon says, he was fitter to break Pegasus for a manage, than to mount him on the steeps of Parnassus. Of all the riders of that steed, perhaps there have not been a more fantastic couple than his grace or his faithful Duchess, who was never off her pillion.”

He published a great number of comedies, one of which was the ‘Humorous Lovers,’ which Walpole asserts “was received with great applause, and esteemed one of the best plays of that time.” Pepys, however, seemed to think differently, but erroneously ascribed

it, as already shown in the extract we have given from his Diary, to the pen of the Duchess.

His 'Triumphant Widow' was so much admired by the Laureate Thadwell that he transcribed part of it into his 'Busy Fair,' one of his most successful plays. His matter was evidently suggestive, as it has supplied materials to other copyists, Langbaine among others, acknowledging his obligations to his works. He wrote many scenes for the plays which bear the Duchess's name, and divers of his poems are scattered amongst her works.

The literary labours of such an industrious life as that of the Duchess, especially when her sex is considered, deserve enumeration. To the following list are added some observations which, we believe, have never before appeared in print.

The World's Olio. London, 1655. Folio.

This work was for the most part written at Antwerp, before her ladyship's visit to England. At the end of a copy in the British Museum occur some verses, at the foot of which is written in her own hand,—

"This copy of verses belongs to my 'Philosophical Opinions.'

In another copy is a beautiful full-length portrait by Diepenbeke, of Antwerp, representing the Duchess standing in a niche.

Orations of Divers Sorts, accommodated to divers places. London, 1662. Fol. Playes. London, 1662. Folio.

Philosophical Fancies. London, 1653. 12mo.

Philosophical and Physical Opinions. London, 1655. Folio.

To this volume was prefixed by the Duke a copy of verses and an epistle to justify the noble authoress. These were followed up by her grace with an address to the reader, another to the two universities, an epilogue to her 'Philosophical Opinions,' an epistle to her honourable readers, another to the reader for her book of philosophy, &c. These show her grace's solicitude, as Walpole says, to have the book considered as the produce of her own brain, "being the beloved of all her works and preferring it as her masterpiece."

Another edition, bearing the title, 'Grounds of Natural Philosophy,' with an Appendix, much altered from the first edition. London, 1663. Folio. Observations upon Experimental Philosophy; to which is added the Description of a New World. London, [1666] 1668. Folio.

We have already alluded to the attempted translation of these philosophical discourses into Latin by Mr. Bristow.

Philosophical Letters ; or Modest Reflections upon some Opinions in Natural Philosophy, maintained by several famous and learned authors of this age, expressed by way of Letters. London, 1664. Folio.  
Poems and Phancies. London, 1653. Folio.

The copy in the British Museum has MS. Notes in the Duchess's hand. At the end of some prefatory verses is the following :—

" Reader, let me intreat you to consider only the fancyes in this my book of poems, and not the languagh, numbers, nor rimes, nor fals printing, for if you doe, you will be my condeming judg, which will grive me much."

Another edition. London, 1664. Folio.

CCXI Sociable Letters. London, 1664. Folio.

Observations upon Experimental Philosophy. London, 1666. Folio.

The Life of William Cavendish, Duke, Marquess, and Earl of Newcastle. London, 1667. Folio.

Another edition. London, 1675. 4to.

Translated into Latin. London, 1668. Folio.

The copy in the British Museum has MS. Notes in the Duchess's hand.

Plays never before printed. London, 1668. Folio.

Her plays alone are nineteen in number, and some of them in two parts. One of them, 'The Blazing World,' is unfinished. In another, 'The Unnatural Tragedy,' a whole scene is written against Camden's 'Britannia.' Walpole suggests that Her Grace thought a geographic satire in the middle of a play was mixing the *utile* with the *dulce*. Three unpublished MS. plays are reported by Cibber to have been in the possession of Mr. Thomas Richardson and Bishop Willis.

Last in the list of her productions, as containing the work with which we have at present most to do, is that entitled

'Nature's Picture, drawn by Fancy's Pencil' to the Life. London, 1656. Folio.

" In this volume (says the title) are several feigned stories of natural descriptions, as comical, tragical, and tragi-comical, poetical, romancical, philosophical, and historical, both in prose and verse, some all verse, some all prose, some mixt, partly prose and partly verse. Also, there are some morals and some dialogues, but they are as the advantage loaf of bread to the baker's dozen, and a true story at the latter end, wherein there is no feigning."

Upon this work Walpole remarks: "One may guess how like this portrait of nature is by the fantastic bill of the features." In the copy of this work in the Grenville library is the extremely rare and exquisite print by Diepenbeke of Antwerp, done while the noble pair were resident in that city, representing the Duke and

Duchess sitting at a table with some children (not her own, as described by Dr. Lort, for she had none), to whom the Duchess is telling stories. A proof of this print sold at Sir M. Sykes's sale for £64. 1s. This copy, as well as another in the British Museum, contains MS. Notes in the Duchess's own hand, pointing out the songs and passages written by the Duke, who was then Marquis of Newcastle. It is to this work that the memoir now under notice is attached, and even Lord Orford acknowledges it to be creditable to her in every point of view.

This memoir was reprinted separately in 1814 by Sir Egerton Brydges at the private press of Lee Priory, the impression being limited to one hundred copies, Sir Egerton, in his critical preface, remarking that these memoirs appear to him very eminently to possess the double merit of entertaining and instructing.

"Whether," says he, "they confirm or refute the character of the literary and moral qualities of her grace given by Lord Orford, I must leave the reader to judge. The simplicity by which they are marked will, in minds constituted like that of the noble critic, seem to approximate to folly; others, less inclined to sarcasm, and less infected with an artificial taste, will probably think far otherwise.

"That the Duchess was deficient in a cultivated judgment, that her knowledge was more multifarious than exact, and that her powers of fancy and sentiment were more active than her powers of reasoning, I will admit; but that her productions, mingled as they are with great absurdity, are wanting either in talent or in virtue, or even in genius, I cannot concede. There is an ardent ambition which may, perhaps, itself be considered to prove superiority of intellect."

As regards the vanity which may be considered as the most striking defect of her autobiography, we would remind the reader of the remark of Hume, that "it is difficult for a man (and we presume he did not exclude the other sex from the observation) to speak long of himself without vanity," and the Duchess wishing to defend herself from the accusation, gives us the following exculpation at the close:—

"I hope my readers will not think me vain for writing my life, since there have been many that have done the like, as Cæsar, Ovid, and many more, both men and women; and I know no reason I may not do it as well as they: but I verily believe some censuring readers will scornfully say, 'Why hath this lady writ her own life? since none cares to know whose daughter she was, or whose wife she is, or how she was bred, or what fortune she had, or how she lived, or what humour or disposition she was of?' I answer that it is true, that 'tis to no purpose to the readers, but it is to the authoress, because I writ it for my own sake, not theirs: neither did I intend this piece for to delight, but to divulge; not to please the fancy, but to tell the truth,

lest after ages should mistake, in not knowing I was daughter to one Master Lucas of St. John's, near Colchester, in Essex, second wife to the Lord Marquis of Newcastle; for my lord having had two wives, I might easily have been mistaken, especially if I should die, and my lord marry again."

It is remarkable that her prognostic was really fulfilled. See 'The Lounger's Common Place Book,' vol. iii, p. 398.

Her death, which preceded that of the Duke by three years, took place in 1673. She was buried in Westminster Abbey, and upon the sumptuous monument which covers the remains of this well-assorted pair is inscribed the following epitaph, containing that remarkable panegyric on her family noticed by Addison in the *Spectator*.

"Here lies the Royall Duke of Newcastle and his Dutches, his second wife, by whom he had no issue; her name was Margarett Lucas, youngest sister to the Lord Lucas of Colchester, a noble familie, for all the Brothers were Valiant and all the Sisters Virtuous. This Dutches was a wise, wittie, and learned lady, which her many booke well testifie. She was a most Virtuous and a Loveing and carefull wife and was with her Lord all the time of his banishment and miseries, and when he came home never parted from him in his solitary retirements."

### ART. III.—*Local Nomenclature.*

*Glossarium Antiquitatum Britannicarum, sive Syllabus Etymologicus Antiquitatum veteris Britanniae atque Iberniae Temporibus Romanorum. Auctore Wil-lielmo Baxter, Cornavio, Schola Merciariorum Prefecto. Accedunt Viri Cl. D. Edvardi Luidii Cimeliarchæ Ashmol. Oxon., de Fluviorum, Montium, Urbiuum, &c., in Britannia Nominibus, Adversaria posthumæ. Editio Secunda. Londini, Impensis T. WOODWARD, &c., MDCCXXXIX. 8vo.*

*Codex Diplomaticus Ævi Saxonici.* Edited for the English Historical Society. By J. M. KEMBLE Esq. M. A. &c. &c. Vols. I—VI, 8vo. London, 1839—1848.

NEXT to the curiosity which nearly every one experiences in regard to the origin of his own personal name, that of the appellation of the locality where he resides naturally excites inquiry; and learned clerk and rustic wiseacre alike apply themselves to the task of discovering an etymon for town and village, valley and hill. This is not unfrequently accomplished with little difficulty, since the component parts of many names of places are but slight departures, if departures at all, from common every-day English words. For instance, the names of Hil-ton, Nor-ton, Heath-field,

Ling-field, Wood-ford, New-bridge, Ash-ridge, West-ham, Beech-land, South-gate, and many hundred other localities of greater or less magnitude and importance, explain themselves to the "meanest capacity." But it is the more recondite names that supply the choicest food for the speculative inquirer. The results are sometimes quite satisfactory, though much oftener amusingly incorrect—the *ne plus ultra* of absurdity being not rarely arrived at by men of some pretensions to learning and judgment, as we shall by and bye have occasion to show. But we will first supply a few examples of rustic and traditional etymology which occur to our recollection. At Udimore, near Rye, the villagers have a legend that their fore-fathers, in ages long bygone, began to build themselves a church on the opposite side of the little river Ree, to that where it was eventually reared. Night after night however witnessed the dislocation of huge stones from the walls built on the preceding day, and the pious work bade fair to be interminable. Grave suspicions arose among the parishioners that they had selected an unholy, and consequently improper, site for the building, and these were eventually confirmed. Unseen hands hurled the stones to the opposite side of the stream, and an awful supernatural voice in the air uttered, in warning and reproachful tones, the words, "O'er the mere ! O'er the mere!"—thus at once indicating a more appropriate situation for the sacred edifice, and by anticipation conferring a name upon it; for the transformation of the phrase, "O'er the mere," into Udimore, was a difficulty little calculated to shake the faith of the unsophisticated Boëotians who could swallow the more wondrous and remarkable incidents of the legend. The village of Aston-Clinton, in Buckinghamshire, bears a name which few antiquarian readers will be at a loss to account for (the suffix being the appellation of its ancient lords), but here rustic etymology has also been at work, and we were not long since gravely told that it signified "*a stone 'cline town,*" to wit, a town built upon the slope or "incline" of a hill, the material of the houses having originally been stone! The delightful village of Hurstperpoint, not far from Brighton, has as distinct an etymology as any we happen to call to mind (—Hyrst, A.-Sax., a wood, and Pierpoint, the surname of its Anglo-Norman feudal possessors, in contradistinction to Hurst-Monceux, a parish not many miles eastward, which once belonged to another Norman family)—; but, in spite of this obvious origin, a certain would-be etymological old gentleman used to assure his friends that local topographers were labouring under a great

mistake. “*Hurst*, my dear Sir,” he would say, “is a Saxon word, meaning a wood ; *per* is, as you will remember, a Latin preposition, signifying *by* (!), and *point*, the last syllable of the name, clearly refers to yonder pointed hill called Wolstonbury ; hence *Hurstper-point* is, as you will perceive, *the wood by the pointed hill!*” Thus did this modern village oracle,

“ Like a Cerberus pronounce  
A leash of languages at once ”—

beautifully blending into one word a bit of Saxon, a fragment of Latin, and a morsel of Anglo-French !

These rustic etymologies are sometimes much more plausible, though equally erroneous. For example, the good people of another Sussex village, Alfriston, attribute its foundation to Alfred the Great ; and the known fact that that monarch had several possessions in the neighbourhood is to them “ confirmation strong ” of their opinion ; but alas for “ Alfred’s Town,” a certain old book called ‘Domesday’ in the space of a single line demolishes the theory : “ Gilbert holds a hide in *Aluricestone* at farm from the Earl : *Aluric* did hold it as allodial land.” Thus it is to an obscure freeman of the days of the Confessor named Alvric, or *Ælf*ric, and not to the patriot-king Alfred, that the village is indebted for its appellative. We may add here, *en passant*, a remark on the great utility of etymological investigations as an aid to local history. In the instance just cited we have imbedded in a single word not only the name of the Saxon proprietor who baptized the locality, but—with the light of ‘Domesday Book’—the precise period when he flourished and settled his little colony upon it; a period shortly antecedent to the Norman Conquest. In the days of the Confessor the then nascent manor brought in a rental of only twenty shillings, but at the making of the great survey, some thirty or forty years later, the annual value had reached the largely-augmented sum of fifty-four shillings.

Let us now turn to another class of etymologists—the diggers up of crooked roots from the classical and other ancient languages—the delvers after glittering whims and fancies which crumble into dust before the daylight of history and truth—the pygmies and pedants of philology, who in their *unde derivatur* of a name content themselves with making a pun upon it, and then gravely assigning to it a French, a Greek, a Latin, or a Celtic origin—men who have all the “madness” without any of the “method” of Horne Tooke—men, we mean, who stick at nothing short of

extracting sunbeams from a cucumber, or the cucumber itself from the name of Jeremiah King !

We are glad to find this whimsical class fast diminishing ; we wish we could pronounce it quite extinct, but alas, whenever we are about to felicitate ourselves upon having at length taken leave for ever of such folly, up starts some new theory about Cold-Harbour or Grimesdyke, which leads us mentally to exclaim, “ *Quousque tandem abutere patientia nostra?* ”

Perhaps pseudo-etymology was never so rampant as among the topographical antiquaries of the last two centuries. It was nothing to twist Pomfret into an apple-garden, quasi locus *poma ferens*, in spite of the known fact that Pontefract was the true original name of the town. Winchelsea was interpreted still more literally into *Friget mare ventus*—“ Wind-chills-Sea” ! But these are trifles to certain etymologies found out by a Sussex antiquary, one Mr. Elliot, who flourished somewhat less than a century ago. Here is a sample. Among the South Down hills, a little eastward of Lewes, is a deep and romantic valley which lies at the foot of a pointed hill called Mount Caburn ; the valley itself being called *Ox-settle-bottom*. “ This name would appear,” says our etymologist, “ to be formed from the British word, *uch*, lofty, high, and *sittelth*, an arrow in Armorick English ; for Mount Caburn appears to the eye of the traveller from the south or east to resemble the barb of an arrow. (!) Perhaps Caburn itself might obtain this name of *Uch-sittelth* or *Ox-settle*, originally, from the battles that had been fought on its summit,” &c. Now, most unfortunately for this learning, the true name of the valley or “ bottom ” was never *Ox-settle*, but *Ox-stedde* bottom, and was derived, as every body except Mr. Elliot knew, from a “ stedde,” or enclosure for oxen, which formerly stood in it. An old friend of ours lately deceased, though he could not say as did Edie to Mr. Oldbuck, “ *Prætorium here, prætorium there, I mind the biggin o’t,* ” well remembered the destruction of this enclosure, which the bubulci of a day only slightly anterior to Mr. Elliot’s own had caused to be made !

Abundant derivations not much less far-fetched than these lie thickly scattered over most of our county histories and other topographical works ; and we are sorry to say that notwithstanding the great erudition of William Baxter, whose name heads our article, his *Glossarium* abounds with derivations so extremely far-fetched that no reasonable philologist or antiquary can travel upon

good terms with him through two consecutive pages. Upon the whole, however, we are glad of his aid, for, as the alchemists while in search of the *elixir vitae* and the philosopher's stone, though they failed of their main object brought to light many a serviceable compound, so our author, albeit he often shoots wide of his mark, sometimes directs us to objects which had previously escaped our observation: besides, he generally amuses where he fails to instruct, which is more than can always be said by reviewers, *Retrospective* or otherwise.

To turn from these vagaries of a misdirected ingenuity, let us now come to the more immediate purpose of the present article, which is to show how the various geographical and political divisions and natural features of this country acquired their distinctive appellations—the rules upon which our local nomenclature has been formed. Whoever may have been the primitive settlers upon this island, it is certain that it was in very early times extensively occupied by tribes of Celtic origin, and that they impressed their language upon many of the more striking geographical features of the land in names which remain to this day. A very large proportion of the mountains and rivers of Britain, not only in those nooks and corners to which these tribes were ultimately driven by subsequent invasions, but all over the island, bear Celtic names, which no change of occupation or of vernacular language has ever been able to displace. The island itself has several times changed its names, but these features of it retain a nomenclature as imperishable as their own existence. With regard to political divisions, they have usually undergone changes of name with every fluctuation of ownership. Thus, when the Belge became masters of some parts of South Britain, in an age not long antecedent to the Roman invasion, they gave to their colonies the designations of the districts from which they had set out for these shores. "Maritima pars," says Cæsar, "ab iis incolitur, qui prædæ ac belli inferendi causa, ex Belgis transierant; qui omnes fere iis nominibus civitatum appellantur, quibus orti ex civitatibus eò pervenerunt." (De Bell. Gall. v. 10.) The feeling which prompted this is deeply seated in human nature, and has been operative throughout the entire history of colonisation. Let us glance at the central parts of the North American Continent, and we shall find scattered over it everywhere, in the names of its localities, such evidence of the sources of its present population as would serve to reveal the truth were it possible for the annals of its unexampled colonisation to perish. The constant recurrence of

names of places identical with those of Britain would be demonstration of the strongest possible kind. Perhaps we could not frame a better theory of the method in which local nomenclature has everywhere been formed than by an attentive study of a map of the United States. There we discover many names, particularly those of rivers, lakes, mountain-ranges, and some territorial divisions, which baffle all existing etymology, such as Ohio, Mississippi, Mohawk, Alleghany, Apalachia, Tennessee, Michigan, Massachusetts. These are aboriginal names, retained partly for their own euphonious excellence, partly because it is so much easier to adopt an old name than to invent a new one. It is for these reasons, especially the latter, that our Anglo-Saxon ancestors suffered so much of the Celtic nomenclature to remain, even after they had subjugated the races who imposed it. Continuing our observations we remark that another large section of American names are mere transcripts of those of English localities, with or without the prefix "New," such as New England, Boston, New York, Rochester, New Hampshire, Cambridge, Plymouth, Litchfield, New Hartford, &c., some of which have greatly surpassed in importance their namesakes in the mother-country. Thirdly, we find a multitude of local names derived from the names of eminent men with whom the foundation or history of the various places has been identified, as well as the *nomina obscurorum virorum* which mere property in the soil has introduced. Thus we find alongside of Pennsylvania, Georgia, Washington, and others of dignified origin, a host of Brownstons, Johnstonvilles, and Mercersburgs. Religious feeling and a respect for antiquity and genius have introduced a fourth class, such as Salem, Lebanon, Rome, Troy, Homer, Milton, Hampden, and nearly every name which ancient and modern history can supply.\* Bad taste is generally observable in the selection of such designations, however euphonious they may be in themselves. We very much prefer that fifth class of American nomenclature which *describes* localities by the use of familiar terms, however coarse. Sandy-hook, South-fork *et omne hoc genus* are far preferable in our estimation to names of classical origin. Even "Big-bone-lick," which has an air of the extremest vulgarity, is justifiable on the ground of its appropriateness. The place which bears this name—we forget in what State it lies—was so called on account of its geological characteristics.

\* A modern writer (F. Lieber, we think) says, that, looking at a map of the United States, you might almost fancy that all ancient history and geography had been chopped up and put into a bag, and then shaken abroad over the face of the land!

A "lick," in American phraseology, is a spot to which cattle resort to lick the saline particles of the soil, and the one in question abounds with fossil bones of unusual size. Now had this place been styled Tusculum, or Mantua, or Athens, however much might have been gained in the alternative by the ear, nothing would have accrued to the understanding. Euphony is an excellent quality, but appropriateness is a better; and to "call a spade a spade" is after all the wisest policy.

It is for the most part upon such common-sense rules that the local nomenclature of England has been formed. A meaning may be said either to lie upon, or to lurk at no great distance beneath, the surface of most names of ancient date. Before analysing the principal materials of our ancient names, it may be well to classify the various languages which have been drawn upon, which will be found to be—

- I. The Celtic dialects, with Latinizations.
- II. Anglo-Saxon or Teutonic.
- III. Danish or Scandinavian.
- IV. French or Norman-French.
- V. Modern, or existing, English.

A few words of remark upon each of these will suffice for our present purpose; and first of the Celtic. This name has been for convenience' sake attributed to the earliest settlers of Western Europe—the first great wave of population from Central Asia, which made its way by successive impulses to the extremities of this continent, and which was ultimately driven into the nooks and corners of it, and of the adjacent islands, by the second or Teutonic wave. The remains of the Celts, speaking both ethnologically and philosophically, either *are*, or at a comparatively recent period *were*, to be found principally in the geographical indentures or insulations known as Brittany, Cornwall, Wales, Ireland, the Isle of Man, and the Highlands and Islands of Scotland. Of the language or rather languages spoken by the barbarous sun-worshipping and Cromlech-building hordes bearing this name we know little except by inference and hypothesis. They had no literature; and all that we can certainly know of their intellectual character and culture comes down to us through the vague and misty channel of traditional rhapsody; while the actual *media* by which they communicated their sentiments to each other can only be inferred by a laborious collation of what remains in the obsolete or obsolescent tongues called Armorican, Cornish, Welsh, Manx, Irish, and Gaelic—tongues

only committed to the custody of alphabetic writing within the last few centuries, and corrupted and modified by the multitudinous influences to which the vernacular language of uncultured tribes is always necessarily exposed from time, climate, and amalgamation with other races. It has been very much the practice with etymologists and topographers to ascribe to the Celtic language those names for which no Saxon etymon could be found, especially if they resembled some Welsh or Gaelic word. This has necessarily led to numerous errors. To cite a single instance, let us take the very first word in the Glossarium, **ABALLABA**, which by the way our author wrongly identifies with Appleby in Westmoreland, whereas its true site is upon the Roman Wall in Cumberland :—

“*ABALLABA*, hodie *Appulm*, quasi Britannicè dicas *Abal* (vel *Gaval*) *Ab* vel *Av*; quod est *Furca* (vel *Sinus*) *undæ* vel *annis*. Iberniae Scotobrigantibus etiam hodie *Abhal* pro *Furca* est; quò referendum et Anglorum nostrorum *Gable-mu*, seu *furcalis finis* in *sedificio*. Etiam hodiernis Persis *Ab* pro *Aqua* est, quam et Veteres nostri *Av*, *Sav*, et *Tav* appellavère. Eodem planè intellectu et in Cantiaciis et in Regnisi, et in Damnoniis oppidula occurunt *Appuldur* et *Appuldurham*,” \* &c.

He afterwards goes on to inform us, that according to the Notitia this was the station of the prefect of a *numerus* or troop of Moors (*Prepositus Numeri MAURORUM Aurelianorum*), and that it must therefore have been one the castella of the Brigantes alluded to by Juvenal [in the passage—

“Dirue Maurorum attegias, castella Brigantum,  
Ut locupletem aquilam tibi sexagesimus annus  
Afferat.”—Sat. xiv, 196, &c.]

Now to any unprejudiced judgment, the association of a colony of Moors in Britain with so very *moresque* a name as *Aballaba*, renders any appeal to Celtic roots totally unnecessary. The Moorish troops whom the jealousy of the Roman policy had transplanted to this northern region doubtless imposed upon their settlement a word borrowed from their vernacular tongue. And since during the prevalence of the Roman power in this island similar bodies of Gauls, Germans, Spaniards, Italians, and other foreigners were also introduced here, we are not assuming too much—though it is beside the scope of the present article to work out this theory—to assert that many of the names given to localities at that period were derived from roots wholly alien to the aboriginal dialects of Britain. At the same time we must admit that in a great majority of instances

\* Baxter is quite wrong here, for the Kent and Devonshire Appledores and the Sussex Appledram are obviously from the Anglo-Saxon *Appuldre*, an apple-tree.

the names borne by Roman stations are mere latinizations of British words, although the etymons of the latter (in which Baxter takes so much delight) may be altogether vague and uncertain. At the departure of the Romans most of this nomenclature failed, but in some instances the material part of the names is retained to the present day though of course in a very corrupted orthography; thus we may trace *Regulbium* in Reculver, *Dubris* in Dover, *Venta* (Belgarum) in Winchester, *Branodunum* in Brancaster, *Londinium* in London, *Nidum* in Neath, *Mancunium* in Manchester, *Camboricum* in Cambridge, *Uroconium* in Wroxeter, and some others mentioned in the Notitia and the Antonine Itinerary. Our rivers, too, in many instances bear the original British names, or rather the geographical expressions and terms employed by the Celtic people. As Lhwyd properly remarks—

“As for the names of Rivers. We often find that when a country is new peopled, the new-commers take the *appellatives* of the old inhabitants for proper names. And hence it is, that our ancestors at their first coming (whenever that was) called so many rivers in England by the names of Asc, Esc, Isc, Osc, and Usc, which the English afterwards partly retained (especially in the north) and partly varied into Ax, whence Axley, Axholm; Ex, whence Exmouth, Exeter; Ox, whence Oxford for Ouskford; and Ux, as in Uxbridge. This I say proceeded from our ignorance of the language of our predecessors the Güydhelian Britains, amongst whom the word signified nothing but *water*, as it doth yet in the Highlands and in Ireland. In the same manner have the English mistaken our *Avon*, which though it signified only *RIVER* in general, yet serves with them for the proper name of several of their rivers.” (D. E. Luidii Adversaria (in Baxter's Glossary), p. 265.)

There are also several other Celtic appellatives meaning water which have become the proper names of many of our rivers. Such are *Tam* or *Tav*, *Uy*, *Cluyd*, &c. In *Tam*, whence Thames, Tamar, &c., Lhwyd thinks we have the Celtic form of the Greek  $\tau\alpha\mu\omega\varsigma$  in  $\tau\alpha\tau\alpha\mu\omega\varsigma$ . This root is varied into *Tav* and *Tiv*, and may be traced in the modern names of the rivers Tavy, Teivi, Dove, Dee, &c. *Uy* is the equivalent of the Gothic *Aa*, the Saxon *ea*, and the French *eau*, aqua. Hence Wye and many Welsh rivers. *Cluyd* is seen in the Great Scottish river Clyde, as well as in the Clydach, Cledach, Cledog, and Clettür in Wales.

With regard to the Celtic names of mountains, Lhwyd presents us with a remarkable theory. (Gloss. pp. 268 et seq.) “The most common way of naming hills,” he says, “was by metaphors from the parts of the body.” His instances are principally from Wales, and from localities little known; suffice it to say, that he has found

in the mountain nomenclature of that province numerous words signifying head, forehead, scull, face, eyebrow, eye, nose, mouth, neck, arm, breast, belly, hip, side, back, leg, and foot. This theory may at first sight appear more ingenious than true, but we must recollect that we still apply similar expressions to geographical features: e. g. Beachy Head, Flamborough Head, to high promontories, and Dungeness, Sheerness (A. S. *næs*, a nose) to low projections; while in every-day parlance we talk of an arm of the sea, the mouth of a river, and the brow, the side, and the foot of a mountain. The word *moel* or *voel*, so commonly applied to Welsh mountains destitute of wood, signifies "bald-pate." From a misunderstanding of this root the good people of Abergavenny, in Lhwyd's time, by a droll catachresis, called a conical hill near their town "The Vale."

The principal or most usual component parts of British names, as still retained to a great extent in Wales and Cornwall, are the syllables *tin* or *din*, *maes*, *caer*, *tre*, or *trev*, and *llan* or *lan*. Of these, the first, which was latinized in numerous instances into *dunum*, as in Muridunum, Camalodunum, is derived from an old Celtic verb, *dunadh*, signifying to shut in, or inclose. Its Anglo-Saxon representative was *tune* and *tun*, whence the modern English, Town. 2. *Maes*, or more properly *magh*, signifies field or plain, and is latinized by *magus*, as in Sitomagus, Cæsaromagus, Noviomagus. 3. *Caer*, or *Car*, as retained in Caermarthen, Caernarvon, and in many places in Ireland, Scotland, Cornwall, and Brittany, signifies an enclosed or fortified place—"any trench or bank of an old camp:" the idea was afterwards extended to mean city. 4. *Tre* or *trev*—

"seems to have signified anciently only a family, and to be of the same origine with the Latin *tribus*. So *pueblo*, which properly signifies a people, is a common Spanish word for a small town or village. . . . . *Trev* signified not a town anciently, but a house or home. . . . . Hence so many *Tre's* in Cornwall, which were for the most part but single houses, and the word subjoined to it only the name of a Briton who was once the proprietor, as Trev Erbyn, Trev Annian, Trev Vydhig. . . . . Whether the German *dorf*, called in England Thorp, Threp, and Thrup, may not put in for the same origine and signification, is left to the English-Saxon Antiquaries."—(*Ibid.* p. 272.)

5. *Llan* in Wales, and *lan* in Cornwall and Brittany, primarily meant an enclosure, as is satisfactorily shown by the retention of it in the Welsh *Ydlan*, a hagard; *Perlhan*, an orchard; *Guinlan*, a vineyard; *Corlan*, a sheepfold; and *Corflan*, a churchyard. Lhwyd observes—

"This signification of it is also confirmed by the Cantabrians or Pyrenean Spaniards, who call a garden *landa*, and use also the same word for a field or any other inclosure. The reason why we use it for a church was (as I conjecture) because before Christianity the Druids sacrificed and buried their dead in a circle of stones, which had a Cromlech or *Kist-vaen*, or both, in the midst; as we find at Kerrig y Drudion in Denbighshire and elsewhere. And it is probable that from such a *Crug* of stones or a *circus* or round trench, or from both, the Teutonic nations took their *kirk*, corrupted by the southern English into *church*. *Lan* besides Wales is common in Cornwall and Basse Bretagne, but scarce used at all in Ireland and Scotland, where the old word is *Kil*, the derivation whereof I must leave to further inquiry." (*Ibid.* p. 272.)

This prefix *Llan* or *lan*, so prevalent in Wales and Cornwall, is one of the most interesting component parts of local names in Britain. Signifying, as we have seen, "church," its suffix either describes the situation or some characteristic feature of that edifice, or records its founder or its patron saint. E. g. Llandovery is said to be a corruption of *Llan-ym-Ddy-froed*, "the church among the waters," derived from its location near the confluence of several streams. *Llan-daff* is the "church on the river Taff;" *Llan-asaph*, "the church dedicated to St. Asaph;" *Lanhidrock*, "the church of St. Hidrock;" and Launceston was anciently *Lan-Stephadon*, "St. Stephen's church."

But we have exceeded our limits upon the somewhat unsatisfactory subject of Celtic etymology, and must proceed to the other sources of our local names in the order in which we have indicated them.

II. Anglo-Saxon or Teutonic. The majority of place-names in England are of Teutonic origin. They were *mostly* substituted for the Romano-British designations when the Germanic tribes had displaced the Celtic race and formed what is popularly known as the Saxon heptarchy. Although this period can be ascertained with some degree of precision, there is no historical problem more difficult to solve than this: When did the Teutonic wave of population first reach these shores? and its consequent—When did it begin to be influential in modifying the languages spoken by the people of Britain? Although we are by no means inclined to favour the hyper-sceptical school who almost deny the existence of such personages as Hengist, Ella, and Cerdic, we are willing to admit that they were much less important in influence than the Saxon annalists have made them. Half conquerors, half colonists, they were by no means the first of their division of mankind who entertained designs for effecting a settlement here. We believe that ages earlier than the days of Caesar a considerable proportion of the inhabitants of

South Britain were of Germanic blood, and that the Belgic Britons of whom he speaks, and who were much farther advanced in civilisation than the Celtæ, used a Teutonic dialect. Although there is no direct proof of this, we may infer as much from several passages of Caesar himself, especially the one in which he tells us that the Celtæ of Gaul (the acknowledged progenitors of the earliest Britons) differed entirely from the Belgæ in language, customs, and laws. (*De Bell. Gall. i. 1.*) But our limited space precludes our enlarging upon this topic, and we hasten to observe that the 'Notitia' presents us with some names of stations which *must* have been imposed by Teutonic colonists, being as unlike anything Celtic as can well be imagined. Such are *Burgovicus*, now identified with Housesteads near the Roman wall; and *Medioborgus*, which Baxter places at the mouth of the Tweed. To this military colonisation succeeded other settlements from northern Germany, so that at the decline of Roman power in England the south-eastern coast seems from the name which it bore—*Littus Saxonum*—to have been principally in the hands of a Teutonic population, not (as is commonly believed) hostile to the Roman government, but under the protection of a *comes* or lieutenant of its appointment. The arrival of Hengist, *Ælla*, and the other reputed founders of the heptarchy, was but the following out of a stream of colonisation which had long flowed from Germany to Britain; and it was only when those bold adventurers saw the abject condition of the Celtic islanders, after the withdrawal of the Roman cohorts, that they aimed at political supremacy and introduced Germanic laws. Their language had for ages been that of a large proportion of the population, and it now became the prevailing one. The Britanno-Roman nomenclature of places was retained in a few instances, but for the most part it was utterly superseded by Anglo-Saxon designations. Wherever a Roman station of importance had existed, the termination *ceaster* (castrum, fortification) was suffixed. Thus Corinium became Cirencester; Mancunium, Man-ceaster; and Dorocina, Dor-ceaster.

For the most part, however, the name was entirely changed, as Regnum into Cissan-ceaster (Chichester), and Durovernum into Cantwara-burh (Canterbury). In many cases it is only by a laborious collation of circumstances that the Roman site can be identified with the Roman name, so completely has the Anglo-Saxon superseded it; for example, Anderida is now Pevensey; Pons *Ælii*, Newcastle; and Ratæ, Leicester. Sometimes there was an adoption

of the old name, but from ignorance of its meaning it was often grossly corrupted. Thus Avalaria went through the form Wool-lover, and is now Wooler; and Ad Pontem is at present, according to Baxter, Paunton.

III. Danish or Scandinavian. When the fierce sea-kings of the north had formed their settlements in Britain, and the eastern portions of the island were occupied by a Danish race, some modification of our local nomenclature of course took place. It was, however, but slight, for the language used by the Northmen was a sister tongue to the Anglo-Saxon, and the new-comers had few motives for changing names which must for the most part have been intelligible to them. Mr. Worsaae, however, in his recent work thinks otherwise, and labours with that special pleading which so strongly characterises his discussions, to show that they introduced great changes. He claims for his countrymen the honour of having imposed all those names which desinate in -by, -thorpe, -thwaite, -with, -toft, -beck, -naes, -ey, -dale, -force, -fell, -tarn, -haugh; together with many others in -holm, -garth, -land, -end, -vig, -ho, -rigg, &c.; but a very slight acquaintance with Anglo-Saxon will convince any unprejudiced inquirer that three-fourths at least of these terminations belong also to that language. Some of them, however, are exclusively Scandinavian, as for instance *by*, which originally meant a single habitation, afterwards a village or even town. This we believe is only found in those parts of the island where Danish influence prevailed—never in the purely Saxon districts. It is mostly prefixed either by an epithet, as Eastby, Westerby, Mickleyby, Newby—the eastern, the western, the great and the new villages; or by the name of a Danish proprietor, as Rollesby, Osgodby, Brandsby, Swainby, the village of Rolf, of Osgod, of Brand, and of Sweyn. *Thwaite* (O. N. *thweit*), an isolated piece of land—*Turn*, a small lake—*Force*, a waterfall—with perhaps one or two others, also seem to be purely Scandinavian. Sometimes, too, places previously important were rebaptized by the Danes. Thus Streanes-halch gave way to Whitby, and Northweorthig to Deoraby, now contracted to Derby: these are matters of historical record.

IV. French. The greatest people since the extinction of the Roman name were the Normans. Of Scandinavian origin, they rose almost *per saltum* from a nation of barbarians to be the most formidable race in Europe, and within an incredibly brief space of time became masters of Northern France, of England, and of Sicily. But while they knew not how to succumb to any alien power, they

readily laid down their language at the dictation of circumstances and adopted that of the races whom they subdued. They had not long taken possession of Neustria ere they repudiated their old northern dialect, and adopted the softer one of France; and in like manner, on their acquisition of England they failed to introduce the newly-borrowed tongue here. Hard as the Norman scribes found it to write Anglo-Saxon local names—as witness their wretched misspellings in ‘Domesday Book’—they never attempted to introduce a new nomenclature, as their predecessors in conquest had done. And for the few generations during which French most inconveniently maintained its existence as the language of the royal and legal courts, very little indeed was done in the way of imposing French names upon the seigniories which the Norman sword had acquired. In fact, it would be difficult throughout the length and breadth of the land to find fifty places bearing French names of early date. The monastery reared upon the field on which the Conquest occurred was, it is true, designated *L'abbaie de la Battaile* (retained in the modern name Battle), and the metropolis of the newly-acquired land was ridiculously Frenchified into *Londres*; but these are exceptional instances. We have, however, Beaulieu Malpas, Beaurepaire, Beauvoir, Pontefract (*Pons-fractus*, from a ruined bridge there), Château-vert (now Shotover!), &c. &c. Of course we do not include here the Belmonts, Montpeliers, and Bellevues of modern watering-places, the best argument against the adoption of which is furnished in the vile mispronunciations which render them in vulgar mouths Bell-mount, Mount-peeler, and Belly-voo!

We must not, however, overlook the fact that after the Norman Conquest many manors and parishes received as a suffix to their Saxon names those of their acquirers. This was generally the case where two lordships in the same locality bore the same appellation, but belonged to different proprietors, as Tarring-Neville and Tarring-Peverell, Hurst-Monceux and Hurst-Pierpoint, Stoke-Gabriel and Stoke-Damerell, Newton-Morrel and Newton-Mulgrave, Thorpe-Malzor and Thorpe-Mandeville. There are one or two curious instances in which the suffix alone is now retained; thus the original Saxon name of two Buckinghamshire manors has become obsolete, and what were formerly Isenhamsted-Cheney, and Isenhamsted-Latimer, are now called and written Chenneys and Latimers.

V. Modern English. Little requires to be said under this

division. Many names have been imposed since our language has taken its modern and existing form, and additions are constantly being made, as new towns, hamlets, and residences spring into existence. Some of these have been formed in the ancient mode by the conjunction of the owner's name with some appellative, as Camois Court, Hill's Place, Camden Town. Sometimes places are contradistinguished by epithets descriptive of their respective situations or extent, as East Marden, West Marden, Great Bookham, Little Bookham, Over-Compton, Nether-Compton (or by a Latin phrase, as Weston-super-Mare, Kingston-juxta Lewes),—and sometimes by the addition of the name of the patron saint, as Colne St. Denis, Marston St. Lawrence. Such compounds as Cherry-Hill, Oak-lands, Grove-Hall, Brick-wall, &c., explain themselves.

Lastly, when places have belonged to royal or ecclesiastical personages, they frequently bear the name of such owners either in Latin or English, as a prefix or suffix, of which King's Langley and Lyme Regis, Aston-Abbots and Cerne Abbas, Monks' Horton, and Buckland-Monachorum, Bishop's Stortford and Canons' Ashby will serve as instances.

Having thus indicated the *sources* from whence the local nomenclature of England has been derived, it will be our object in the remainder of this article to examine the *materials* out of which it is composed. We have already done this to some small extent in reference to names of Celtic and Danish origin, and shall not revert to those branches of the subject except perhaps for an occasional analogy. As we have said, the great majority of our local names are of Anglo-Saxon birth, and it is to those that we would now direct the reader's attention.

The study of Anglo-Saxon names has been greatly facilitated by the publication of the great body of charters extending from the seventh to the eleventh century, collected from various authentic sources, and edited by Mr. Kemble, under the title of 'Codex Diplomaticus *Ævi Saxonici*.' Many of these documents are in the Anglo-Saxon language, and the rest though written in Latin retain the Saxon proper names. These volumes would furnish matter for a series of disquisitions of great interest; but on the present occasion we are compelled to content ourselves with general references and remarks immediately connected with our subject.

If we examine the name of any town or village we shall generally find it composed of two parts—two Anglo-Saxon words in fact. The second of these is a *topographical expression*, implying valley,

inclosure, bridge, wood, hill, water, island, or the like. The first is a *qualifying* word which distinguishes the particular valley, inclosure, bridge, &c. from other like places and objects, and is for the most part either an epithet, a genitive form, or the personal name of its Saxon proprietor.

Whoever gives his memory a slight fillip, or takes a cursory glance at his county-map, will notice the frequency with which certain terminations occur in local names. He will also probably call to mind the old proverbial distich :—

“In *ham*, and *ford*, and *ley*, and *ton*  
The most of English names do run ;”

and although this “wise saw” (like many other wise saws) is rather narrow and incomprehensive, it will serve well as an illustration of the staple of our local nomenclature. Let us collate it a little with our aforesaid memories and county maps, and what scores of Newhams and Oldhams, Westhams and Southhams ; Oldfords and Newfords, Freshfords and Littlefords ; Hothleys and Bramleys, Horsleys and Cowleys ; Nortons and Suttons, Langtons and Altons come at our invocation ! If we possess a turn for such rhyming, we have, like a committee, power to add to our *numbers*. We will try—but stay ! it has already been done for us in a popular publication, thus :

“*Ing, Hurst, and Wood, Wick, Sted, and Field*  
Full many English place-names yield,  
With *Thorpe* and *Bourne*, *Cote*, *Caster*, *Oke*,  
*Combe*, *Bury*, *Den*, and *Stowe*, and *Stoke* ;  
With *Ey* and *Port*, *Shaw*, *Worth*, and *Wade*,  
*Hill*, *Gate*, *Well*, *Stone*, are many made ;  
*Cliff*, *Marsh*, and *Mouth*, and *Dowen*, and *Sand*,  
And *Beck* and *Sea* with numbers stand.”\*

There are at least as many more terminations of less, yet still considerable, frequency, but as we wish to indicate general principles rather than to work them out to the full, we must content ourselves at present with the following illustrative table :

\* ‘English Surnames,’ London, 1849, vol. i, page 58. The reader will probably recollect here the Cornish distich :—

“By *Tre*, *Ros*, *Pol*, *Lan*, *Caer*, and *Pen*,  
You know the most of Cornishmen.”

In Cornwall, local names have the topographical term as the initial instead of the final syllable, which is caused by the Celtic substantive having the precedence of its epithet as in Latin, modern French, &c., whereas the Anglo-Saxon, like modern English, places the adjective foremost. We may add, that in Corno-Celtic *tre* signifies town, *ros* a heath, *pol* a pool, *lan* a church, *caer* a castle, and *pen* a head.

| Termination. | Example.              | Ang.-Sax. form. | Signification.   | Analogies.                    |     |
|--------------|-----------------------|-----------------|--|-------------------------------|-----|
| HAM          | Greatham, Sussex      | hám             | manor, house, or hamlet                                | heim, Germ.                   | 96* |
| FORD         | Brentford, Middlesex  | ford            | fordable point in a river                              | furt, do.                     | 47  |
| LEY or LY    | Bletchingley, Surrey  | leah            | field, with some reference to neighbouring woods       |                               | 70  |
| TON          | Warbleton, Sussex     | tán             | enclosure, village, town, (explained below)            | tuin, Dutch                   | 137 |
| ING          | Malling, Kent         | "               | a wood which yields food for cattle                    |                               |     |
| HURST        | Hawkhurst, Kent       | hyrst           | wood (lignum)  | horst, Germ.                  |     |
| WOOD         | Goodwood, Sussex      | wudu            | village, town  | oukoc, vicus                  |     |
| WICK         | Warwick               | wic             | place, station, 'stead'                                | stat, Germ.                   | 20  |
| STEAD, STEAD | Stansted, Sussex      | stede           | plain open ground                                      | { feld, Germ.<br>velde, Dutch | 18  |
| FIELD        | Huddersfield, York    | feld            | a collection of dwellings                              | dorf, Germ.                   | 20  |
| THORPE       | Bishop's Thorpe       | thorp           | a rivulet  | born, Germ.                   | 36  |
| BOURNE       | Winterbourne, Dorset  | burne           | small dwelling, cottage                                |                               | —   |
| COTE         | Woodmancote, Sussex   | cote            | a fortified Roman station                              | Castrum, Lat.                 |     |
| CASTER       | Silchester, Hants     | ceaster         | an oak tree  |                               |     |
| OKE, OCK     | Tipnook, Sussex       | ac              | a trough-like valley                                   | cwm, Welsh                    |     |
| COMBE        | Iffracome, Devon      | cumb            | town, borough  | bourg, Fr.                    | 20  |
| BURY         | Wednesbury, Stafford  | burb, byrig     | sheltered place affording food for animals             | dion, Gaelic                  |     |
| DEN          | Bethersden, Kent      | denu            | { dwelling-place, habitation                           |                               | —   |
| { STOW       | Walthamstow, Essex, } | stów            | { water  |                               | —   |
| { STOKE      | Basingstoke, Hants }  |                 | ig—island  |                               | —   |
| EY           | Pevensey, Sussex      |                 | island or morass                                       |                               |     |
| SHAW         | Henshaw, Northumb.    | sceaga          | a small wood, or copse                                 | würth, Germ.                  |     |
| WORTH        | Mouldsworth, Chesh.   | wurd, wyrd      | plot of ground surrounded by water, &c. &c., homestead |                               | —   |
| WADE         | Biggleswade, Bedford  | wád             | a ford—a place near one                                | vadum, Lat.                   |     |
| HILL, HULL   | Thornhill, Dorset     | hyl             | a hill, or elevation                                   |                               | 30  |
| GATE         | Newdigate, Surrey     | gæat            | a gate, or a way                                       |                               |     |
| WELL         | Camberwell, Surrey    | wel—wyl         | a spring or its rivulet                                | quelle, Germ.                 |     |
| STONE        | Ingatestone, Essex    | stan            | some remarkable bouldery or assembly-stone             | stein, Germ.                  |     |
| CLIFF        | Rockcliffe, Cumb.     | clif            | a cliff  | klippe, Germ.                 |     |
| MARSH        | Pebmarsh, Essex       | mersc           | a marsh  | marsch, Germ.                 |     |
| MOUTh        | Yarmouth, Norfolk     | muth            | the outlet of a river                                  |                               |     |
| DOWN, DON    | Kildown, Kent         | dún             | elevated land, down                                    | dùn, Gaelic.                  |     |
| SAND         | Cawsand, Devon        | sand            | a sand   | sand, Germ.                   |     |
| BECK         | Troutbeck, Westmorl.  | bec             | a stream or rivulet                                    | bach, Germ.                   |     |
| SEA          | Whittlesea, Camb.     | sæ              | a lake or stagnant water                               | see, Germ.                    |     |

It may be remarked that most of these words also occur as place-names without any prefix.

With regard to the prefix, it is as we have remarked of various

\* The figures in the last column are from the 'Rectitudines Singularum Personarum' of Dr. Leo of Halle, who has carefully analysed the 1200 local names occurring in the first two volumes of Kemble's 'Codex Dipl.' 96, 47, &c., are therefore to be understood as  $\frac{96}{1200}$ ,  $\frac{47}{1200}$ , &c., of the names found in those volumes. See Treatise on the Local Nomenclature of the Anglo-Saxons, translated by B. Williams, Esq., F.S.A., London, 1852.

kinds, of which the following may be regarded as the principal sources :—

1. *The Teutonic Mythology.* The names of the Anglo-Saxon divinities and heroes not unfrequently occur as the initial syllable of local names; as that of *Woden* in Wódnesbeorh (Wansborough, co. Hants, and Woodnesborough, co. Kent), Wódnesbrók (Wam-brook, co. Dorset)—that of *Thor* or *Thunre* in Thunresfeld, and Thunresléah (co. Hants), Thurley (co. Beds), Thurlow (co. Essex)—that of *Scyld*, a progenitor of Woden, in Scyldestreów (Shilltry?). Other names include the designations of *Frea*, *Grime*, and the fabulous *Offa*. We think Mr. Kemble's deductions of this kind rather far-fetched, especially where he derives Hamerton, Ham-merwick, &c. from the hammer of Thor. In attributing the Hammerponds of Surrey to such a source he is clearly wrong; for they are well known to have taken their name from the fact of their waters having been employed to work the hammers of the iron-forges, which until within the last two or three generations have existed there.

Connected with the Teutonic mythology, Baxter gives a curious etymology for the town of Folkestone, which is perhaps rather more ingenious than probable. He deduces it from *folces stan*, “*Le-murum, sive Larium lapis*,” the stone of the lemures or lares, fairies or “good *folks*.” For corroboration he adduces “fox-gloves” the common name of the herb *digitalis*, which he interprets, “*lemurum manicæ—folks' gloves*”—

— “veteribus Britannis *Menig Eilff Uylhon*, corruptè hodie *Elhylhon*, quod idem valet: Sunt enim Britannis *Eilff Uylhon*, nocturni Daemones, sive Lemures; cum Saxonibus *Folces* dicatur *Minuta plebs*, et forsitan Manes.” (p. 5.)

On a subsequent page (17) he pursues this curious theory:

Ab *\*Epa*, terra, fit et *Fepa* Macedonum dialecto; unde *\*Evepol*, *\*ErFepol*, et Romanis *Inferi*, qui *Scolo-saxonibus dicuntur Feries, nostratique vulgo corruptiæ Fairies, Karaxθónioi Δαιμονες*, sive *Dii Manes*.”

Although the Irish designate fairies as the “good people” or “good folk,” we are not aware that the Anglo-Saxon *folk* is ever capable of the interpretation “*minuta plebs*,” and in spite of Baxter's argument we are rather disposed to think that the Kentish town derives its name from some *stone* where the *folk* of the district in Saxon times were wont to assemble to discuss their public affairs. We know that grave consultations among our ancestors were generally carried on

in the open air; and traces of the practice are still common, especially at the election of public officials.

Connected also with the religion of our Anglo-Saxon ancestors was the respect paid to the mystic number seven. Thus in the Codex we find many such names as *Seofon-thornas*, seven Thorns, *Seofon wyllas*, seven wells. Traces of this are retained in existing names, as in the town of Sevenoaks in Kent, the Seven Sisters, a name given to that number of undulations in the Chalk Cliffs between Beachy Head and Seaford.

II. *Proprietorship.* To call one's possessions by his own name has always been a matter of ambition. Upon this principle the numerous *villes* in Normandy acquired their designations: Tancarville, for example, is "villa Tancredi"—and Charleville, "villa Caroli." Hence also the Kemp Towns and Somers' Towns of our own times, and the Smithvilles and Jonesvilles of America. On the colonisation of this country by the Anglo-Saxons, when any settlement did not already possess a name it would receive that of its proprietor. Thus an Eadward or an Ælfric having inclosed a piece of land would call it Eadwarde-tun or Ælfrices-tun, names which remain to this day in Adferton and Alfriston. In like manner originated Elmundwick the habitation of Elmund, Wodemancote, the cottage of Wodeman, Wimundham (now Wyndham) the manor or residence of Wimund, and a thousand others.

Sometimes, however, the prefix implies a family proprietorship rather than a personal one. This is the case in that numerous class of local names which have *ing* in the middle. This component signifies "descendant," "offspring," and is, in fact, a patronymic form. Thus a son of Ælfred was an Ælfreding, a son of Eadmund, an Eadmunding, and their descendants at large were Ælfredingas and Æadmundingas. Hence the hám or home of the descendants of Beorm became Beorm-inga-ham, and is now by contraction Birmingham. So Chiltington was the inclosure of the sons of Cilt; and Bedingfield, the field or plain of the descendants of Beda. Numerous analogous instances will suggest themselves to the reader. We may remark that those places which now terminate in *ing* often have in the Charters the additional syllable ham—subsequently dropped for the sake of brevity.

III. *Natural Objects, animal, vegetable, and mineral.* Very trifling incidents have frequently given rise to names of places on the arrival of settlers in a new region. As Dr. Leo observes, the springing of a hare across their path, the appearance of a par-

ticular tree, or some peculiarity of the ground is associated with their first impressions of the spot, which receives a name accordingly. More usually, the abundance of any particular animal or vegetable production has originated the designation; an inclosure of ash-trees, has thus come to be called *Æsces-tun*, or Ashton; a fine bullock-pasture, Oxan-leah, or Oxley; and a stream abounding with trout, Truht-bec or Troutbeck. The following names are derived from quadrupeds. From the hart and its congeners, Hertford, Hindlip, Hartwell, Roehampton—from the boar and sow, Eferdon (A.-S. *efer*, a boar) Sowig, Swineshead, Swinford—from the goat, Gatborough, Goatham—from the ox, cow, or calf, Oxenden, Oxwick, Cowden, Cowley, Calfhanger—from the sheep, Ewecomb, Ewell, Shipley, Sheppety, Lambourne, Lambhythe—from the horse, Horsham, Horsley—from the dog, Houndean, Houndslow—from the hare, Harley, Harenden—from the fox, Foxhow, Foxley.

Some animals now extinct amongst us, but existing here in Saxon times, have impressed their names upon localities; for example, the bear on Barcombe, Barley, Barden—the wolf on Wolfridge, Wolpit or Woolpit—the wild cat on Catcliffe, Catsfield—the beaver on Beverley, Beverstone—the seal on Selsey. Dr. Leo derives Apenholt and Apetun (names occurring in the Codex) from the ape; but surely no species of *simius* was ever indigenous to this country.

The Anglo-Saxon *deor*, as seen in Deerhurst, Derby, &c. implies not simply deer, but all wild animals and game in general, and was so understood among the vulgar even in Shakespeare's time.

Birds' names enter largely into the local nomenclature of England, as in Ravenshill, Cranmer, Goosford, Cockshaw, Henshaw, Swallow-cliff, Hawksborough, Birdham, Fowlmere, Eglesham, Eaglesclif, Crowham, Finchley, Swansbrook, Rookwood, Hernhill, Earnley (A.-S. *erne*, an eagle), Falconbridge, Falkenham. We must not place here Leighton-Buzzard, the suffix of which is a vile corruption of the French name "Beau-desert." The owl appears in Ulcombe, the cuckoo in Cooksham (Cuceshámm in the Codex), and fowls in general in the prefix *ful* (A.-S. *fugel*) as in Fulbrook, Fulham, Fulmere.

Fishes have given name to Fishbrook, Fishbourne, Fishwick, Fishlake, &c., but the particular species is not often denominated: we have, however, Troutbeck, Eelham, Pickford (for Pikeford), and Pickersgill.

From the Bee come Beeford, Beebrook, &c.; and from the leech, Leechford, Lechmere, and others. We cannot agree with Dr. Leo

in assigning the numerous names beginning in the Charters with *Wifl* to the weevil (*curculio granarius*) of our barns. It is doubtless the name of an early proprietor.

The vegetable world furnishes forth another handsome quota to our local nomenclature, as

|               |                      |  |
|---------------|----------------------|--|
| The oak       | (A.-S. <i>ac</i> )   | Oakley, Acton, Aeworth.  |
| ash           | ( <i>aesc</i> )      | Ashley, Askham, Ashford.   |
| beech         | ( <i>bōc</i> )       | Buckholt, Buckham, Bokenhall, also Cold-beech, Waterbeech, Holbeach. |
| elm           | ( <i>elm</i> )       | Elmley, Elmsted, Elmsthorpe.   |
| pine          | ( <i>pin</i> )       | Pinehurst, Pinewell, Pinhoe.   |
| thorn         | ( <i>thorn</i> )     | Thornhurst, Thornbury, Thornton.                                     |
| elder         | ( <i>ellen</i> )     | Ellenford, Ellenborough.   |
| lime          | ( <i>linde</i> )     | Linton, Lindworth, Lyndhurst.  |
| birch         | ( <i>bīrcē</i> )     | Birchensty, Bircham, Bircholt.                                       |
| maple         | ( <i>mapledērn</i> ) | Mapledurham, Maplested, Maypowder.                                   |
| apple or crab |                      | vide p. 357, <i>ante</i> .   |
| aspen         | ( <i>eaps</i> )      | Apsley, Hapstead, Aspland.   |
| willow        | ( <i>welig</i> )     | Willoughby, Willowshed, Willitoft.                                   |
| hazel         | ( <i>hæsl</i> )      | Hazelden, Haslemere, Hazelwood.                                      |
| fern          | ( <i>fearn</i> )     | Farnhurst, Farnley, Farnham.   |
| moss          | ( <i>meos</i> )      | Moston, Moss-side, Mosley.   |
| reed          | ( <i>hreed</i> )     | Redburne, Redford, Reedham.  |
| rush          | ( <i>risce</i> )     | Rushford, Rishbrook, Rishworth.                                      |
| flax          | ( <i>lin</i> )       | Linley, Lindsey, Linthwaite.   |
| herbs         | ( <i>wyrt</i> )      | Wirthorp, Wortley.   |
| grass         | ( <i>gerrs</i> )     | Garston, Garstang, Garsdale.   |
| broom         | ( <i>brom</i> )      | Bromley, Bromham, Bromfield.   |
| heath         | ( <i>hāth</i> )      | Heathfield, Heathpool, Heathylee.                                    |
| wheat         | ( <i>hwæte</i> )     | Wheatley, Whethamsted, Wheathill.                                    |

From the mineral kingdom the number of names is much smaller. Thence, however, we fetch no inconsiderable list of such designations as Chalkham, Chalkhill, Sandwich, Sandham, Sandhurst, Limburne, Chiselhurst, Chiselhampton (*cisel*, gravel), Clifton, Stoneham, Stanbridge, Saltwell, Clayton, Marlow, Marldon.

IV. *Historical events, customs, social habits, &c.* Sometimes the name of a place bears reference to some event which has occurred in it, as, for example, Lichfield, the field of corses; Battlebridge, from a battle which took place there; and the like. The phrase "heathen burials," found forty-three times in the 'Codex,' and still retained in some localities, indicates the burial-place of Britons, Romans, or pre-Christian Saxons. Dr. Leo thinks that some have relation to weapons of war. Suwordleah, Swerdling, Billancomb, Billanden, &c., occur in the 'Codex.'

Ród, the rood or crucifix, is the prefix of a considerable number

of places, denoting points where such objects anciently stood, as Rodborough, Rodbourne, Rodmell, Rodmersham ; but this must not be confounded with the termination *royd*, or *rode* in Yorkshire, which implies a "ridding," or forest clearance, as in Ackroyd, Holroyd, &c.

The Anglo-Saxon *ceāp* implies commerce or marketing, and is retained in such names as Eastcheap, Cheapside, Chipping-Norton, Chipping-Ongar, Chippenham. Chepstow is literally "the market-place." The prefix *charl* is the Anglo-Saxon *ceorl*, churl, husbandman, and occurs in Charlton, Charlwood, Charlesworth, Charlcote, all implying the residence of serfs or bondmen. *Swán* is a herdsman, or pastoral servant ; hence the analogous Swanburn, Swandeans, Swanscomb, saving the right of *swan* (unaccented), which designates the aquatic fowl. There is history in such names, as well as in the ever-recurring Kingstons, Bishopstons, and Prestons (Preostes *tún*), which indicate the preponderance of kingly and priestly influence at the time when they were originally applied ; and as the pagan Saxons have left traces of their old creed in our local nomenclature, so their Christian descendants have transmitted to us many memorials of their adherence to a purer faith in the names of which "church," "kirk," and "minster" form a part.

We have thus indicated the main sources, and examined some of the materials, of the local names of this country. To do justice to the subject would require the space of an ample volume rather than that of a brief and cursory review. We have departed in some measure from our ordinary course in saying so little of the books which stand at the head of our article. Our reference to the 'Codex Diplomaticus,' indeed, has only been for names ; for to discuss the many deeply interesting topics which a perusal of the charters suggests in relation to the customs and habits of thought which existed among our Anglo-Saxon forefathers, would require a much larger amount of space and labour than we can at present devote to it.

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## ART. IV.—English Music and Madrigals.

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*The MUSICAL MISCELLANY; being a COLLECTION of CHOICE SONGS, set to the VIOLIN and FLUTE, by the most eminent Masters.*

London: Printed by and for John Watts, at the Printing Office in Wild Court, near Lincoln's-Inn-Fields. MDCCXXIX.

THIS work, which, we believe is now rather scarce, was printed in six volumes, two in 1729, two more in 1730, and the last two in 1731, and contains, as we are told by the advertisement to the reader, “several songs entirely new, and many others that were never before set to music,” as well as many that had already gone into singer’s hands. The six volumes contain more than 450 songs, on love, drinking, hunting, and politics, though Venus and Cupid may claim a far greater share of them than Minerva, Diana, or Bacchus.

Our cyclopedia of fine music is now become very large, if we reckon only such works as those of the old madrigal writers, and the church music, oratorios, operas, and concert music of Purcell, Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Weber, Mendelsohn, and the great musicians of our days, with the old English, Irish, Welsh, and Scotch airs. And if an Englishman had a complete collection of good music, with all the fine strains of old English song, then, although the sprites of the composers were to glide in and take each his own works, and the Germans were to withdraw with a heavy load of their score, and the Italians and French were to bow themselves out with their tomes of dotted harmony, while the Welsh harper should vanish to the West with his bundle of British melody, and the bards of Ireland were to take off their charming bits of wild song, yet, though his store would be wofully diminished, he would retain some music worthy of its name and of a musical nation, and which belongs only to England. His shelves would still be ready to afford him some good psalm tunes, with canons, madrigals, glees, rounds, and other kinds of convivial music, which are gems of skill for melody, harmony, and worth, and which, we think, have been of no slight power in the civilisation of the nation.

The madrigal is by name the Italian *madrigale*, which is defined as a short lyric poem, not bound to an order of rhymes,\* and it

\* Poesia lirica breve, e non sogetta a ordine di rime.

was a known form of poem in the time of Petrarch, who has left some specimens of it, of eight, nine, or ten lines; but the glee is a true English form of harmonized song, and takes its name, *glee*, from its music, as the Saxon word *glig* means music, or mirthful song, or minstrelsy. King Alfred is said to have gone into the Danish camp as a gligman, and Edmund, son of Ethelred, gave his gligman a villa.

In the tenth year of Richard II, John of Gaunt is said to have erected a court of minstrels, and music has been long holden at the Universities as one of the *Quadrivium*, or four sciences, of which the others are arithmetic, geometry, and astronomy.

We are not every way more musical than our forefathers. We have more pianofortes than they had of virginals or spinets, but less viols, polyphants, orpherions, and theorbos than sounded in their hands; and singing may now be learnt by more girls, but by fewer men, than in the time of Isaac Walton, when it seems to have been the daily sweetener of social hours; and it is stated in the preface to Galliard's 'Cantatas,' 1720, as it is quoted by Dr. Rimbault, in his 'Bibliotheca Madrigaliana,' that in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, "Nobody could pretend to a liberal education who had not made such progress in music as to be able to sing his part at sight; and it was usual, when ladies and gentlemen met, for madrigal books to be laid open before them, and every one to sing their part."

Queen Elizabeth, as we read, was a skilful performer on the virginals, and John Playford, in his 'Introduction to the Skill of Music,' 1703, says that he had been informed by an ancient musician and her servant, that "she did often recreate herself on an excellent instrument, call'd the *polyphant*, not much unlike a lute, but strung with wire." The orpherion and theorbo were kinds of lute; the theorbo was a large one, mostly for the playing of grounds.

We think the madrigal may have been a power of no trifling work in the refining of the English mind; for while the effect of some music may be the upstirring of the soul from rest and peace to action and contention, that of the old madrigal seems to be the soothing of it from contention, and eagerness, and roughness, to peace, and rest, and softness: and what it does time after time for an individual, while his ears listen to its flowing harmony, may at length remain a more abiding feeling of the better man; and what it may do for one man it may do at last by a like work on many

minds, for a nation. Sundry ages seem to take sundry tones of opinion and behaviour; and it is the business of education, rightly so called, to foster a good tone of feeling in the rising generation.

It is likely that the phase of any age should be deemed a good one by the age itself, but it cannot be tried fairly otherwise than by free truth.

We may deem that the quietism of a former generation was less good than the eagerness of our own, and a following one may hereafter think us foolish for our restless labours after gold, and our running over the world for happiness which may be at our own doors, like the woman of the Hindoo adage, who is said to have sent the town-crier for the child that she had overlooked in her arms.

In the civil wars we can believe that there was a peaceless apprehension on one side of the loss of freedom, and on the other of the loss of rights; and many of us are so restless in struggles after worldly wealth, which appears to be taken by some as the main good, that we seem to cast all blessings but gold in the face of the Giver of all good, and even to trample gifts of wealth under our feet as long as there is more to be had.

For what end do we struggle for wealth but for happiness, which may be enjoyed with but little of it. A poor entomologist is as happy in his search after the bright-winged objects of his thoughts, as is the lord at his hunting; and the botanist, in his discovery of a new plant, has no less a pleasure than that of a man of the world at the making of a new acquaintance.

An old madrigal by Gibbons sings—

“ I see ambition never pleas’d,  
I see some Tantals starve in store,  
I see gold’s dropsey seldom eas’d,  
I see each Midas gape for more.  
I neither want nor yet abound,  
Enough’s a feast, content is crown’d.”

Another composed by Willbye, in 1528, cries—

“ What needeth all this travail and turmoiling,  
Short’ning the life’s sweet pleasure,  
To seek this farfetched treasure  
In those hot climates, under PHÆBUS broiling.”

A quiet generation may choose a soothing music, and an age of eager activity may like stirring strains with a thunder of mighty blasts, and a fire of wild flashes of sound; and we do not set up ourselves as infallible judges of the right and wrong in the tone of

national feeling. Quietism may be too inactive, and may need a stirring power, and eagerness may be too wild, so as to want soothing.

We reckon it, however, to the praise of the old madrigals and pastoral songs, that they breathe a love of the beautiful in nature and of the charms of rural life, such as that which the old land-owners lived under their now fallen or moss-clad gabled roofs by the hill sides, when they rode daily under their own elms, and sat by their own streams, and dwelt among their own poor ; and though we do not wish to underrate the pleasure nor the good of a town life, we believe that the squire and his lady are a great blessing to the poor when they dwell among them, and hold daily before their eyes the graceful pattern of the life of Christian gentlefolk, and raise their tone of feeling by kindness and seemly behaviour. We think it good to keep before the eyes of the poor toilers for the bare animal man, even the clean gravel path, the shrub-decked lawn, the bright windows, and the finer form of house life.

The flowing harmony of the madrigal began to be stilled at the incoming of the house of Stuart, or at farthest at the beginning of the civil wars ; as it seems from Dr. Rimbault's 'Bibliotheca Madrigaliana' that madrigals were not published after 1638, which was about eleven years before the Protectorate of Cromwell. The outwearing of the pure English madrigal happened near the time of the declension of the English architecture, which, under the house of Stewart, began to take the mingled forms of English with Italian, and to be overloaded with little unmeaning ornaments ; and Playford, in his 'Introduction to the Skill of Music,' printed in 1703, says, "Our late and solemn music, both vocal and instrumental, is now justled out of esteem by the new corants and jigs of foreigners, to the grief of all sober and judicious understanders of that formerly solid and good musick."

The pastoral school of writing which followed that of the madrigals, and held its ground till after the printing of the 'Musical Miscellany' in the time of Queen Ann, and with which we may rank some of the poems of Sir George Etherege, Sir Charles Sedley, the Earl of Roscommon, and other wits of the reign of Charles II, with Prior and Pomfret, seems to have been one of a far less pure and refined taste than that of the former.

The madrigals can still win the attention of the finest minds of our time, though but few of the 450 songs of the 'Musical Mis-

cellany' are likely to be heard from gentle voices of our generation; and some of them are so loose and profane that none would think of singing them to the warmest lovers of old music. Some of the love-smitten swains and maidens, Damons and Floras of the pastoral song, try to unburden their groaning souls in most sorrowful strains, and the helplessness with which a shepherd sometimes dies under the stroke of his beloved's eye glances, is almost funny. Vol ii, p. 14. Alexis was smitten with the charms of Clorinda whose eyes darted "ten thousand daggers,"

" He lost his crook, he left his flocks,  
And wand'ring through the lonely rocks  
He nourish'd endless woe."

And when at last he hears from her voice the words of woe,—

" But you shall promise ne'er again  
To breathe your vows or speak your pain,  
He bow'd, obey'd, and died."

The death of another despairing shepherd, Myrtillo, was no less sudden and peaceful.

He is jilted by his love, and cries—

" In this cold bank I'll make my grave,  
And there for ever lie,  
Sad nightingales the watch shall keep  
And kindly here complain.  
Then down the shepherd lay to sleep,  
And never wak'd again."

Another despairing lover thinks of his love and his rival, and cries—

" 'The thought distracts my brain.  
O cruel maid!' Then swooning,  
He fell upon the plain."

Another does struggle against his sorrow, but bootlessly.

" How oft, on barks of stately trees  
And on the tufted greens,  
Ingraved he tells of his disease  
And what his soul sustains;  
Yet fruitless all his sorrows prov'd,  
And fruitless all his art,  
She scorn'd the more the more he lov'd,  
And broke at last his heart."

In the song of *Lucy* and *Colin*, the forlorn *Lucy* dies broken-hearted; and as she is borne in her winding-sheet, to the church,

she meets Colin coming forth “in wedding trim so gay” as the bridegroom of another bride. An incident for a good ballad.

Very different from Lucy is the proud Nelly who scorns a poor swain, singing with a very naughty thought at the end of her strain,

“ My father has riches store,  
Two hundred a year and more,  
Beside sheep and cows, carts, harrows, and plows.  
*His age is above three-score.*”

The sorrow of another swain must have been very hard to *bear*.  
He says,

“ When Nanny to the well did come  
‘Twas I that did her pitchers fill,  
Full as they were I brought them home ;  
Her corn I carried to the mill :  
My back did *bear* the sack, but she  
Will never *bear* the sight of me.”

Poets of the pastoral school sometimes cast even their poems on political events into the eclogue form.

A poem set to music among Dr. Blow’s works complains in the words of Galataea, a shepherdess, in a pastoral dialogue, that the birthday of the Princess (Anne?) was not celebrated in February, 1698; and makes even her a shepherdess: and the grieving swain sings of her,

“ She long preserv’d our threat’ned flocks,  
When herds of woolves came howling down.”

Whether the ‘woolves’ were Tories or Whigs we know not.

A song in vol. iii is stated to be written on a lady’s birthday; but it makes her a shepherdess, and cries,—

“ Haste, shepherds, haste, and come away,  
This joyful sun gave Chloe birth,  
Chloe, the goddess of the May :  
Leave all your flocks and come to mirth.”

Another song invites the ladies to leave the town for the country, with a promise of charms of which, after all, we fear they thought very little.

“ We’ll show you all our cowslip-meads  
And pleasant woods and springs,  
And lead you to the tuneful shades  
Where Philomela sings ;  
Sweet Philomel, whose warbling throat  
Excels your senefino’s note. Fa, la, &c.”

In another ode, in praise of rural life, the poet sings that he

would not bear the turmoil of life in town for all the wealth of the cits and courtiers who were immured in it. He asks,

“For who, for the sake of possessing the ore,  
Would be sentenc’d to dig in the mine?”

A question which in our days of gold-diggers would most likely bring the querist an answer that would make him look foolish at the mighty throng that readily sentence themselves to the work.

Another song in vol. vi paints rural life in such charming colours that, if we trust to it, we must believe that the life of the homely steppers over buttercups and daisies, is little happier under the good Victoria than it was under Queen Anne. It sings—

“Happy is a country life,  
Blest with content, good health, and ease,  
Free from factious noise and strife  
We only plot ourselves to please.  
Peace of mind’s our day’s delight,  
And love or welcome dreams at night.”

We think it may be said in favour of the madrigals of the best age, that they mostly speak of woman in a way worthy of the feeling, delicacy, purity, and grace, by which she refines the otherwise growing coarseness of the stronger sex.

The bards and scalds may have mostly sounded the crimson string of war, but they sometimes struck the tones of love; and the minnesingers and troubadours may more often have fulfilled a good office in the helping of the refining power of the fair sex on the minds of men daily under the brutalizing power of war, at the inroad of the northern tribes over the Roman empire; and thence may have arisen the high-mindedness of the chevalier “sans peur et sans reproche,” such as Bayard and Don Quixote, who, although he may never have lived in the body, may be an embodiment of the knightly mind of Cervantes’ times.

The pastoral and other songs of the Musical Miscellany sing the praise of woman, but it is often the praise of the mere animal woman, rather than the whole womanly type of delicacy and grace; and is not so much a praise of woman as she ought to be, as a temptation to make her what she should not become.

Some vows of constancy which are breathed by songs of our collection are patterns of lover’s eloquence. One of them is—

“Sooner the seas shall cease to flow,  
Their waves the Alps shall cover,  
On Greenland ice shall roses grow,  
Before I cease to love her.”

Many of the pastoral songs of our collection, like much of the poetry of the time, make the beloved lady a cruel queen, and the lover her slave. Sir Charles Sedley writes,—

“ In losing me, proud nymph, you lose  
The humblest slave your beauty knows.”

Cowley sings,—

“ I was my own and free  
Till I had giv’n myself to thee,  
But thou hast kept me slave and pris’ner since.”

And although the Persians and Hindoos think very light of women, and their rights in the state; yet their poets, like their brethren, the bards of the West, give her a mighty queenship, with our sex for her slaves. A favourite Persian song begins, “ Lala-rookha, situmgara,” i.e. O tulip-cheek, thou tyrant queen; and a Hindoo poet cries of the coldheartedness of his fair one—

“ The candle cares not though the moth be consumed.”

The following compliment is more natural—

“ Were I of all these woods the lord,  
One berry from thy hand  
More real pleasure wou’d afford  
Than all my large command.”

In height of compliments to the fair, the poets of the East are not outdone by the warmest of our old bards of the pastoral muse. Hafiz says that he would give—

“ Samarcand and Bochara for the black mole  
On a fair Shirazee’s cheek ;”

and a Hindoo poet sings to a charmer who had turned her back on him—

“ ‘Tis idle that your face you hide,  
*A lamp is bright on ev’ry side.*”

Another cries of his beloved’s ruby lips—

“ If those two honey’d rubies knew  
Each other’s sweetness, then the two  
Would never open when they meet,  
But cling together, sweet to sweet.”

Another, who felt almost lifeless without the half of his soul, his beloved, says,—

“ My condition without thee, O my love, is like that of a blacksmith’s bellows, breathing without life.”

Sir Charles Sedley sings of mutual love,—

“ Love is a burden which two hearts  
When equally they bear their parts  
With pleasure carry ; but no one,  
Alas ! can bear it long alone.”

A Hindoo poet hits off the argument in a very short form,—

“ A *clapping* is not made with *one hand* alone,  
Your love, my beloved, must answer my own.”

As the pastoral poetry of the lower school which imitated the Greek, Latin, and Italian Bucolics, sang the loves of its English shepherds and shepherdesses under the names of the swarthy players of the panpipes in the writings of Theocritus, Virgil, and Guarini, so it makes them, like true heathens, invokers of the Olympic gods. One shepherd cries,—

“ Grant me, *you Gods*, love’s softer joys.”

Another sings to Cynthia,—

“ O queen, that guid’st the silent hours,  
If ere *Endymion* sooth’d thy pains,  
By all thy joys in *Carian* bow’rs,  
Restore me Rosalind again.”

Another complains,—

“ To wretched me it nought avails  
That Phœbus’ self has strung my lyre,  
Since *Pluto*, worthless god, prevails.”

In another song the lover naughtily sues Cupid to a deed of plunder and of violence to his own mother, Venus, who has endowed his shepherdess with too mighty an array of charms,—

“ Gentle (!) Cupid, pray disarm her,  
Cupid, if you love me, do ;  
Of a thousand smiles bereave her ;  
Rob her neck, her lips, her eyes ;  
The remainder still will leave her  
Pow’r enough to tyrannize.”

Translations and imitations of the Greek and Latin poets seem, from the works of Cowley, Rowe, and some others, to have been much in fashion in the age of the pastoral songs. In a volume of Dr. Blow’s works we find two pieces of Horace and two of Anacreon set to music.

The shepherds and shepherdesses seem at times to have looked out of the peaceful grove into the busy world of politics. Chloe cries, in a prayer for a husband,—

"Grant me, great Jove, a husband rich,  
Gay, vig'rous, kind, and young,  
A *Churchman hot*, a *Tory true*,  
And to his party strong."

"Carey's wish" is one which we believe he would still utter on the events of our late elections,—

"Curst be the wretch that 's bought and sold,  
And barters liberty for gold,  
For when election is not free  
In vain we boast of liberty,  
And he who sells his single right  
Would sell his country if he might."

Some few of the songs have a political bearing on the active opinions and events of the time. In one, Tippling John is stopped by the "guards," who cry—

"——— pray let us know,  
That we may find how you 're inclin'd.  
Are you *High-church* or *Low*?"

and they find at last that he is "of their own religion," a worshipper of Bacchus.

Another tries to soothe the anger of faction, and to foster good fellowship between Whigs and Tories.

"Ev'ry man take his glass in his hand,  
And drink a good health to our king,  
Many years may he rule o'er this land,  
May his laurels for ever fresh spring;  
Let wrangling and jangling straightway cease,  
Let ev'ry man strive for his country's peace,  
Neither Tory nor Whig  
With their parties look big,  
Here 's a health to all honest men."

In one of the songs, Dr. Stukeley celebrates the power of George I. in the following strains:—

"Under thy smile the *Gallic* lilies bloom,\*  
Proud *Spain*\* retires from thy avenging rod,  
Thy thunder shakes the turrets of *old Rome*,  
Tyrants submit to thy superior nod.  
Th' *Imperial Bird*\* bends either neck to thee,  
The *Belgic* Lion cowers, *Sardinia's* king  
Receives another crown,† thy gift; we see  
Both oceans to thy feet their trophies bring."

Many Bacchanalian songs are markworthy for the droll fallacies

\* The English were allied with the French in a war with Spain, and with Sweden against the Tsar of Russia.

† Alluding to the evacuation of Sicily and Sardinia by the Spanish, at the compulsion of France and England.

of their logic, and truly mirthful for the funny, if not sound, construction of their sophisms.

Who has read without admiration and pleasure the playful skill with which Anacreon has gathered from nature his grounds for drinking, futile as they are. They may be conceived from the following unworthy translation,—

“ The dark earth drinks the falling rain,  
Which trees drink from the earth again,  
The sea drinks ev’ry stream that runs,  
And then is drunk by thirsty suns,  
The moon would never shine at night  
Unless she drank Apollo’s light,  
And therefore, friends, what makes you think  
That I do wrong if I too drink ? ”

In the following verse from “Old Simon the King,” the bard of Bacchus makes good, in his own way, by a funnily strung sorites of unsound propositions, that drinking lengthens life.

“ For drinking will make a man quaff,  
And quaffing will make a man sing,  
And singing doth make a man laugh,  
And laughing long life doth bring,  
Says old Simon the king.”

Another Bacchanalian song says,—

“ Since nature mankind for society fram’d,  
He against nature sins who of drinking ’s ashamed.”

We take this to be an enthymeme; the wanting proposition of which seems to be that men cannot have society without drinking.

The reaction of wine and beauty upon each other, in the following distich from a song of our collection, is very striking :—

“ By the touch of her lips the wine sparkles higher,  
And her eyes from her drinking redouble their fire.”

The following distich from a song called ‘Lucretia’ justifies drinking on the ground that one may do worse,—

“ What though some dull matron our joys disapprove,  
’Tis safer for ladies to drink than to love.”

Another distich reconciles the drinker to his glass on the ground that drinking will not do him more harm than he has already received,—

“ My reason I lost when I lov’d,  
And by drinking what can I do more ? ”

But this is owned as the reasoning of a man who has lost his reason, and therefore should be taken with mistrust.

Horace finds reasons for three cups from the three Graces, and for nine from the Muses.

“—— tribus aut novem  
Miscentur cyathis pocula commodis.  
Qui Musas amat impares,  
Ternos ter cyathos attonitus petet  
Vates.” Lib. iii, carmen xix.

The justification of drinking by the pattern of great names, is rather a favourite line of argument with the songwrights of Bacchus. One song of our collection founds this justification on what is taken as the good pattern of Noah. The reasoning, we fear, is what logicians call a Fallacy of the Consequent, as its form seems to be.

“ If a good man drinks hard, hard drinking is good,  
But Noah was a good man and drank hard,  
Therefore hard drinking is good;”

To which we should answer, *Nego majorem*; though the minor proposition is also unsound.

“ Of all the grave sages  
That grac'd the past ages  
Dad Noah the most did excel,  
He first planted the vine,  
First tasted the wine,  
And got nobly drunk, as they tell.  
Say, why should not we  
Get as bosky as he,  
Since here 's liquor as well will inspire?  
Thus I fill up my glass,  
I'll see that it pass  
To the manes of that good old sire.”

The following verse makes good use of Diogenes,—

“ Diogenes, surly and proud,  
Who smil'd at the Macedon youth,  
Delighted in wine that was good,  
Because in good wine there is truth;  
But growing as poor as a Job  
And unable to purchase a flask,  
He chose for his mansion a tub  
And liv'd by the scent of the cask.”

Another song revels jollily with a fallacy of the consequent, on the pattern of Alexander, who drank hard and conquered, whence it is concluded that to drink is to conquer,—

“ Alexander hated thinking,  
Drank about at council board,  
He subdu'd the world by drinking  
More than by his conquering sword.”

A song of "The Jolly Full Bowl," urges with much glee,—

" And let the old miser hoard up his curs'd pelf,  
He enriches his bags but he beggars himself;  
The lover, th' ambitious, and miser are fools,  
There's no *solid* joy but in jolly *full* bowls."

We fear there is a fallacy of composition or an equivocation in the last line. A full bowl is a mathematical solid, and it may be a joy. Is it therefore that it is called a "*solid* joy?"

The following verse is a striking comment on a Greek mythos,—

" Wine was the only Helicon  
Whence poets are long liv'd so,  
'Twas no other main  
Than brisk *champagne*  
Whence Venus was deriv'd too."

Our temperance men will deny both the following propositions,—

" All virtues wine is nurse to,  
Of ev'ry vice destroyer."

So many reasons have been given for quaffing that we may believe the writer of an old song, who thinks that where a sound one is wanting any other will be good enough for the jolly man's conscience,—

" Good news—a friend—because I'm dry,  
Or any other reason why."

A votary of Bacchus cries, in a song in praise of claret,—

" In spite of love, at length I find  
A mistress that can please me;  
But best of all, she has no tongue,  
Submissive she obeys me:  
She's fully better old than young,  
And still to smiling sways me;  
Her skin is smooth, complexion black,  
And has a most delicious smack;  
Then kiss, and never spare it,  
'Tis a bottle of good claret."

The writers of several of the songs must have been in great straits for their rhymes, some of which seem grounded on the prosody of Butler.

" What maid would wish to be in her case,"  
is a line that rhymes with "*Dorcas*."

" While Ned his little *Dorcas* answer'd,"  
is answered by the rhyme of "man's word."

The rhyme to "*Hymen*," is the verb to "tie men."

Another verse runs—

“ Now *Nan* had won the love of Joseph,  
    His heart, and eke his fancy ;  
He’d be content to lose his nose ; if  
    He could but gain his *Nancy* ; ”

Elsewhere we read—

“ Fate order’d it should so be,”  
to make it rhyme with “ *Toby*. ”

We find here and there bright thoughts and flowing verse—

“ But he is *flint*, and bears the art,  
    To kindle fierce desire,  
Whose pow’r enflames another’s heart,  
    And he ne’er feels the fire.”

There are some good lines in a song by Booth—

“ Sweet are the charms of her I love,  
    More fragrant than the Damask rose ;  
Soft as the down of turtle dove ;  
Gentle as wind when Zephyr blows :  
    Refreshing as descending rains,  
To sunburnt climes and thirsty plains.”

#### A MISER.

“ Endless pains the miser takes  
    To increase his heaps of money,  
Lab’ring bees his pattern makes,  
    Yet he fears to taste his honey.”

#### BEAUTY.

A song to Belinda says—

“ Her charms such lovely rays display,  
    They *kindle darkness into day*. ”

Is the last line a theft from Tate and Brady? In the 139th Psalm we have—

“ One glance from thee, one piercing ray,  
    Would *kindle darkness into day*. ”

A lover puts the winning of a lady’s heart under the metaphor of the siege of a fortress, and says—

“ I brought down  
Great cannon oaths, and shot  
A thousand thousand to the town,  
And still it yielded not.”

#### CONSTANCY.

“ True as the needle to the pole,  
Or as the dial to the sun ;  
Constant as gliding waters rowl,  
Whose swelling hills obey the moon :  
    From ev’ry other charmer free,  
My life and love shall follow thee.”

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TIME.

“ Devouring Time, with stealing pace,  
Makes lofty oaks and cedars bow.”

A song on masquerading, sings—

“ For when we mask our faces,  
We then unmask our hearts ;  
And hide our lesser beauties,  
To show our better parts.”

A song by Mr. Arthur Bradley makes tears fall on a lady's bosom

“ Like summer dew on lilies.”

Vol. iii contains Cowley's ‘Grasshopper,’ from Anacreon's Ode to the “Tettix,” set to music by J. Sheeles.

An Epithalamium on the marriage of a young gentleman with an old lady, praises his wisdom—

“ Then wisely you resign,  
For sixty, charms so transient,  
As the curious value coin  
The more for being ancient.”

HAPPINESS.

“ My days have been so wondrous free,  
The little birds that fly  
With careless ease from tree to tree  
Were but as blest as I.  
Ask gliding waters if a tear  
Of mine increas'd their flowing stream,  
Or ask the flying gales if e'er  
I lent one sigh to them !”

A STORM LULLED.

“ But when the tempest's rage is o'er,  
Soft breezes smooth the main ;  
The billows cease to lash the shore,  
And all is calm again.”

The ‘Genius,’ written in 1717, on occasion of the Duke of Marlborough's apoplexy, gives him no niggardly praise. It says—

“ Poets, Prophets, Heroes, Kings,  
Pleas'd thy ripe approach foresee ;  
Men who acted wondrous things,  
*Though they yield in fame to thee;*”

and it calls him

“ Half an angel, man no more.”

Another song, written by Mr. Richard Estcourt, is called  
 "The Tryal and Condemnation of John Duke of Marlborough."  
 "To tell you the deposition of the Christians, and not of the Jews, against  
 John Duke of Marlborough."

It seems to have been written in his behalf when he was under the charge of having taken a bribe from a Jew for the supply of the army with bread, and in strains of irony heap upon him charges of having done great services for the land. It says, at Oudenard,

"He took a delight to beat even those  
 That never beat him in their lives."

"Twelve years, it sadly true is,  
 By taking of towns and lines,  
 And baffling the poor King Lewis,  
 He has spoil'd the Pretender's designs.  
 O meddlesome John Duke of Marlborough.

"Success still made him bolder,  
 And by the monsieur's fall,  
 He has pass'd on this isle for a soldier,  
 But, it seems, he knows nothing at all:  
 Earl P—t says so of Marlborough."

Among the many other songs of the collection we find *Prior's* 'Cupid Mistaken,' *Gay's* 'Black-eyed Susan,' with a tune by Leveridge, and 'The Charms of Nonsense,' by *Richard Savage*.

A song, called the "Cremona Fiddle," was written on the demolition of one at Longleat House, where it was put in a soft easy chair, and crushed by a fat man, who sat down on it unawares.

#### ART. V.—*Family History.*

*Memoirs of the Ancient Earls of Warren and Surrey, and their Descendants to the present time.* By the Rev. JOHN WATSON, M.A., F.A.S., late Fellow of Brazen-Nose College, in Oxford, and Rector of Stockport, in Cheshire. Warrington: Printed by William Eyres, M.DCC.LXXXII. 2 vols. 4to.

"The glories of our birth and state  
 Are shadows, not substantial things;  
 There is no armour against fate,  
 Death lays his icy hand on kings.  
 Sceptre and crown  
 Must tumble down,  
 And in the dust be equal made  
 With the poor crooked scythe and spade."

SO sang in the sixteenth century a member of a "worshipful family" of the chivalrous name of Shirley, which flourished in

Sussex in the reigns of the Tudors and the Stuarts, and whose substantial manorial residence stands in rural seclusion on the banks of the Ouse, near Lewes; and on whose portals is yet to be observed the moralising spirit of the race, in the admonitory family motto, *Abstinete, Sustinete*. But, alas! for the vanities which poetry affects to despise, and mankind in a cynical mood sometimes recoils from;—how universal is the appetite for “titles, honours, dignities!” Here are two portly quarto volumes, profusely illustrated, got up at great expense, to prove the right of a Knight of the Bath to the dignity of an ancient Earldom. The work, the title of which is given at the head of this article, was executed by order of Sir George Warren, at the end of the last century, to show his claim to the title of Earl of Warren and Surrey. But the author did not succeed in his endeavour.\*

As this work is a genealogical dissertation, full of names and dates, and interspersed with extracts from records and copies of Latin charters, there are no passages which would be of sufficient interest in themselves to be worth extracting. It is not a readable narrative of family history, and therefore has no stories or incidents which could be detached and presented to the reader. We propose, therefore, to avail ourselves of the materials supplied by these volumes, to make a rapid sketch of the history of a fine old baronial family; and to offer some remarks, and suggestions in general, on the hitherto neglected subject of family history.

Among the many families of rank and wealth who flourished in this country during the first three centuries after the Norman conquest, the Earls of Warren and Surrey occupied a high position. The splendid actions of their lives were commensurate with the duration of their honours, for in the active times in which they lived supineness and imbecility would soon have caused their transfer to men of energy and capacity. Their greatness began by an alliance with royalty, was sustained by splendid matches, and, when the male line had become extinct by the death of the third earl, his daughter, by marrying successively two scions of a royal race, made more brilliant the reputation of titles which were now borne by princes of the blood; and it was not till the death of John, eighth and last earl, in the reign of Edward III, without lawful issue, that these eminent dignities ceased to be recorded in the illustrious roll of the nobles of England.

\* The defect in his argument is explained at length in Cartwright's Hist. of Western Sussex (vol. ii, p. 128.)

The first of the family on record would appear to be Walter de St. Martin, whose son was created Earl of Warren in Normandy. This title was furnished by a town and river so called, where the Castle of Bellencambre (thus named from its standing on a graceful mound) exists to this day, a melancholy wreck of its past grandeur and importance. In this country, such an historical ruin would doubtless be in the hands of a patrician, and be preserved from further desecration; but in France it is otherwise. This venerable relic of the past has been purchased by its mercenary proprietor, *for the sake of the materials*; and he boasts of the profitable speculation he has made!

The next Earl of Warren married a daughter of the Conqueror, and distinguished himself at the battle of Hastings. The reward of his valour was nearly 300 lordships in different parts of England, with the Castles of Conisborough and Lewes. His life seems to have been both eventful and useful. From his biographer we learn that he was made a Chief Justiciary of England—that he put down a revolt by the Earls of Norfolk and Hereford—that he built a Castle at Reigate, and another at Castle-Acre, and rebuilt his own chief residence, and the head of his Barony, at Lewes—that he was made Earl and Governor of Surrey—that he founded Lewes Priory, which he gave to the Cluniac Monks, whom, in company with his wife, he visited in Burgundy—that he laid the foundation of another at Castle-Acre—and that he died still in the prime of life, after twenty years enjoyment of the fruits of his successful efforts on the field of Hastings.

The second Earl forfeits his estate by conspiring against his sovereign, and joining his rebellious son, Robert Duke of Normandy. But he is subsequently restored, becomes one of the king's best friends, and behaves with great valour in the warlike service of King Henry.

The third Earl's life partakes of the usual vicissitudes of the period. He attends King Stephen into Normandy, and is concerned in a meeting there. He is with the king at the battle of Lincoln, where he appears to have acted with treachery and fled from the scene of warfare, and is afterwards made prisoner. When set at liberty, he engages in a new adventure, joins other Barons in the first Crusade, and is slain by the Turks. His heart is brought to England, and buried at Lewes. Besides benefactions to the religious establishments of his forefathers, he founds a priory at Thetford, and endows it. With him ended the male line of the Earls of Warren and Surrey.

The lives of the succeeding earls are marked with more varied incidents than even those of their ancestors. These we must pass over. Most of them are scattered over the general histories of the time, and in a collected form, pourtrayed by a graphic pen, would make an interesting chapter of family history. A remarkable circumstance related by Hume is not noticed by Mr. Watson. When the Commissioner of Edward I asked the Earl of Warren to show his titles to his estates, the earl drew his sword, and said, "By this instrument do I hold my lands, and by the same I intend to defend them! Our ancestors coming into the realm with William the Bastard, acquired their possessions by their good swords. William did not make a conquest alone, or for himself solely; our ancestors were helpers and participants with him." Such title deeds were indisputable!

After devoting the whole of the first and nearly half of the second volume to the Earls, Mr. Watson fills the rest of his space with a genealogical account of the Warrens of Poynton in Cheshire (represented by Sir Geo. Warren, Knt. claimant of the title) and other collateral branches of which one received the title of Baronet, in the person of Sir John Borlase Warren, in 1775. None of them appear to have held a higher rank than that of private gentry.

The work is sumptuously embellished. Mansions, castles, ruined abbeys, and priories, monumental effigies, family portraits, facsimiles of charters and seals, and coats of arms innumerable adorn the work. In this respect it is hardly to be surpassed. But, in the arrangement of the materials, and the treatment of the subject, we confess we cannot hold up Watson's Memoirs of the Warrens, as a pattern of Family History.

Of Family Histories we have but few, perhaps some twenty or thirty at most—the greater part very dry, nearly all very laborious, and, one or two excepted, without any pretension to the style of a readable narrative. They are not what they should be. Lord Lindsay's *Lives of the Lindsays*, one of the most recent, and one of the few not privately printed, is too diffuse—at least too voluminous: it gives too much prominence to one family, and to modern personages; it says too little about other branches than the chief, and too little about the Lindsays and the Lindseyes who lived in the days of the Plantagenets and the Tudors. It contains no tabular pedigrees and is devoid of illustrations. Perhaps the best model for this kind of work in the case of an ancient and honourable family, not historical, at least not of conspicuous figure in English history, is the

*Stemmata Shirleiana.* This is a quarto volume, well and judiciously illustrated, and written with a happy avoidance alike of tedious and uninteresting detail, and of topics and biographies more fit for a History of England than the History of a Family.

Every reader of Gibbon will remember the short "Digression on the family of Courtenay." For its length, it is an admirable and graphic sketch, tracing the origin, growth, honours, and alliances of that illustrious house; exhibiting the vicissitudes of their fortunes, the extent of their possessions, their modes of life, their services and achievements, their talents and moral qualities. As an episode in a great historical work, this account is long enough; but the history of thousands of families of less importance than the Courtenays is susceptible of a tenfold expansion in this style, without lapsing too much into individual biography, without iterations of general descriptions and remarks, and without the introduction of extraneous matter. But the pen of a Gibbon is rarely content with so limited an area as that afforded by the fortunes of a particular family: it seeks a wider field of action, and traces its characters, and draws its pictures, on a canvas of larger dimensions.

Barante's History of the Dukes of Burgundy is the first successful attempt to treat family history in the historical style. That elegant work reads like a romance; yet it is all veritable history; we have the actors of a bygone age, the scenes and modes of life of a departed era, vividly placed before us; and whilst every page discloses facts laboriously gleaned from archives and records, stated without exaggeration, and without embellishment or colouring, yet artistically interwoven in the narrative, we almost fancy we are perusing a work of the class of Quentin Durward, or the Fortunes of Nigel.

Assuredly, it is not for want of materials that our great historical families have not found such annalists as M. de Barante: their own family papers, and the records of the realm, published and unpublished, the vast stores accumulated in our various public libraries and in many private collections, form abundant materials for the purpose: there is a harvest of wealth to reap, but the reapers have hitherto been few. One reason, if not the chief, for this state of things, is, in fact, the indifference of the English nobility and gentry to genealogical studies,—an indifference that seems indeed always to have prevailed. On the Continent, the interest taken by these classes in studies of this kind, is evidenced by the numerous, voluminous, and costly genealogical works that have issued from the

press during the last two centuries in France, Germany, and Italy. It is not that the same pride of birth has not existed in England as abroad ; but the attention of the English aristocracy has been too much given to politics to allow of such a pursuit as genealogy occupying their time or exciting their interest. And, when to prove a right to an ancient Barony, the pedigree of a noble family has been compiled and its history printed ; or from motives simply of curiosity, an antiquary has hunted up the annals of his race, and printed them for private circulation ; in these cases little more than family interest or family gratification has been consulted, and the public at large have been no losers by not seeing what was never intended for them.

A concatenation of names and dates, a bare enumeration of offices and dignities, extracts from monastic chartularies and dry chronicles, a list of baronies, and lordships, and manors, copies of deeds and monumental inscriptions, and entries in parish registers—all are as dry bones to the mass of readers. None but a genealogical anatomist delights in such a charnel house. A simple pedigree has no more interest, than a tree without foliage : it is as a skeleton, which should be “fleshed,” as the quaint Fuller has it, to be pleasing; it should stand forth in goodly proportions, of comely aspect, breathing life and beauty, and beaming with intelligence and expression. A book of English genealogies would thus become a gallery of Family Statues and Portraits, forming subjects for the exercise of the artistic skill of the family armorialist, and an exhibition of features and grouping highly agreeable and interesting to contemplate.

What Gibbon has done for the Courtenays, if performed for the Talbots and the Cliffords, the Bohuns and the Beauchamps, the Percys, and the De Veres, would, we are sure, be as popular as the Spectator and the Tatler, more so certainly than the majority of the papers in those Essayists now are, and probably as much read as the beautiful but fictitious sketches of Sir Roger de Coverley, and the no less delightful and kindred pictures in the fiction of Bracebridge Hall.

Pride of birth has in all ages and countries existed ; and as naturally, as pride of strength, beauty, or fortune ; and it has been as widely and generally satirised, from the

“*Nam genus et proavos et quæ non fecimus ipsi  
Vix ea nostra voco,*”

of Ovid, to the lines of Pope :—

" What can ennoble fools, or sots, or cowards ?  
Alas ! not all the blood of all the Howards ; "

not forgetting the caustic question of John Ball at Blackheath—

" When Adam delved and Eve span,  
Where was then the gentleman ? "

This ostentation of a noble lineage has been cherished by the highest nations of antiquity as well as by those of the present day, from the heroes of Homer and Sophocles, and the ferocious warriors of Scandinavia, to the savage New Zealanders of our time, who preserve the memories of their ancestors sixteen generations backwards. This reverence for the departed, this curiosity about our progenitors, seems natural both to the polished citizen and the barbarian, to the man of letters and the warrior. Plutarch dwells with complacency on nobility of birth; Cuvier delighted in genealogy; Washington corresponded with English heralds about his family; Cromwell hung up in his study, and looked at with pride, his arms and quarterings. What is it then that gives us such delight in contemplating the names and deeds, the struggles and services of those whose blood circulates in our veins? Why was Byron "prouder of being descended from those Byrons of Normandy who accompanied William the Conqueror into England than of having been the author of *Childe Harold* and *Manfred*?" Could we wonder that of such a lineage he should, in one of his own early poems, commemorate with much satisfaction, those

" Mail covered barons who proudly to battle  
Led their vassals from Europe to Palestine's plain."

Adding,—

" Near Askalon's towers John of Horistan slumbers;  
Unnerved is the hand of his minstrel by death."

But it was not because Byron was sprung from a distinguished race that he could write in such strains of such a hero. Sir Walter Scott though remotely descended from gallant ancestors, though not born amidst the emblems and evidences of high birth, nor inheriting its immediate traditions; though succeeding to no baronial domains, nor ancient titles, nor monastic birthplace, yet could look on ancestral renown with the eye of a poet, not that of a herald or a genealogist; he saw much poetry in genealogy as he saw it in a ruined abbey and a crumbling castle; he knew the history of the Marmions and the Rokebys, the legends and ballads connected with their exploits, the scenes of their occurrence, and their chivalrous traditions; he related these in immortal verse, and

names that previously were associated in no mind but his own with the romance and stirring incidents of feudal warfare and knightly courtesies soon became words that inspired thrilling emotions and tender fancies in the breasts of admiring multitudes.

Some names out of the thousands equally deserving of honour thus fortunately become typical of chivalric fame; and the families of Brackenbury, and Erpingham, and Peto, but for Shakspeare, would sleep in obscurity, with hosts of others, in their day more eminent, in the musty roll of the genealogist, or the dreary pages of the monkish chronicle.

We do not expect Scotts and Byrons to arise in this way to immortalize the ancient families of our land; nor should we wish it; for whose life would be long enough to read the lays of so many minstrels? but we do think the histories of our ancient families worth writing, and we are sure that if well written, they would be read. Without alluding further to the general appreciation of this kind of writing dispersed through our general literature, we find all attempts to popularize family history highly estimated. Craik's *Romance of the Peerage* and Burke's *Anecdotes of the Aristocracy* testify to this feeling, and Burke's successive editions of the *History of the Landed Gentry*, though necessarily little more than Pedigrees in a narrative form, are yet embellished as much as the nature of the work will admit with anecdotes and description, that probably in part explain the success of the work.

When we say that we desire to see the picturesque style of writing applied to Family History, we are aware that in any extensive collection of such sketches or professed Dictionary of Families there must be much sameness of description, which would soon sicken and become bombast. But it is pretty obvious that this species of literature has never yet had a chance of becoming popular, for, as we have already remarked, most family histories have been privately printed, and of those which have been published—little endeavour has been made to give them attractions in style and decoration. The interest the public can take in family history is shown by the publication of Lord Lindsay's *Lives of the Lindsays*, which has met with considerable favour at the hands of the reading world. And we are happy to find by his lordship's preface that many of our best families are about to follow his example. The fear of the imputation of vanity, the dread of encountering the ridicule of an age unfavourable to the parade of ancestral pride, may have hitherto prevented many persons from giving to the world the history

of their families; but in this age of archæological enthusiasm, and after the successful example Lord Lindsay has set, such considerations may cease to prevail. There are hundreds of educated men, endowed with the leisure, the capacity, and the opportunity of obtaining materials, who could produce these works. Clergymen in quiet, thinly-peopled districts, country squires of studious habits, fellows of colleges, and retired lawyers, men who read without an object, who never think of writing and still less of printing, might here find a field of useful and pleasant labour, and execute a work interesting to their kindred and entertaining to the public. An old Diary—curious correspondence during the Civil War, inventories and accounts throwing light on the manners and customs of a past age,—these are to be found in the archives of most ancient families, and would constitute very instructive and diverting chapters in a family history. Engravings of castles or manor houses, now perchance degraded to farmhouses, the ancient dwelling places of the family, their existing residences, some venerable structure of the Elizabethan era or a substantial mansion of the time of Queen Anne—the churches where the family found sepulture, altar-tombs, stone effigies, figured brasses, and mural monuments—a few portraits of the time of the Tudors or the Stuarts—such illustrations should embellish the work. A general history of the family in all its branches, with glimpses of local manners and customs, should be the staple of the volume. The rest of the materials should be placed in the background, and form an appendix containing tabular pedigrees of the family, with shields of arms of the matches, copies of charters, fac-similes as specimens of the more ancient, with their appendant seals, abstracts of wills, particulars of estates, surveys, accounts, inventories, &c. Such a volume ornamentally bound with impressions of arms, crests, and cognizances, would be a handsome record and achievement that every family would be desirous to possess—that they would feel proud to see on the tables of their neighbours and friends and on the shelves of the local library. Every county yet contains hundreds of wealthy descendants of those who fought at Hastings, at Agincourt, and Flodden Field, progenitors of races flourishing with varying yet considerable fortune through every reign in the English annals. The family historian would in most cases have to trace the history of the house under notice from the Conquest. He would find the first of the line a younger son of an honourable race settled for generations on its estate in Normandy, whose elder brother still, under the Norman Kings, retained the paternal inheritance, and bore with pride its territorial designation

as his own family name in England. He would find his name recorded in Doomsday as the owner of some dozen or twenty manors in a southern county, as under tenant of a great feudal chief, whose daughter or whose cousin he had married, and whose arms he bore with different colours, to denote his dependence. Of his children and their settlement in life he would discover little, from paucity of records of those times; but he would suspect minor families of the neighbourhood to be sprung from his offspring who would be enfeoffed with considerable manors, held of the paternal and paramount lordship, whose local Saxon name would furnish them with a family designation; and these the ancestors of the minor gentry, and in the third and fourth generations of a substantial yeomanry, the archers and spearmen of the wars of the day, would, as "gentlemen of blood and coat armour," follow their superior lord's example, and exhibit his lion rampant or greyhound courant with a further variation of colour or additional charge. In his lifetime as at his death this Norman warrior would give a dozen acres of rich pasture land and a thriving wood for fuel as his benefaction to the monastery founded and principally endowed by his suzerain "for the good of his soul, his father's, and his mother's," as well as a sum of money to the church which he had built, of which his younger son was ordained the priest. His heir would find himself the peaceful owner of a great estate that had begun to improve in value under more settled times, which he would further enlarge by a marriage with the heiress of a brother in arms, who had received ample proofs of the Conqueror's bounty. Under the dominion of his sons the name of the chief of the family would be found as sheriff for the county, perhaps several years in succession, as was then frequently the case; and probably holding some office at court: his name would not be found among those who attempted to place the son of Robert Curthose on the throne, but in defending the latter, it would occur in company with other recipients of royal favour.

Unable to keep neutral in the contests between Stephen and Matilda, he took the part of the latter, and was eventually slain in an engagement, fighting under the banners of Henry Plantagenet, her son. When that intrepid prince at length mounted the throne, he forgot not his friends, and rewarded a son of his fallen partisan with a bishopric. Another son would be recorded to have accompanied Strongbow to Ireland, there to have distinguished himself by his prowess, to have obtained a large grant of land, and marrying a fair descendant of the Milesian kings, to have become the

patriarch of one of the chief Hiberno-Norman families of Connaught. A third son of a numerous progeny would be discovered by the annals of a monastery to have gone to the Holy Land, there to have acquired martial fame, but returning to his native land unwedded, to have ended his days under the roof of that religious establishment, which he had left sole inheritor of his worldly endowments. A maiden sister (the records of a convent in the vicinity would disclose the information) had, from an early display of piety and devotion, accepted the invitation of the Abbess to join their holy community, among whom she lived and died like a saint. Incited by the same fervent zeal of religion, which the family had now so widely exhibited, the head of the house in the third generation is carried away by the enthusiasm of the times, and young and unmarried takes the journey to Palestine ; his second brother accompanies him ; there, as their forefathers against Harold, they fight and are victorious; but in returning to England to relate their exploits and receive the applause of their pious valour, the elder brother sickens and dies in a foreign land ; the younger arrives safely at the home of his fathers, enters as heir on his brother's inheritance, has a cross-legged effigy of the deceased Crusader, with his shield on his arm and his sword by his side, executed, and placed in the parish-church ; where to this day, though mutilated and defaced, it remains the most venerable monument of art the edifice contains.

The reign of Richard and John furnish our historian with nothing remarkable in the history of the house he illustrates. Its chief has been knighted, as was customary, and taken a wife from a distant country, of a family of somewhat higher rank than his own, and a staunch adherent of his lord, Simon de Montfort. He therefore takes the side of that daring and powerful baron in his revolt against his sovereign, and fights under his banner at the battle of Lewes, having a son slain by his side. He soon becomes perhaps Knight of the Shire in the Parliament that Leicester assembled, and appears to have been associated with other discreet knights in important public services. One of his sons is bred up to the law, and gets promoted to the office of a justice of the Common Pleas.

The name of another son is found among those who accompanied Lewis IX on the last Crusade into Palestine, where he appears to have perished according to the acknowledgment in the monastic chartulary of the benefaction which his father made for the repose of his soul. Dying at a good old age in the lifetime of a long-lived

monarch, and leaving the fame of his race increased rather than diminished, his eldest son launches upon his career on the eve of a new reign and of a stirring period of English history. Of a courageous and adventurous disposition, his tastes are soon gratified. Edward the First summons him with the flower of the knighthood of his county to attend him on his expedition into Wales. He exhibits great valour and address in the engagement against Llewellyn, attracts the notice of his sovereign, and is made a knight banneret on the field. Thus advanced in honour, like his sire, he makes a match of distinction, and takes to his paternal home a wife who is the daughter of a Welsh prince. His sojourn on his estate is but brief, for he is soon summoned by his warlike master on another military enterprise and in another quarter. The mediation of Edward between Bruce and Baliol not being observed, the indignant monarch invades Scotland with an immense force. Our hero again took part and shared in the success of this enterprise. He afterwards attended his sovereign at the siege of Calais, where, in commemoration of his services, he obtained a grant of free-warren in all his manors. In his person his family is now for the first time invested with baronial honours; and as a reward for his personal services, and in acknowledgment of his wealth and importance, he is summoned as a baron of the realm. A few years afterwards, oppressed with the infirmities of age, and covered with distinction, he passes away from the scene of his labours, and his heir appears on the stage.

“Stat fortuna domūs,  
Avi numerantur avorum.”

Several valuable grants from the crown have during the two last reigns rewarded the loyalty of the family; several generations have succeeded one another since the Conquest; the young head of the house enters on an inheritance of augmented value, a rich maintenance to a great dignity. He pulls down the old manor-house of his fathers, and builds a spacious, well-fortified castle, with a stately baronial hall wherein to assemble his numerous vassals and retainers. It is in the midst of a vast park or chase, to extend and impale which he obtains a license from the Crown. Here he lives in great pomp and magnificence, and entertains the chief barons and knights of his county, the bishop of the diocese, the mitred abbot, and a son of the king. When called to the wars, he appears with an army of knights, esquires, and men-at-arms, proportionate to the number of knights' fees he holds, which are not far short of twenty, a larger

number than was held by many of his compeers. But the warlike success of his house on this occasion met with a reverse. He is with the king, who is defeated by Robert Bruce. He returns from Bannockburn with but a remnant of his followers, and relieves the solitude of his house by the company of the widow of a neighbouring knight, whom he marries. She is the heiress of a wealthy merchant and M.P. for a prosperous maritime borough, but her dowry atones for her obscure birth.

His son succeeds him in the glorious reign of Edward III. The humble parish-church in which he and his forefathers worshipped looks insignificant beside the stately castle his father has erected, and has become too small for his increased household, and the numerous dependents by whom he is surrounded. To distinguish his name, therefore, and to provide the better accommodation required, the sacred edifice rises anew, at his sole expense, in all the beauty of the decorated style of the period. Rich and graceful tracery characterises the windows, which are ornamented with all the gorgeous brilliancy of display that "the pomp of heraldry" enables the artist to produce. A beautiful screen exquisitely and delicately carved in oak separates the chancel from the nave; and glazed tiles with heraldic and other devices, and enamelled brass sepulchral memorials beautify the pavement of the former; whilst in the Lord's chancel, the helmets and banners of deceased warriors are hung aloft, and altar-tombs bearing inscriptions surmounted with stone effigies, their sides ornamented with coloured escutcheons, stand around, the silent yet touching mementos of their departed greatness.

A century passes away and leaves the names of "barons bold," and valiant knights of this now distinguished house indelibly traced on the page of history. In the senate, in the church, and in the battle-field, their name has acquired fresh renown. Their blood has been shed freely at Crescy, at Poictiers, and at Agincourt. The order of the Garter is bestowed on an eminent member of the family, able in council, and valiant with his sword. But as the sun goes down with a splendour which does not attend its meridian altitude, so the clustering glories of this illustrious race betoken and rapidly precede its extinction. Their greatness and their name pass away with the lives of the head of his house and his sons in one of those fatal encounters when the flower of the English nobility perished. They fell with the great Warwick at the battle of Barnet. Daughters were the only representatives of the accumu-

lated honours, and possessions, and glories of four centuries. These they carried into other families, each thereby acquiring sufficient to found a house of respectable rank and wealth.

But their blood and their name were not yet wholly extinct in the land. A great luminary had sunk below the horizon; but lesser lights yet remained, before obscured, that now shone forth with observable brilliance. The dissolution of the monasteries, that brought into notice and enriched so many families, benefited two of the remote branches, who had hitherto figured in the ranks only of the most private gentry. Their history, interesting, though not prominent and distinguished, the family historian would bring down to the present day. He would be enabled to record that one of them was visited by Queen Elizabeth at his manor house, and knighted; that another, a younger son, had acquired rank, wealth, and fame as a London citizen or merchant, and had been elected Lord Mayor. Several members of the family would be found to have taken a conspicuous part in the civil war of the seventeenth century; one of the ladies was ranked among the beauties of the court of Charles II, and furnished a subject for sonnets and odes to the wits and gallants of the day. The parliaments of the early kings of the house of Hanover, were benefited by the presence of members of the family. One was slain at Malplaquet, fighting under Marlborough; another distinguished himself at Blenheim, and returned to England to fill an important military post. And thus, approaching our own times, the family chronicler would agreeably diversify his narrative by incidents and notices creditable to the character, ability, and social position of the descendants of a younger branch of an ancient and honourable English family. To delineate the quiet life of an English clergyman at his rural rectory, the growth of the influence and wealth of the chief attorney of a country town, the lives and characteristics of a succession of squires in their ancestral halls;—such pictures of real life would worthily employ his pen, and readily engage the attention of an English reading public.

Such is an outline—such the features which may be drawn of the history of multitudes of respectable English families. The diligent investigator may pick up scores of anecdotes, and interesting circumstances to embellish and diversify his tale. Remarkable law-suits and trials would furnish materials for many a graphic paragraph, and would present many salient features of interest. The case of a gentleman of the name of Angell, who in

1785 left a large property to the descendants of an ancestor of his, living tem. Hen. VI, and which gave rise to great litigation,\* and that of the banker, Frazer Honywood, who in 1763 left £20,000 to be divided amongst his relatives, of whom 400 put in their claim:†—these and similar instances are to be met with in abundance.

Traditions and legends innumerable are scattered over old books, only awaiting the collection of the industrious explorer to be resuscitated; and again to delight by the fireside, to astonish the young, and to amuse the old. The story of the 150 Metcalfs of Yorkshire riding on as many white horses as the followers of the head of their race, the Sheriff of the county, to the assizes; of the Vavasours of the same county, who never buried their wives, or married heiresses; of the Culpepers, among whom at one time were twelve knights or baronets;—are not altogether unique.

If we mistake not, *Family History* is a new species of literature that is destined perhaps to be popular and prolific. The field is boundless, the ground untrodden; and there is unlimited scope to employ the industry, the eloquence, and the graphic skill in portraiture of hosts of writers. The readers would be of all classes. If Fiction pleases, so much the more must Truth; and when we read of the veritable sayings and doings of our ancestors in periods so long gone by, that nothing, it is thought, but what is drawn from the imagination can be written of them, our gratification must be all the greater, and our surprise the more lively. For though Thierry tell us it was said in the early Norman centuries,

“ Of the Normans be the high men that be of this land,  
And the low men of Saxons”—

yet the lapse of eight centuries has produced such a metamorphosis and transposition of the various ranks of society, that probably three out of every four Englishmen of the present day is lineally descended, remotely or immediately, from progenitors of gentle blood. Time slowly produces the same changes in the social as in the geological world. The strata which formerly occupied the surface are now degraded, whilst those now uppermost were at one time in the inferior position. “The lofty he hath laid low, and the humble he hath exalted.”

\* Vide Manning and Bray's *Surrey*, ii, 366.

† Vide Ambler's *Reports, and Topographer and Genealogist*, part 8, page 190.

ART. VI.—~~Old~~ Notions on Diet.

*Via Recta ad Vitam longam; or a plaine Philosophical Discourse of the nature, faculties, and effects of all such things, as by way of nourishments, and dietetricall observations, make for the preservation of Health, with their just applications unto every age, constitution of bodie, and time of yeare. Wherein also by way of Introduction, the Nature and Choise of Habitable Places, with the true use of our famous BATHEs of BATHE is perspicuously demonstrated, by TO. VENNER, Doctor of Physicke, at Bath in the Spring and Fall, and at other times in the Burrough of North Petherton neere to the ancient Haven-Towne of BRIDGWATER in Somerset shire. London : Printed by Edward Griffin, for Richard Moore, and are to be sold at his shop in St. Dunstan's Church Yard, in Fleet Street. 1620. (Quarto, pp. 195.)*

NORTH PETHERTON, a town three miles from Bridgewater, and remarkable for its handsome church, was the birthplace of Tobias Venner. He was born in 1557 ; at the age of seventeen, became a Commoner of St. Alban's Hall, Oxford ; took his degree of M. A. ; and in 1613, that of M.D. He practised, as the title of his book before us indicates, "at Bath in the Spring and Fall, and at other times in" his native "Burrough." He died March 27th, 1660, and was buried in the Abbey Church at Bath, where a massive monument, with an encomiastic inscription, is erected to his memory.

Dr. Guidott, besides some very coarse and ill-tempered allusions to Venner, has said of him, "he had the character of a plain charitable physician, but no ready man at stating a case. However," adds he, "he found the right way to write a book called *Via Recta ad vitam longam*, wherein is this memorable observation, 'that a gammon of bacon is of the same nature with the rest of the hog.'" The critic here, has misrepresented the man he has tried to ridicule. Venner does not say "of the same nature as the rest of the hog;" the word "hog" does not occur in the paragraph. He says, "bacon is not good for them that have weake stomachs, for it is of hard digestion;"—"a gammon of bacon is of the same nature." (*i. e.* indigestible), but not so good, for it is "harder of digestion." Thus much for Guidott's joke. There is enough of oddity in Venner's treatise ; we need not pervert his phraseology to make more.

'The Discourse' is dedicated to "Francis Lord Verulam," and its Introduction treats "of the Nature and Choice of Habitable

Places." He commends "the ayre as the best and wholsomest to preserve life, which is subtile, bright, and cleare, not mixed with any grosse moisture, or corrupted with filthy or noisome vapors, which also with calme and pleasant windes is gently moved,"—not "that which is so shut up with hills or mountains that it cannot be freely perflated, and purified with the winds;" and he would have a dwelling to lie "open to the south and east, with hills which may somewhat hinder and keep back the vaporous west winde, and the sharp north winde in the winter." He advises that windows facing the east "be not set open before the sunne hath somewhat purged the aire, and dissipated the clowdes; for the morning aire by reason of its coldnesse and moysture of the night is grosse and impure,\* very hurtful to them that have weak braines, and subject unto rheumes." He concludes his "Introduction" by a notice of fountains and other waters, and devotes five pages to waters naturally hot, "such as are our famous bathes of Bathe."

Passing over Venner's remarks on "the Divers kindes of Bread," we alight, in the next place, on "the Divers kindes of Drinke." And beginning with wines: it must be confessed that our author seems quite at home in discussing the merits of those then in use. He acknowledges "the discommoditie of wine immoderately taken," but says enough of Rhenish, Claret, Sacke, and Malmsey, to show that he has no mean opinion of either. Nor does he think lightly of other and rarer French wines; for "would to God," exclaims he, "they were so common as Claret." As to the use of wine, our sage friend would not give any "neither to children, nor to youths from fourteen years of age unto twenty-five," because it "extimulates them unto enormous and outragious actions." Nor "too often to young men, as from twenty-five unto thirty-five, and that also of the smaller sorts,"—"otherwise it will make them prone unto wrath, and unlawful desires, dull the wit, and confound the memory." But he would grant it more liberally "unto them as from thirty-five unto fifty," and even "with a liberal hand unto olde men." When Venner framed this scale, it will be observed that he himself was happily circumstanced, being past thirty-five, but not "an olde man."

\* Armstrong seems to have read Venner; at least, he is of the same opinion:—

"Need we the sunny situation here  
And theatres open to the south commend?  
Here, where the morning's misty breath infests  
More than the torrid noon."

In connexion with wine, our author considers, "whether it be expedient for health, to be drunk with wine once or twice in a month?" And here he becomes quite animated. "O, how impudently," says he, "would our drunken potifuges vaunt themselves, if for the health of the bodie, I should approve the custome of being drunk once or twice in a monthe!" and he proceeds to condemn the practice as "most pernicious; for drunkenness spoyleth the stomache, maketh the blood waterish, hurteth the braine, dulleth the senses, destroyeth the understanding, debilitateth the sinewes, and subverteth the powers of all the bodie;" yet he concludes with the saving-clause of a moderate man: "But here, I will not denie, but that it may be very lawful and expedient, for them that are wont to be wearied with great cares, and labours, to drink sometimes until they be merry and pleasant; but not drunken." Tobias speaketh well of beer, but having no patience with excess, he must "admonish our common ale-pot drunkards, that it is worse to be drunk with ale, or beer, than with wine, for the drunkenness endureth longer, to the utter ruine of the braine and understanding."

We happened some winters ago to be in want of a receipt for the making of "Metheglin," and in the limited collection of books then accessible, we could not find any available instructions. This need not again occur, for Venner knows "Hydromel" well; let us hear him. "Metheglin," says he, "is a very strong kind of drinke, made of two parts of water, and one of hony, boyled together and scummed very cleane, and if rosemary, hyssop, time, orgaine, and sage, be first well boyled in the water, whereof you make the Metheglin, it will be the better. And afterwards when you boyle the same water with hony, if you also boyle in it a quantity of ginger (as to every gallon of water, one ounce of ginger, scraped clean and sliced) three or four wambles\* about, after that it is clean scummed, or else hang the ginger sliced thin in a linnen bag, by a thread, in the barrell wherein you put the Metheglin, it will be much the better, and a drinke exceeding wholesome in the winter-season, especially for olde folkes. It must not be drunke while it is new, for then, because it is not fined from the drugs, nor the crudities thereof digested, it is very windie, and troublesome to the belly. But after that it hath well purged itselфе, and settled in the vessel three or foure months, and made as afore described, there is not for very cold, old, or phlegmatische bodies, especially in the cold

\* Wamble, to rise up as seething water does.—*Bailey.*

seasons of the yeare, a better drinke, as by the properties thereof above shewed, may be collected.”\*

The third section treats “of the Flesh of Beasts and Fowles,” and discusses various questions as to the relative wholesomeness of lambe and mutton,—kids-flesh and swines-flesh,—veal and beef,—and that of English birds of all descriptions from the stately swan, to the busy sparrow. We will only add his passing remark on “Bull’s beef,” which he says, “is of a rancke and unpleasant taste, of a thick, grosse, and corrupt juyce, and of a very hard digestion. I commend it unto poore hard labourers, and to them that desire to looke big, and to live basely.” But he does not recommend these good people, partridges: “These birds,” he says, “are only hurtful to country-men, because they breede in them the asthmatick passion, which is a short and painful fetching of breath, hy reason whereof they will not be able to undergo their usuall labours. Wherefore, when they shall chance to meet with a covie of young partridges, they were much better to bestow them upon such, for whom they are convenient, than to adventure (notwithstanding their strong stomachs) the eating of them, seeing that there is in their flesh such an hidden and perilous antipathie unto their bodies.”

“Of Fish,” forms section 4, and Venner with due regard to “weake stomaches,” admonishes the lovers of “sammon” to “carefully moderate their appetite, as that the jocundities of it entice them not to a perilous and nauseative fulness.” And (name it not on the ninth of November) he thinks even “Turbot for the aged, for them that be phlegmaticke, and that have weake stomaches, verie inconvenient and hurtful.” Such also must carefully refrain from the royal fish,—the sturgeon, though he admits, “that it is pleasant to the pallatt, and induceth withall a smoothing delectation to the gullett.” “Red herrings and sprats,” he contends, “give a very bad and adusted nourishment,” and “anchovas,” he calls, “the famous meat of drunkards,” whose only “good propertie, if it be good, is to commend a cup of wine to the pallatt, and are therefore chiefly profitable to the vintner.”

Our author in section 5 treats “of Egges and Milke,” in the

\* Another, and perhaps a better receipt for making this ancient English beverage may be found in Aubrey’s ‘Natural History of Wiltshire,’ 4to, 1847. He tells us that Thos. Piers, of the Devises, was a great Metheglin-maker, and that much of it was made in that town. Mr. Britton, the editor of this book, has appended to Aubrey’s receipt the following note:—“I have seen this old English beverage made by my grandmother as here described.”

course of which, he gives us his idea of "a light, nourishing, and comfortable breakfast." "I know none better," says he, "than a couple of potched egges, seasoned with a little salt, and a few cornes of pepper also, with a drop or two of vinegar, if the stomache be weake, and supped oft warme, eating there with all a little bread and butter, and drinking after a good draught of pure Claret wine." He gives cautions as to the use of milk, and recommends him that drinks it "to wash his mouth presently after, with wine or strong beere, and also to rub the teeth and gums with a dry cloth, for the cleansing away the sliminesse of the milke, and for strengthening the gums and teeth." He allows "Frumentie," and "Junckets," if well prepared, but only to them "that have good stomaches," and he adds that "greate is the error of eating Custards in the middle, or at the end, of meales." These with other "whitemeats of like nature must be alwayes at meales first eaten."

Forbearing to notice section 6, "on Sauces and Spices," we find in the following one (section 7) a discourse "of fruits, roots, and herbes that serve for meat, and are usually eaten." Among the fruits he commends grapes, especially when "boyled in butter, and sops of bread added thereto, and sugar also, if they be somewhat sour," making he says, "a very pleasant meat, and agreeable for every age and constitution." He condemns mushrooms, which "many phantasticall people doe greatly delight to eat," but he fully appreciates the value of the subsequently popular vegetable—the potatoe, then but recently introduced, of which he quaintly says.

"Potato roots are of a temperate qualitie, and of strong nourishing parts: the nutritiment which they yield is, though somewhat windie, very substantial, good, and restorative, surpassing the nourishment of all other roots and fruits. They are diversly dressed and prepared, according to every man's taste and liking: some used to eat them, being rosted in the embers, sopped in wine, which way is specially good: but in what manner soever they be dressed, they are very pleasant to the taste, and doe wonderfully comfort, nourish, and strengthen the bodie."

Gerarde, in his 'Herbal' (1633) follows Venner in this particular, assuring us that the flatulent effects of potatoes may be suitably corrected by eating the roots "sopped in wine."

The 8th and last section of this volume is on "The Manner and Custome of Diet." And there are, he says, three sorts of Diet, "Accurate, or precise,—Vulgar, or common,—and Sub-vulgar. An accurate diet is that when a man taketh his meales in a certain

measure, order, and number, and at fixed times, &c.” A vulgar diet, “is plaine, rude, of no respect or consideration.” A sub-vulgar, is a medium kind of diet, not so rude and plaine as the vulgar, nor so precise and exact as the accurate.” The sub-vulgar he regards as fit for healthy men,—“a vulgar diet is only fit for agusticke bodies, for whom,” he adds, “I write not these things.”

But if Venner does not write for the vulgar, he certainly has some sympathy with students. “Conserve of roses,” he pronounces to be “passing good to be used of students, especially at there going to bed.” Greene ginger, as helpful for the memory, is “for olde men, and students, most profitable.” A conserve of rosemary and sage, he wishes “to be often used by students, especially mornings fasting,” because it “doth greatly delight the brain.” And he will not allow them a later hour for supper than 6, “which order is very well observed in our Universities.” As to the general frequency and hour of meals, it may be observed, he is of opinion, that two meals a-day is best for most persons between the ages of twenty-five and sixty; that three meals may be occasionally allowed; but that dinner at eleven o’clock, and supper about six, should be the most substantial of daily repasts; and breakfast, above other meals, is the one that should be eschewed. But old people and children he would not have “precisely tyed unto such fixed meales.”

In conclusion, it has frequently struck us that the satirist who, in his highly imaginative ‘Visions,’ saw a vast multitude (above all other multitudes) which had “dyed of the Doctor,” was more witty than correct. It is certain that to the medical profession in all ages we have been indebted for a profusion of good advice, voluntarily given. What a catalogue of authors might we furnish, of men who have written—some sensibly, others, perhaps, the reverse—on the preservation of health, from Herodicus, the preceptor of Hippocrates, down to Alexander Combe. And the instructions thus given, from time to time, however unequal in merit, may, at the least, be accepted as evidence that those who practise the curative art have a right view of, and are honestly endeavouring to carry out, the high purpose of their important mission. We may even go further; we may, without fear of contradiction, affirm that this portion of the profession have exhibited much of disinterestedness in the matter. They have not concealed the truth, but have striven to diffuse it, and in so doing have enforced the very things that make against the gainful practice of physic,

insisting on pure air, temperance, exercise, and the due regulation of the passions, as indispensably necessary to the man who would enjoy health. All this, and much more, may be said in commendation of a class of writers who, however they may be undervalued by the unthinking, derided by the selfish, or lampooned by the would-be witty, are yet to be remembered as the benefactors of mankind. And many of them may say, as Sir Thomas Ellyot does, in reference to his '*Castell of Health*',—"I have not written for glory, reward, or promotion, God is my judge!"

Besides the book before us, Venner was the author of a treatise on 'The Baths of Bathe,' 4to, 1628, and some smaller publications of later dates. In the work just named he protests strongly against "ignorant sottish empirickes," and censures those "who greatly wrong their judgments and understanding, in taking physicke of the unlearned." He desired to be useful to the community, but would be no traitor to the profession of which he was a very respectable member.

### *Anecdota Literaria.*

#### EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF JOHN RICHARDS, ESQ.

*Of Warmwell, in Dorsetshire; from March 1697, to March 1702.*

(CONCLUDED FROM NO. II.)

PRICES.

[As Mr. Richards's Diary includes memoranda of his farm business, it gives the prices of most kinds of agricultural produce.]

Wednesday, the 14 ditto (Ap. 1697).—I agreed w<sup>th</sup> Doct<sup>r</sup> Read of Morton, at his own house, for his reek of hay at £5, being 2½ acres of M<sup>r</sup> Frampton's best meadow y<sup>t</sup> cost him 32<sup>s</sup> per acre.

The same evening I agreed w<sup>th</sup> Thomas Tuck, of Sutton, for ½ of his hay reek, w<sup>th</sup> Hunibun and I saw, at £5, to abate me thereof if at fetching away. I thought it not worth so much.

The 30 ditto (April 1697).—This day in Dorch<sup>r</sup> sold Rob<sup>t</sup> Lock\* 12 barren beasts for £46, to pay me for y<sup>m</sup> as much as I had occasion by the 20<sup>th</sup> of next mo. to pay [halfe?] in old money, and the rest afterwards.

The 26th Sept. 1697, Sunday.—I promised to take 16 bushels of wheat, ground, of Mr. Jno. Williams, for my roan horse. Sold him for £4. 7s. 6d.

The 9th Oct. 1697.—This evening at the King's Arms, in Dorchester. I agreed w<sup>th</sup> Mr. Tho. Skinner, of Dewlish, for 20 bushells of his pease, being choice early pease for seed, to be delive<sup>d</sup> me in spring for seed, at 3<sup>s</sup>. 6<sup>d</sup>. per bushell.

This Saturday night, the 13th Oct. 1697, I agreed w<sup>th</sup> Capt<sup>r</sup>. Sydenham,

\* A butcher in Dorchester, where there is still a butcher of the same name.

at the Antelope, in Dorchester, for 100 great bushells of his choice oats at 6<sup>s</sup>. 8<sup>d</sup>. per sack, to be deliv<sup>d</sup> in a month after Candlemas next, in Dorchester, as Mr. William Hull then agreed with him for 100 more for himself.

Saturday, the 3 Sept. 1698.—This day at Dorchester, in presence of my bro. James Richards, I sold 50 old yews [ewes], to James Gould of y<sup>t</sup> place, butcher, at 11<sup>s</sup> p. yew, or £27. 10. to take y<sup>m</sup> away within these 3 weeks, and to pay me for them presently after next Weyhill fair, and to give me security in y<sup>e</sup> mean time.

Rec<sup>d</sup> of him 5<sup>s</sup> earnest money in part of paym<sup>t</sup>.

Munday the 31<sup>st</sup> of October, 1698.—This morning Rob. Lock offerd me 14s. p. sheep for 5 fat weathers, or 15s. p. sheep for y<sup>m</sup> if he might have an old yew, y<sup>t</sup> was worth nothing as he sayth.

Friday the 9<sup>th</sup> ditto (June 1699).—I took Wm. Hunibun w<sup>th</sup> me to Gorwell, to see Tho. Symes his sheep, where I proposed 300 of his 333 couples, at 19s. p. couple, giving in 15 rams.

74 chilver hogs, and 60 or 61 barren yews, at 12s. each.

Tuesday the 11<sup>th</sup> ditto (July 1699).—Mr. Meadman, innkeeper of the Antelope In, Dorch<sup>r</sup>, came to see me this morning, twixt 9 and 10 of y<sup>e</sup> clock, when I sold him 15 or 20 great sacks oats, either one quantity or other as I could spare, at 11s. p. sack.

Saturday the 2 ditto (Sept. 1699).—This day in Dorch<sup>r</sup>, I sold farmer James Gould, of Shelvington, my 70 old yews, at £11. each, to take y<sup>m</sup> away a week before Michaelmas next, and to pay me for them immediately after Weyhill fair, ensuing the date hereof. Mr. Geo. Gould, of Dorch<sup>r</sup>, obliging in the mean time for his punctuall complyance.

Saturday the 22 ditto (Feb. 1700).—I agreed w<sup>th</sup> Farmer Light for 250 bushells of Mr. Brown's hop clover grass seed, at 12<sup>d</sup> p. bushell, to be bro<sup>d</sup> me home by the middle of next moneth.

The 20<sup>th</sup> ditto (Aug. 1700).—This morning I agreed w<sup>th</sup> W<sup>m</sup>. Hellier of Chittern, skin puller for my sheep and lamb's skins, both of Warmwell and Lewell, at 18<sup>d</sup> p. skin for y<sup>e</sup> sheep till next sheer time, and 9<sup>d</sup> p. skin for y<sup>e</sup> lambs from next Candlemas to sheer time, to pay for y<sup>m</sup> quarterly if I demand it.

Saturday, the 23 March, 1700.—This day, in Dorch<sup>r</sup>, I agreed w<sup>th</sup> Jn<sup>o</sup>. Eyre, of Osmington, for 6 of his best cows and calves, and 2 heifers, w<sup>th</sup> their calves, at £4. each, £16. and £32. for all, to be deliv<sup>d</sup> me the 3<sup>rd</sup> of May next, and their calves to be disposed of as I shall order in y<sup>e</sup> meane time.

Friday, the 11<sup>th</sup> April, 1701.—This morning Edw<sup>d</sup> Webber, of Corfe, was here, and agreed to furnish me w<sup>th</sup> 200 foot of his best pavier for 2½ the square w<sup>ch</sup> he is to lay in my dairy kitchen, for said price, only my plows are to fetch it.

The 1<sup>o</sup> March (1701).—Sold Edw. Gill 20 cwt of my household cheese, at 14s. per cwt. and 28 barrels of my salt butter at 4s. 4d. p. doz. of 16 oz. to y<sup>t</sup> lb. Rec<sup>d</sup> 10s. earnest.

Edw<sup>d</sup> Tho. Voss to pay for 81 bushells of hop clover seed w<sup>th</sup> Christ. Howard has bo<sup>t</sup> for me, £7. 10.

£2. 16. of my own.

£3. 14. rec<sup>d</sup> of Alee of y<sup>e</sup> corn money.

£1. 0. borrowed of her own money.

£7. 10.

Horses were put out at grass at 18<sup>d</sup> p<sup>r</sup> week till after Michaelmas, and 12<sup>d</sup> p<sup>r</sup> week afterwards.

[We think that these prices of farm produce—grass, cows, and calves, sheep, sheep and lamb-skins, wheat, oats, pease, clover-seed, butter and cheese—would now be found, on the whole, as reckoned in shillings, about three times as high; so that an ounce of Mr. Richards's silver was worth as much against goods as three ounces of ours, and therefore we shall be right in rating the wages he gave as three times the silver or gold he names.]

#### WAGES.

Munday, the 27 January, 1700.—This evening in my parlour I agreed w<sup>th</sup> Richard Sansom, of Ower, in presence of John Eyre, to serve me at Lewell, in y<sup>e</sup> quality of working bayly, and to take care of all my concerns there, as well of sheep, black cattle, and tillage, as of haymaking, &c.; also to buy or sell for me at Warmwell, and in fine to do me his utmost services in what I order him, for £18. p. ann. wages, to find himself meat, drink, and lodg<sup>g</sup>ing, in my house at Lewell.

Tuesday, the 28 Xber, 1697.—I agreed with my man, W<sup>m</sup> Eyre, to serve me another yeare at £5. p. ann. wages, and with that consideration have p<sup>s</sup>ented him w<sup>th</sup> his capitulation money, w<sup>ch</sup> I p<sup>d</sup> for him.

Thursday, the 27<sup>th</sup> ditto (Oct. 1698).—Elizabeth Lucras came to live w<sup>th</sup> me at 40s. p. ann. wages.

Wednesday, the 10<sup>th</sup> of January, 1699.—This morning I agreed w<sup>th</sup> Jn<sup>o</sup> Battercombe, my under carter, to live with me another year for £4. 10s. p. ann. wages.

This evening I agreed w<sup>th</sup> Geo. Tomes to goe to plow for me at 4s. 6d. p. week wages.

Tuesday, the 7 ditto (Feb. 1699).—I agreed w<sup>th</sup> Jn<sup>o</sup> Battercombe, of Week, to serve me as under carter for the yeare ensuing at £4. p. ann. wages, to come next Munday, the 13<sup>th</sup> inst. Gave him 12<sup>d</sup> covenant money.

This afternoon (26 Ap. 1700).—Margaret, Madam Trench<sup>d</sup> serv<sup>t</sup>, came hither to offer her service for a dairymaid. Agreed w<sup>th</sup> her as such for £3. p. ann. wages. P<sup>d</sup> her 12<sup>d</sup> earnest.

Friday the 26 Ditto (Ap. 1700).—This day I agreed w<sup>th</sup> Mary Rose, of Sutton, to serve me as under dairymaid at Lewell for 40s. p. ann. and diet, in case I keep y<sup>e</sup> dairy in my hands.

Munday the 25 March 1700.—This day Richard Carly whome I agreed w<sup>th</sup> some time since in presence and by the recommendation of Mr. Jn<sup>o</sup> Williams, of Herringston, to serve me in y<sup>e</sup> capacity of a working bayly at Lewell, &c. for £16 p. ann. wages, he to diet and wash himself, came thither w<sup>th</sup> his bedding, &c.

Thursday the 23<sup>d</sup> of May 1700.—Agreed w<sup>th</sup> Jaspar Dennis, native of Portisham, but at present living w<sup>th</sup> Farmer Vie, of Winfrith, to serve me as head hine at Lewell, for £13 p. ann. bord wages, to come fortnight before Midsum<sup>r</sup>. Given him 12<sup>d</sup> covenant money.

Martha Grant, Daughter of Edw<sup>d</sup> Grant, came to live with me Wednesday morning the 17<sup>th</sup> April 1700, at 35s. p. ann. wages.

## THE POOR.

[Many others of Mr. Richards's memoranda, besides those of wages, afford us an insight into the condition of the poor. We sometimes find a poor man promising to work for him in the summer, and at others begging work, as if the land were under the evils of overpopulation and competition. Mr. Richards at least seems not to have sold his bull beef, but to have given it to the poor.]

Tuesday morning, the 11<sup>th</sup> May, 1697.—Jn<sup>o</sup> Jasper came to beg work, promising to work for me all y<sup>e</sup> year.

This evening (17<sup>th</sup> May, 1697).—Roger Goodfellow alias ——— promised to work for me this summer as a labourer, on y<sup>e</sup> terms I pay W<sup>m</sup> Gardner.

Thursday morning the 5 ditto (May, 1698).—I fell out w<sup>th</sup> Hunibun in Little Furzy, or he rather w<sup>th</sup> me, and told me he would be gon.

The 8<sup>th</sup> June, 1698.—This day Jn<sup>o</sup> Gaspar promised to come to hay-making for me.

Friday the 14<sup>th</sup> ditto (Oct., 1698).—Geo. Jones killed my old bursten-belly'd cow, called Matthew w<sup>th</sup> I gave to the poor, viz. divided by lott.

[Here follow eight names of receivers.]

Friday the 2<sup>d</sup> of Xber, 1698.—This morning I entertained Rich<sup>d</sup> King in charity according as I promis'd ye parishioners yesterday.

On the 14 Dec<sup>r</sup>, 1688, we find he killed a 2 year old bull, and gave the meat to 16 poor.

Tuesday, the 21<sup>st</sup> ditto (March 1698-9).—This morning I cutt Rich<sup>d</sup> King's hair, and promised to satisfie Gam<sup>r</sup> Bound for curing his head, and lodging him y<sup>e</sup> mean time.

17 Ap., 1699.—This evening Robert Wilsheare, Nathan Grant, Jn<sup>o</sup> Thrasher, and myself agreed w<sup>th</sup> Jane Voss to take Jn<sup>o</sup> Jasper's 3 children, and keep y<sup>m</sup> at 18d. each, y<sup>e</sup> 4s. 6d. the week for all three, we finding them clothes, w<sup>ch</sup> shee is to mend into y<sup>e</sup> price aforesaid.

Saturday the 6 of May, 1699.—This morning Gaffer Middleton of Monckton and Ad<sup>m</sup> Meech, son of my tenant farmer Meech of Chappell Marsh, brought hither Benjamin Tuck a Bemister<sup>\*</sup> boy, aged 11 years, bound an apprentice to ditto Tho. Meech, and by him turned over to me as by his indenture dated the 24 of Feb. last, &c.

On Tuesday the 10th (Oct. 1699).—A 2 year old bull was killed, and given to 16 poor.

Wednesday, the 17 ditto, (Jan. 1700).—I sent Jn<sup>o</sup> Battercombe to fetch Gam<sup>r</sup> Tomes of Martins to nurse my serv<sup>t</sup> sick of the measles.

The 30 ditto—Jn<sup>o</sup> Thrasher has this evening agreed with myselfe, Mr. Bound, Rob<sup>b</sup> Wilsheare, and Nathan Grant, on behalfe of y<sup>e</sup> parish to take Margaret King his apprentice for the term of 11 years from y<sup>e</sup> date hereof, shee being now supposd 10 years old. He is to have £7. 5s. with her, and what clothes, &c. belong unto her, and to save the parish harmless from all cha<sup>s</sup> that shall or may any way accrue by her means during said term. He is to take her home to morrow morning.

Friday y<sup>e</sup> 2<sup>d</sup> Feb. 1699.—This day in Dorch<sup>r</sup> at cousin Long's house, in his presence Rob<sup>b</sup> Wilsheare, Nathan Grant, and myselfe, agreed w<sup>th</sup> Jn<sup>o</sup> Edwards and his wife to take Ann Jasper alias Matthews of this parish, aged abot 8

\* Beaminster, a parish.

[Aug.]

years, and eldest daughter to Jno and Ann Jaspar lately dec'd their apprentice for y<sup>e</sup> terme of 13 years, I say 13 years in consideration of £10 w<sup>ch</sup> we are to give y<sup>m</sup> with her on signing the indentures this day seventeenth; in case said Anne Matthews happens to dy within a year from her binding they are to return us £4 of said money and on this agreed the child aforesaid was deliv<sup>d</sup> to and left with y<sup>m</sup>.

Saturday the 10<sup>th</sup>, Jan. 170<sup>1</sup><sub>2</sub>.—This afternoon Benj. Stephens, came hither to desire me to let him have my work againe.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

Munday the 12<sup>th</sup> Aprill 1697.—This day I sent cousin Mary Symes by Hunibun her square halfe crown in a lett<sup>r</sup> of this date.

Friday morning the 16 I took brimstone in posset.

The gout came into my right foot Saturday night the 17<sup>h</sup> Aprill 1697; was pretty favourable all Sunday & y<sup>t</sup> night.

Munday y<sup>e</sup> 19<sup>th</sup> continued so till after dinner when it began to rage.

Wednesday the 12 ditto (May, 1697).—Mr. Jewell and Mr. Guy dined w<sup>th</sup> me after I had taken 120 drops of the purging spirits.

Saturday the 10<sup>th</sup> July, 1627.—Mr Jno Wms of Lewell sent me 4 young swans w<sup>ch</sup> I marked w<sup>th</sup> J R on the right side of their bills and sent y<sup>m</sup> down by Richd Stephens into my river.

13 ditto Sept. 1697.—This day I sent Pymer to Herringstone with 2 baskets of barberry.

Friday night the 24 Sept. 1697.—Farmer Tibbs pigs were found in furzy close and bro<sup>t</sup> to poun having eaten up the remainder of my beans w<sup>th</sup> his 14 piggs left the other day.

Friday morning the 1<sup>o</sup> Oct. 1697.—This evening Jno Tibbs was here to make me reparation for my beans w<sup>ch</sup> his piggs eat in furzy close, and promised to buy me what seed beans I want next season, 2 bushells or more.

Sunday 10<sup>th</sup> ditt. (Oct. 1697).—Tho. Symes came hither to borrow £20 of me, but went away without it.

Tuesday the 12<sup>th</sup> ditt.—I lent my Bro. Ja<sup>a</sup> 6 bottles of my Canary and 6 bottles of my white port wine, also one of my starlings, and then had home my other from John Bounds.

Sunday the 7<sup>th</sup> (Nov. 1697).—Wm White bro<sup>t</sup> me this afternoon a polecat ferret w<sup>ch</sup> he found in Warmwell common.

Munday the 8<sup>th</sup> ditto.—Mr. Eacham sent for said ferret.

Thursday the 11<sup>th</sup> 9ber 1697.—This day at Martin's fair I deliv<sup>d</sup> 4 guineas to Robert Lock to buy me 2 pigs there.

Friday night the 26 9ber 1697.—Mr. Derby's barn and oat reek in his field by Mr. Henings down were burnt, as was supposed maliciously.

The 15 9b. 1697.—I sent Wm White to Wm Say, of Lullworth, to enquire againe after oysters to pickle for Mr. Traheren, and he bro<sup>t</sup> me word that none were to be had there for love nor money.

Munday the 20th ditto at Dorch'.—I put 10 potts of pickled oysters into a basket directed to Mr. Philip Traheren of Wimborn, and left it w<sup>th</sup> a lett<sup>r</sup> for him at cousin Longs to be sent next Wednesday by Barnard the carryer, who had promised to call there.

The 27<sup>th</sup> ditto (Deer. 1697).—Gerard Conyers in his letter of the 23<sup>d</sup> ditto, sayth, viz. I lately advised y<sup>u</sup> of Mrs. Peter Harblon's death, shortly

after Mr. Jacob Harblon dyed, and this week also old Mr. Peter Harblon most think through grief for loss of his wife.

[Mr. Cuthbert Bound was Rector of Warmwell and Mr. Richards's next door neighbour. They were on the whole pretty friendly, but from difference of characters or some other cause they did not regard each other with hearty good will.]

Thursday, the 10<sup>th</sup> ditto (Aug. 1699).—This morning, passing by Flower's house, Mr. Bound peep't over the hedge by the Tower, and sneeringly askt me how I did. I looking up upon him reply'd, oh, be y<sup>u</sup> there. Never the better for y<sup>u</sup>, & so left him.

[No spot in the open air, on which a man stood more than 150 years ago, can be better identified than the sneering Mr. Bound's place on this occasion. The churchyard bank slopes down within two or three yards of the tower to the road, where Mr. Richards was riding; and an old house, which must have been Flower's, is yet standing on the other side of it.]

Sunday the 2<sup>o</sup> Oct.—This afternoon I told Mr. Bound what his serv<sup>t</sup> had reported of him and Jane at Ower fair.

Munday morning.—I sent Tho. Voss to enquire of Mr. Bound, concerning his reports to Mr. Smith of Winfrith, about his sonn Peter, and having no satisfactory answer, I sent him w<sup>th</sup> 2 guineas for Jack & Wms. schooling, and bro' y<sup>m</sup> home w<sup>th</sup> their books for good.

Sunday the 21 of December, 1701.—This morning, abo<sup>t</sup> of the clock, Cuthbert Bound, minister of Warmwell, dyed of the small pox, and was buryd in chancell, Tuesday the 23<sup>rd</sup> ditto.

This Friday, the 20<sup>th</sup> Jan. (169<sup>½</sup>), I rec<sup>d</sup> a bottle of brandy, and oranges, and 4 lemons, from Mr. Tho. Chamberlain, of Weym.

Tuesday the 14 ditto (March, 169<sup>½</sup>).—This afternoon Alce set a peck of beans in a ridge of the new broke ground next y<sup>e</sup> old pond hedge.

(20 April, 1699).—Margaret Stanley dyed Thursday night, the 20 Aprill, abo<sup>t</sup> midnight, and was buryd the next day atwixt 5 and 6 afternoon.

(Nov. 1697).—Mr. Justice W<sup>m</sup>s, of Herringston, dyed Saturday night, y<sup>e</sup> 27 inst<sup>t</sup>, or Sunday morning, the 28 ditto. Was buried privately in Dorch<sup>r</sup> Tuesday night, the 30<sup>th</sup> ditto.

Saturday, the 26 of November, 1699.—This morning, twixt 2 and 3 of the clock, Mr Heninge of Poxwell departed this life, and was buried Friday the 1<sup>st</sup> Xber.

Friday the 16 ditto (Sept. 1698).—My old dog Quon was killed and baked for his grease, of w<sup>ch</sup> he yeelded 11lb.

28 Sept. 1698.—This day Matthew Hibs of Dorch<sup>r</sup>, carpenter, was here and fetcht away his great sawe, w<sup>ch</sup> has layen here ever since his sonne wro<sup>t</sup> for me; he told me y<sup>t</sup> Tho. Cummershall dyed in Dorch<sup>r</sup> jayl yesterday.

1 Oct. 1698.—This evening I was w<sup>th</sup> Mr. Michell and Goslin, Bilbonians, at Dorch<sup>r</sup>.

17.—This morning was a pretty hard frost and thick ice. This afternoon my serv<sup>t</sup>s began to brew a hogshead and halfe of my Oct<sup>r</sup> drink.

Tuesday morning, the 18<sup>th</sup> ditto, was a very hard frost. This day my sparagras & artichokes were covered up.

Wednesday, 22 ditto (Feb. 169<sup>½</sup>).—How of Dorch<sup>r</sup>, watchmaker, was here and opened and cleaned my pendulum clock, and did something to my Jack.

Thursday the 8<sup>th</sup> ditto (June, 1699).—This night, abo<sup>t</sup> 10 o'clock, after we were all in bed, Farmer Hooky bro<sup>t</sup> my hogshead of Somershire cyder, w<sup>ch</sup> Tho. Voss went for w<sup>th</sup> my cart to Dorch<sup>r</sup> yesterday, and returned this afternoon without it.

Wednesday the 2<sup>nd</sup> ditto (Oct. 1698).—Laurence Bois of Puddletown, clockmaker, was here and fetcht my jack, my fowling-piece, and best pair of pistols, to mend, and promised to bring y<sup>m</sup> all next Friday sevenight.

Saturday, the 31<sup>st</sup> ditto (July, 1697).—One of my starling birds was lost out of the wire cage this morning.

9 August, 1697.—At a county court held this day in Dorchester, my Bro. James and I were nominated for coroners; but it being opposed by Mr. Byles, Mr. Gillingham, and ———, the election fell on Mr. Arnold & Mr. Gerard Wood.

10 Aug. 1697.—This evening Andrews, Tayler, of Ower, cutt up a coat and 2 waistcoats, and took y<sup>m</sup> home to make at his house.

Wednesday, the 11 ditto (Aug. 1697).—This afternoon George Harbin, my miller, refused to suffer Edw<sup>d</sup> Grant, carpenter, to repair the (trussing?) of said mill according to my order, threw down a post that he had set up, and afterwards threw away his tools and turned him out from his work.

Yesterday W<sup>m</sup> Hellier took away my pigg skin to dress for me.

13<sup>th</sup> Aug.—Pd Jn<sup>r</sup> Trent a quarters wont catching to Midsummer last, 7s. 6d.

This morning I sent 4 of my shake bag cock chicken to Tho. Symes by Pymer; also my dog Paint to be made a good starter of; and he bro<sup>t</sup> back Tho. Symes his Spaniel bitch Veny to use in y<sup>e</sup> mean time.

Munday morning, the 3<sup>d</sup> June, 1700. I took my son John w<sup>th</sup> me to Wimborn, where we lodged at Mr. Traherens y<sup>t</sup> night, and the 4<sup>th</sup> I rode to Pool, and agreed w<sup>th</sup> Mr. Dennis Smith for a large Peak millstone, at £9. and thence back to Wimborne, and lodged as before. The 5<sup>th</sup> ditto, I left Jack w<sup>th</sup> Mr. Floyd, at school, to pay £12. p. ann. for his bord and schooling, and thence home by way of Tarrant Kainston.

Sunday, the 28 Ditto (Aug. 1698).—I was at Gorwell w<sup>th</sup> B<sup>r</sup>. James, to bid cousin Mary Symes, Jun<sup>r</sup> welcome from London, whence she arrived last Wednesday night.

Friday, the 15 ditto (Sept. 1699).—W<sup>m</sup> Churchill of Dorch<sup>r</sup>, w<sup>th</sup> his sonn Capt<sup>n</sup> Joseph Churchill and my bro. James, were here and dined with me, and then Capt<sup>n</sup> Joseph Churchill bro<sup>t</sup> me a silver caudle cup, wa<sup>g</sup> 45 ounces, from his Bro. Major W<sup>m</sup> Churchill.

Munday, the 14<sup>th</sup> ditto (Oct. 1700).—This day I met Mr. Tho. Skinner, of Dewlish, and his Bro. at Grange, and dined w<sup>th</sup> Mr. Sergeant Bond, to whome I then presented my 12 silver hafted knives, w<sup>th</sup> y<sup>e</sup> 12 forks belonging to 'em.

Saturday, the 19<sup>th</sup> ditto (Oct. 1700).—This day abo<sup>t</sup> noon Mr. Traheren came to me at Robert Lock's shop, having been at Warmwell this morning in his way from Winborn, and after visiting Mr. Wm. Churchill abo<sup>t</sup> his tenths acc. and drinking a dish of coffee, departed for Blandford and Winborn.

[Mr. Traheren of Wimborne seems to have been a highly esteemed friend of Mr. Richards's.]

Monday, the 24 Oct. 1698.—I dined w<sup>th</sup> James Gould at his reeves feast in Farthington [Fordington, Dorchester], where dined also the following

persons:—Coll. Tho. Strangways—Coll. Fran. Mohun \*—Major Ant. Floyer—Capt<sup>n</sup> Jno. Gould—Capt<sup>a</sup> Hubert Gould—Capt<sup>n</sup> Yong, of Trent—two Freaks, of Upway—Mr. Seward—bro. James—Mr. Robinson—Mr. Nelson—my selfe.

Friday morning, the 27 ditto (May, 1698).—*Wilshare alhora mi dic<sup>a</sup> che il grand grand padre del Sig<sup>r</sup> Heninge chiamato Giovanni Heninge, fu un pov<sup>r</sup> pedlar and carryed abo<sup>t</sup> a pedlar's pack, al principio adosso nundimeno veniva col tempo desser high sheriffe of this county, et fabricava la casa di Poxwell.* Was sheriffe anno 1611.

Wilshare to-day told me that the great grandfather of Mr. Heninge, called John Heninge, was a poor pedlar and carryed about a pedlar's pack at first on his back. Nevertheless he came at length to be high sheriffe of this county, and built the house of Poxwell.)

[Hutchins gives John Henning, of Poxwell, as sheriffe about 1611. The fine old house that he built is now occupied by the farmer.]

Wednesday evening, the 26 Jan. 169<sup>z</sup>.—Mr. Thos. Read, minister of Morton, came hither to see me and dined here.

He pressing me very earnestly to buy his 5 blank ticketts in y<sup>e</sup> million lottery, at £5. 5. p. tickett, as he affirmed I offered him for them when last here, with the accruing interest thereon of 2 years, and ever since Michaelmas last, to belong to me, the said 5 ticketts so amounting to £26. 5.

Whereupon to gratifie him I accepted of them accordingly, to pay him said £26. 5. as soon as y<sup>e</sup> ticketts, with their accruing interest, are effectually assign'd and transfer'd over to Mr. Gerard Conyers for my use.

His said ticketts are now in y<sup>e</sup> custody of Cavendish Weedon, Esq., of Lincoln's Inn, Lond<sup>a</sup>, who is to transact the business w<sup>th</sup> Mr. Conyers, or Mrs. Bridget Croke, at Mr. Bowler's house, an upholsterer next door to the Falcon, in high Holborn, London.

[In the same year, 1698, an act was passed for the suppressing of private lotteries, but traffic in tickets of state lotteries was still very rife till it was forbidden by an act of 1718.]

The 29 July (1697).—Mr. Penny laid me 2 bottles of claret that Barcelona was taken by the French, and this day in their possession.

And 6 bottles more that the Duke of Saxony rem<sup>d</sup> not King of Poland.

#### CONTESTED ELECTION FOR DORSET IN 1701.

Wednesday, the 10<sup>th</sup> Xber. 1701.—This day being at Dorch<sup>r</sup> abo<sup>t</sup> Election of Knights, I met Mr. Traheren, Mr. Floyd, and Mr. Longford, of Winborn, who came and lodged here y<sup>t</sup> night, when I felt y<sup>e</sup> gout in my left foot.

Thursday, the 11<sup>th</sup> ditto.—(After they were gon to Winborn) I return'd to the election at Dorch<sup>r</sup>, with y<sup>e</sup> gout in my left foot, w<sup>ch</sup> that night increased.

12<sup>th</sup>.—I was so very bad y<sup>t</sup> night I used y<sup>e</sup> pultis.

13<sup>th</sup>.—Continued very bad.

14<sup>th</sup>.—Tollerable; left off y<sup>e</sup> pultis at night. This day the gout began in my right foot.

Dec<sup>r</sup>. 1701.—Final state of the Poll:—Coll. Strangways had 824—Coll. Trenchard had 769—Mr. Chaffin had 695—Maj<sup>r</sup>. Gen. Erle, 500.

\* Of the Mohuns of Fleet, born 1625, died 1710.

[We do not conclude from Mr. Richards's diary that the 150 years between his writing and our reading of it have elevated us English by one hundred and fifty happy differences to a much higher pitch of happiness, or wisdom, or goodness than that of his days.

It is true he writes of cockfighting, but does not record the doings of the pugilistic ring of later times. He records the giving of lumps of bull-beef to the goodies and gaffers of his neighbourhood, but tells us nothing of rebellions in overfull union houses. He speaks of parish apprentices, but not of the bayonet or staff that has more recently been needful to shield the squire's house from the bloodthirsty mob.

His wife jogged with patience over the roads of the land on a pillion, instead of being wafted on the cushioned seat of a railway carriage; but he does not seem to have known so much as we do of dense populations of worn operatives, winning a scanty livelihood by twelve or fourteen hours of daily labour. There was more oak, but less of painted and veneered deal in folk's houses; more true hospitality, but less of ceremony; more of the middling classes without carriages and armorial bearings, but less of insolvents. There was good and evil in his time, as in our own.

As we believe Mr. Macaulay has not quite done justice to the country gentlemen of the seventeenth century, by his sketch of their lives and manners in his History of England, and as Mr. Richards was a gentleman of the seventeenth century, and wrote three years of his diary in it, and only two years of it in the following one, we do not think it unfair to compare Mr. Macaulay's assertions with the facts Mr. Richards has handed down to us.

Mr. Macaulay says: "A country gentleman who witnessed the revolution was probably in receipt of a fourth part of the rent which his acres now yield to his posterity." Very likely his rent, in weight of silver or gold, was about one fourth, or one third of that which his land now yields its owner; and we have given, from Mr. Richards's Diary, prices of goods which show us that an ounce of his money would buy as much of labour, or of the goods of which he writes, as three ounces of ours; so that he was as rich with one hundred shillings as the worthy High Sheriff of Dorset for 1852, the lord of Mr. Richards's manor, would be with 300.

Mr. Macaulay says again: "It may be confidently affirmed, that of the squires whose names were then on commissions of peace and lieutenancy, not one in twenty went to town once in five years."

Mrs. Richards went to London twice in two years; and in another year Mr. Richards's man, and his cousin Mary Symes, went in sundry months; and it is not likely that women travelled more than men.

"The heir of an estate," Mr. Macaulay tells us, "often passed his boyhood and youth at the seat of his family, with no better tutors than grooms and gamekeepers; and scarce attained learning enough to sign his name to a *mittimus*."

Mr. Richards's heir was sent to a grammar school, and he engaged a writing master for his servant Pymer; and he himself attained learning enough to write a diary in English and Italian.

"His chief pleasures," we are told, "were commonly derived from field sports, and from an unrefined sensuality."

Are not field sports still the pleasures of princes? And we only hope that

sensuality, whether unrefined or refined, may be no longer a pleasure of any English gentleman.

Again "His language and pronunciation were such as we should now expect to hear only from the most ignorant clowns. His oaths, coarse jests, and scurrilous terms of abuse, were uttered with the broadest accent of his province."

This is a charge which we should not think of hearing from a philologist or scholar, since we do not think the speaking of the dialect of a man's birth-land is generally any token of coarseness or refinement.

We know a gentleman of truly refined mind, whose mother tongue is the Welsh dialect of Gwenedd, North Wales, and he still speaks English with a foreign accent, and we can believe that there may be a Silurian who speaks to his poor neighbours in the dialect of South Wales; and why, therefore, are we to conclude that one of them is more or less refined than the other, or that either of them is more or less coarse than a gentleman of Brittany who speaks the Armorick form of the Celtic? or how can either Swedish or Danish be a token of the refinement of a man of Teutonic blood? or why should we think King Alfred a boor since he spoke West Saxon rather than East Anglian. It is true that the dialect of Wessex is not now the court language, though we conceive it would have been so if Winchester had remained the seat of our government; but, inasmuch as the court settled in another part of England, it took the provincial dialect of its place, and has made it the national speech; and as it is now taken by the upper ranks, the provincial speech, which is left only with the poor, may seem to us to have been always a token of a coarse mind. We need not tell Mr. Macaulay that there is a Teutonic dialect, called broad Scotch, and if we are not wrong in our belief, that before the time of King James I. it was the speech of the king and nobles; and, therefore, it could be no token of coarseness. If, by the broadness of the provincial accent, Mr. Macaulay means broadness of vowel sounds, then, inasmuch as some words in the provincial dialects have closer sounds than they have in the national language, it is not easy to understand in what they are broader; but we can easily understand, that if even our English in its best form, were given up for French by all ranks but the poor, it would then and not till then become a mark of low life.

"He troubled himself little about decorating his abode, and if he attempted decoration seldom produced anything but deformity. The litter of a farm-yard, gathered under the windows of his bedchamber, and the cabbages and gooseberry bushes grew close to his hall door."

Mr. Richards's notes on the mowing and rolling of his lawn and walks, forbid us to believe this was true of Warmwell, as the fine old houses, and old kitchen gardens of some of his friends, even now show it was not true of their abodes.

"As his fortune did not enable him to intoxicate large assemblies daily with claret or canary, strong beer was the ordinary beverage. The coarse jollity of the afternoon was often prolonged till the revellers were laid under the table."

Mr. Richards often bottled off wine, port, malaga, and claret; but gives us no intimation of intoxication at any of the boards where he so often met his neighbours; and makes a servant promise never to frequent any alehouse.

"He examined samples of grain, handled pigs, and, on market days, made bargains over a tankard, with drovers and hop merchants."

Mr. Macaulay almost seems to have forgotten that if all gentlemen were farmers they might make bargains with each other. They would fill the places of the farmers of their lands in our days; and the market would be of landowners, as it is now of tenant farmers.

Mr. Richards bought wheat of Mr. Williams of Lewell, pease of Mr. Skinner of Denbigh, and oats of Capt. Sydenham.

Still it must be allowed that he must have bought or sold with others than gentlemen, and so still must some of the gentlemen of Dorset who have farms in their own hands to this day, though whether they have ever examined samples of grain or handled pigs, we know not. It may be answered that they buy and sell through bailiffs or farm stewards, but so might the gentlemen of the seventeenth century, since we find that Mr. Richards, on the 27 January, 1701, twenty-seven days after the seventeenth century, engaged "John Eyre as working bayly to buy or sell for him."

"His opinions," says Mr. Macaulay again, "respecting religion, government, foreign countries, and former times, having been derived, not from study, from observation, or from conversation with enlightened companions, but from such traditions as were current in his own small circle, were the opinions of a child." Mr. Richards betted on the domestic and foreign policy of his time; was visited by men from London, Bilbao, and Constantinople; and read at least a book on China.

It may be said that Mr. Richards was an exception to the squires of his time, and was better educated and more refined than his neighbours. It appears, however, that he was a man of lower breeding than many of them, since he had a cousin John Long, who was a shopkeeper and a cousin Hodder who was in ill circumstances, and we should not think that his neighbours, heirs of broad lands, and fine old halls—were men of less refinement than himself: nor does he anywhere write a word, in English or Italian, to show us that he despised them; though he once told Mr. Hemming of his late unkindness; and tells us that Mr. Bound was rude in a message.

Something might be also gathered from Mr. Richards's diary in defence of the clergy.

Mr. Bound, the rector of Warmwell, whom, among all his clerical friends, he most lightly esteemed, kept a man servant; and of Mr. Read of Morton and Mr. Knight of Knighton, in whose churches inscriptions still record their worth, he seems to have had a high opinion. One of them lent Mr. Richards a book, but still we cannot, therefore, know that he had more than eleven others among the pots and pans on his shelves.

It cannot be denied that there were poor low-paid clergy in the seventeenth century, as there are now. We know one who for some years, till within the last, held a curacy of £13 a year.

W. B.

## SCRAPS IN ENGLISH AND LATIN.

*From a Manuscript of the Fourteenth Century, in the Library of the Corporation of Leicester.*

Woys hatawyf aud leȝt fort to suyne,  
Lige longe in hyr bed, and lef fort drinc,  
Scho were betir in ȝe se fer from ȝe brine,  
In a botymles bot to lern fort sinc.

Qui pravam habet conjugem qui odit laborare,  
Diu lecto recumbat amatque potare,  
In mari ipsa fuit digna procul a margine,  
In lembo carente fundo ad discendum mergere.

Lord Jhesu Crist ȝat sitit abow hous,  
Of ȝos foul glotunis delivir ȝis hous,  
Wan ȝow lochist on me as cat doth on ȝe mous,  
About ȝi bregirdil ligit manni aluus.

Jhesu Christe Domine, qui supra nos sedes,  
De isto vili garilo et solus istas ades,  
Super me tu respicis sicut cato murem,  
Multi sunt pudiculi circa lumbare vile.

Al clerkyn lov, clercyn low,  
Ys y-wyrt at Oxinfort on ȝe scolows dor.  
ȝef clerkyn lowe hawe y ne may,  
I may kys ȝe scoldor and farin mi way.  
Alas! clerkyn lowe fal from me,  
So doth ȝe lef on grofys tre.

Omnis amor clericorum, amor clericorum,  
Scribitur Oxoniæ ad hostium studi.  
Si amorem clericorum habere nequiam,  
Osculabor hostium et scito fugiam.  
Omne quod amavi sescidit a me,  
Sicud flores virides discedunt ab arbore.

W.

## NOTE TO THE POEM IN THE LANCASHIRE DIALECT.

No. III. PAGE 307.

THE omission (for want of room) of glossarial notes to the wild ditty of the Lancashire wizard in our last, and the printing of the piece with some apparent haste, makes it necessary for me to request the insertion of a few remarks in the next number of the Retrospective Review.—E. T.

Line 1st "Mounday" as printed in Finlay's Historical Ballads, and in the Catalogue of the Cottonian MSS., may perhaps be an error for "Monnday;" in Scotland pronounced Monenday, A.-S. Monandæg.

Line 39, Ekdelik or Ehdelik or Ehldelik seems to have been originally written, but the *i* or latter part of *k* or *h* erased so as to read Eldelik, i. e. worldly, earthly man,

ordinary human being, he was none ; from *eld* age, which nearly coincides with the original sense of *world*—*wer-eld*, age of man, a sense not obsolete in the plural, “world (i. e. ages) without end.”

In one line, which I cannot quote, as I have not the printed copy near me, the word *that* has been repeated towards the end, where it should only have occurred once near the beginning of the line.

I have also to notice with many thanks to the contributor, G. S., a valuable though small addition to our stock of genuine Anglo-Saxon from a Copenhagen MS. in No. II. February.

The accompanying translation of the second paragraph presents a nice instance of such interpretation as gives the true result of the whole by reversing the sense of each part. For “*of*” is as contrary to *on* as “*eard*” in that passage is to *earth*.—“Se the bith of earde and feor of his kyththe,”—“*of*” must be the same in the first as in the second clause, and cannot be *on* in the one, and *from* or *off* in the other. It is equally clear that *eard*, originally in A.-S. *geard*, German ‘*gart*,’ can be no synonym of *earth* *eorthe*, *erde*, which nearly resemble *hearth*, *heorth*, *herd*,—the Ger. *d.* never representing, the same letter in Saxon or English except in cases of modern corruption, as *burden* (*bürde*) for *burthen*, &c. Besides, the initial vowels are quite different, *eard* leads back to the Gothic *gard*, primary vowel *a*, *eorthe* or *erde* to *i*, which comes to light again in *irdisch*.—Not to weary ourselves by any further pursuit in this direction, we may just glance at “*of*” *af*, *ab*, in ‘*bergab*’ off or down the hill, contrasted with *auf*, *iup*, *up*, (or *on*) in ‘*bergauf*’ up the hill. Now to our theme again :

So far from meaning *earth*, the word here evidently, though figuratively, means heaven.—Man, whose home, treasure, and heart, are above while he is *on earth*, is represented as a pilgrim, out of his native element, his dwelling-place, and far from his country. So King Alfred, after Boethius, has sung (Metre xxiv.) in the name of Mind or the human soul—“Ic hebbe fithru—fugle swiftran, &c.” I have wings swifter than a fowl, &c. It soars above the remotest of the stars—contemplates the glory and blessedness of the place where dwelt the honour of the wise King and Judge of all—then exclaims, “This is eallunge—min agen kyth—eard and ethel;” this is altogether my own country, dwelling, and birth-place. The same sentiment is elegantly expressed by a great ancestor of our own Royal Family, one of the immediate successors of our Chaucer :—

O besy goste ay flikkering to and fro,  
That never art in quiet nor in rest,  
Till thou cum to that place that thou cam fro,  
Which thy first and verray propre\* nest, &c.

James the First of Scots, A. D. 1423.

Though the subject is not nearly exhausted, this may, for the present suffice.

\* Thy own true nest.

E. T.

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